

*To the vertuous Lady, the Lady Wootton.*

Arre set, deare bought, doth fit a Lady best;  
Such you deserue, such would my will bestow:  
Good things are rare, rare things esteem'd you know;  
Rare should yours be, as you rare of the rest;  
Such hold this gift, fetcht from a forraine land,  
Which wisest King, as pretious did prouide,  
Who viewing all the earth, hath nought espide,  
Whose worth (herewith cōpar'd) may longer stand:  
The price ( I dare assure) is very deare,  
As puchasd by your merit and my care,  
Whose trauell would a better gift prepare,  
If any better worthy might appeare:  
Then this accept, as I the same intend,  
Which dutie to the dead would will me send.

This is

line 1 verso, (from another copy)

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# ECCLESIASTES,

## OTHERWVISE CALLED THE PREACHER.

Containing Salomons Sermons or Commentaries (as it may probably be collected) vpon the 49. Psalme of Dauid his father.

*Compendiously abridged, and also paraphrastically dilated in English poesie, according to the analogie of Scripture, and consent of the most approued writer thereof.*

Composed by H. L. Gentleman.

Whereunto are annexed sundrie Sonets of CHRISTIAN PASSIONS heretofore printed, and now corrected and augmented, with other affectionate Sonets of a feeling conscience of the same Authors.

Psal. 144.

3 Lord what is man, that thou regardest him : or the sonne of man, that thou thinkest upon him ?

4 Man is like to vanitie, his dayes like a shadow that vanishest.



L O N D O N .

Printed by Richard Field, dwelling in the Blacke-friers neare Ludgate.

1597.

OTHELIAH'S GARDEN

BY MARY CHAPMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. GIBSON

WITH A HISTORY OF THE GARDEN

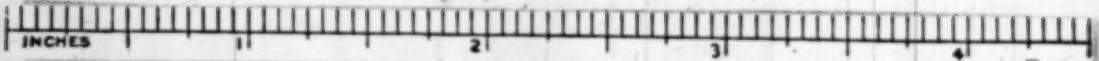
BY MARY CHAPMAN

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WITH A HISTORY OF THE GARDEN

D. C. Heath



BOSTON  
NEW YORK LONDON  
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H E R I T A G E



TO THE RIGHT EX-  
CELLENT AND NOBLE PRIN-  
CESSE, LADIE OF RAREST VERTVES,  
*Queene Elizabeth our most gracious Soueraigne: her  
Highnes faithfull subiect Henrie Lok, wisheth  
perfect and perpetuall felicitie.*

THE purest liquor drawne out  
of the heauenly fountaine of  
SALOMONs inspired wisdom  
I here ( with all zeale of your  
Highnesse seruice) in most hū-  
ble dutie, offer to your thrise  
sacred Maiestie, vnder whose most glorious  
Empire, hauing first receiued the breath of this  
life: and by whose shining beames of most graci-  
ous gouernement, that life hauing tasted part  
of the common comfort of your many happie  
subiects, and peculiar fauor of your most princely  
countenance: I cannot but as I acknowledge  
all my powers of right to pertain to your High-  
nesse disposition: so to force my weake inde-

## THE EPISTLE

uours, to testifie the sinceritic of the same. This  
my present, which (in a rustie caske, in steed of a  
golden cup ) I haue ventured to purchase for  
your Highnesse, is (I confesse) farre vnworthie  
your Maiesties tasting of ( though in the benig-  
nitie of Dauids spirit, I doubt not your Highnes  
will accept the same,) which, as it is borrowed  
from the labours of so mightie and worthie a  
king as was Salomon the true Author therof, it  
seems most fit the dedication to your Maiestie,  
who in Empire being a peere vnto him, in ele-  
ction a partner, in happinesse a riuall, and in  
wisedome a Sabian obseruer of his soundest do-  
ctrines, can perfe&liest iudge, and will kindliest  
( I assure my selfe) welcome this his child for his  
fathers sake, which must be (and so I desire) his  
onely grace. For with me it is true that in the  
composition hereof, it fared as with more wor-  
thie Nehemias, when he attempted the repaire  
of the holy Citie : who being oftentimes dis-  
turbed therein by the practise and malice of  
Sanballat, Tobia and Geshem, was sometimes  
forced to desist from his attempt, and in the end  
to effect it with sword in one hand and mattock  
in the other : so whilst common cares and do-  
mesticall

## DEDICATORIE.

meſtik duties ( the direc<sup>t</sup> enemies to all ingeni-  
ous actions, and proper poyſon) of pure inuen-  
tion, did many times confound my iudgement,  
disturbe my leisure, & in a maner vtterly diſable  
my diſpoſition for ſo waigthy an affaire ( remo-  
uing ſo often my hand from my mind, and my  
minde almoſt from the affection of my heart ) I  
(with half my weak ſelfe) haue bene driuen thus  
to peece together, this often broken off, & now  
ynworkmanly perfeſted taske. VVhich yet ( as  
a well fauoured person, cuen in meane attires,  
ſeemes yet euer comely ) will I doubt not ſhew  
ſome excellencie of the cōpoſers ſpirit, though  
it be not artificially clothed with borowed bew-  
ties frō my barren braine. And your Highneſſe,  
whose course of life ſo wel conformeth with this  
his diſcourse (teaching vs your ſubiects by holy  
practife, what he by deuine precepts inſtrucred  
hiſ) may as iuſtly chalenge ( me ſeemeth) the  
publication of the like diſcourse: as we without  
defrauding God of hiſ honor, & your Highneſſe  
of your due, may not conceale the perfect re-  
ſemblance your Highnes hath of him in name,  
diſpoſition, and fortune: & we with his ſubiects  
in honor, proſperitie and peace: which albeit,

## THE EPISTLE

we your inferior subiects ( as the weake sighted  
eyes which cannot behold perfectly the face of  
the sunne, but looking downe in the water : nor  
see his first appearing in the East, but by looking  
for the shadow in the VVest) knowing our disa-  
bilities iudicially to obserue the cleare bright-  
nes of your shining vertues : referring to borde-  
ring Princes and attendant Peeres, the more fit  
recording of the same : we take palpable assurā-  
ces of the blessed Spirit of God working in you;  
by the like frute of peace, prosperitie and plenty  
deriuēd by your Maiesties most excellent go-  
uernement and wisdome, vnto vs : whose first  
worke of building vp the Church of Christ, pro-  
uiding for learning, restoring the decayd strēgth  
and munitions of the realme, enriching the trea-  
surie of the land by refined coine, retaining with  
most princely magnanimity , the ancient ample  
bounds of your Empire, the establishment of so  
many profitable factories for vnfreighted traf-  
ficke, the chargeable discoueries of so many vn-  
known parts, the honorable repulsiō of so many  
foes, the bounteous purchase of so many neigh-  
bor friēds, the charitable relief of so many Chri-  
stians oppressed, the equal distribution of iustice

vnto

## DEDICATORIE.

vnto all, (all tending to the glory of God, & prosperitie of your raigne) do sensibly, without any disparagement of the greatnessse of that mightie Prince, draw on a certaine liuely comparison of both your ppeties & blessings: which therfore might excuse me of flatterie, if in a few words I should point thereat. But I wil leauue the ampler relatiō hereof to future posterities, & herein hūbly crauing pardon of your Maiestie, for this my presumption (which indeed hath bene founded on your Highnesse gracious acceptance of my former Passionate present) and recommending them anew to your Maiesties fauor herewithall, augmented and reformed; I will with all feruencie of prayer, cōmend your Highnes to the protection of the Almighty: who as he hath confirmed your throne these (now nigh fortie) yeares amongst ys, to the vniuersall peace and comfort of his Israell the Church of Europe: so may he redouble and continue euен to the end (if so his Highnesse please) your Maiesties most happie raigne ouer vs for euer.

*Your Maiesties most duti-  
full and loyall subiect,*

HENRY LOK.

A iiiij

To the Christian Reader.

IT is the most fit subiect for the nobility of man's spirit to meditate of felicitie : and a true saying of *Austote*, that *Omnis appetit bonum*. Yea the common practise of our high minded age, is to strive for the same in the superlatiuie degree. But so foolish and new-fangled are our desires, that wishing we wot not what, and seeking it we know not how nor where : we come allfarre short of the same, and some runne headlong to the despised contrary (looking for it on earth) and therby groping for it to their graues, they are there cut off of their hopes, and die discontented with their haps. Whereas if they acknowledged it to be the tree of life, planted in the heauenly paradise, they wold leesse labor their bodies for attaining these transitorie shadowes of pleasure, and more exercise the faculties of the soule for attiuing the same, so much the more despising these instable & imperfect happinesses of this life, as they found their foolish affections of the flesh (doting on the) to worke neglect of the nutriment of their soule: & slacknes in the constant trauell in religion and vertue (which is requisit for the long iorney we haue to passe through life and death thereunto.) But this hauing bin the sicknes of all ages, & specially of the lewes in *Salomons* time, (which induced him, as it should appeare, to take so great paines in remouing the from that error,) I the lesse maruell, that our age florishing in the pride of like long peace and plentie, vnder her Maiesties most happy raigne, be also sorted with the world as they were, dreaming of that perfection and perpetuity here, which God by nature hath denied vnto vs, & but by her Highnes raigne we could hope for. And since it is the dutie of every part and member of the body, to ioync in the assistance & cure of the whole, if any particular of it shold suffer: I haue in a dutiful compassio of this cōmon calamity endeuored to seeke forth some mithridate for this poysone: by which so many perish; and haue here brought thee a Doses of the wickest Physitions cōposition, that euer had practise of that cure: who did not (for th' experimēt of his potions qualitie, first kill many patients in triall thereof) but applying it to his owne wound first, dares confidently write *probatum est*, and by the seale of the holy spirit and consent of the Church, doth warrant thee to tast of the same. It is a receipt so oldly composed perhaps, that thou respectest it the lesse, or of so small price, that thou shamest to take it, or perhaps knowing the bitternessse of the tast, thou hadst as liue continue sicke, as to trie it. But deceiue not thy selfe, it is of the nature of the perfectest drogs, which with age increase in strength: of the kind of *Sibillaes* works, which refused, grow higher prized: and of the herbe called woodroofe, which onely handled hath an euill smell, but more forcibly rubbed, yeeldeth a sweet saavour. Receiue it therefore as confidently as he assureth it, and as kindly as I intend it: who in respect that the obscuritie of many places, the contrarie (as at first would appeare) of some points, and strange dependancie of the whole together: haue done my carefull & studious iudeuor (by consideration & imitation of the best interpreters hereof) to explaine the true sense,

sense, accord the different places: to joine by probables cōexion the whole discourse together: which sheweth to distinguish the severall arguments, as to varie the verie, and pawse the reader) I haue not altogether vnsiftly distributed into three Sermons, each one containing foure Chapters a pecece. The first especially shewing the yaine opinion of tēlicitie, which is not in earth to be found. The second pointing more directly ( by the lawfull use of this life) the true way vnto her. The last, teaching her residence to be in heaven, and perswading the speedie p̄sute of her fauor. And that you might truly consider of the cariage of the matter, according to the scope of the Text, I haue caused the same to be quoted in the margin, reducing for memorie sake into two abstract lines of verse set in the top of euerie leafe: the substance of euyer pages content, which afterward as thou seest, is paraphrastically dilated page by page, in the plainest forme I can devise. Who in respect of the grauitie of the argument did restraine my pen fō the helpes of much profane learning, and in consideration of the antiquity of the worke, and maiestie of the author, could not (without great indecencie) haue vsed the authorities of men, or of so late times (as since the learnings flourished, whence we now receive our common light.) Like naked truth therefore I pray thee receive it, for it owne, if not for my sake & if in any thing I seeme to swarue from thy conceit of many points, I pray thee confer farther therin, with *D. Gregorius, Neacerasiensis Epis. Olimpioderus, D. Saloniū Epis. Viennensis, Theod. Beza, Job. Serranus, Amb. Corranus, Tremelinus*, all interpreters and paraphrasers in prose vpon this worke, and *I. Leclius, Ro. Lemmannus, I. Viniarius*, redusers thereof into Latin poesie, or any other thou likkest better of, so shal my errors be couered or excused, whilst their different formes, distributiōs of method, & interpretatiōs, wil leaue thee (I am perswaded) in some points as little satisfied as this my labor shall do: who in some things was forced to digresse from them all, when either too much in one place, or too little in an other, they followed the forme of a Paraphrasis, which they vndertooke: into which error also it is not vnlike but I haue sometimes fallen my selfe, and I doubt not but many things more might haue bin said, & perhaps to more purpose then I haue done, but: *non omnia possumus omnes.* According to my sufficiencie I haue discharged my self faithfully vnto thee, and therfore I trust (in these dayes wherein some pernicious, many vnciuil, and a swarme of superfluous and vnprofitable books passe from the presse) it shall not be needfull for me to vse great insinuation for thy fauour: since it lyeth not in the bounds of a Preface, to prepare a peruerse mind, or in the nature of such a worke, to go a beggning for a grace. I will therfore cut off that labor, & only signifie vnto thee the excellency of this worke, compiled by the wisest man, and mightiest king of Israel, euēn *Salomon* the king of peace: *T dida*: the beloued of God: *Ecclesiastes* the preacher: who in his Proverbs instructeth thee as a child, to a ciuill and honest life: in this worke, instituteth thy manly thought vnto the inquisition of the highest good. To the end, that by his last song of heauenly loue, thy ripened thoughts might be inflamed with that glorious bride Christ Iesus: to whose holy direction I hartily comend thee.

H. L.

Certaine poems to the Authour  
of the worke.

**T**erra ferax vatum est Brittannia, non tamen omnes,  
Aut uno, aut sacro flamine Phœbus agit  
Hic canit obscuri certaminis arma virosve,  
Alter lascivis ludicra amoris alit.  
Hos genio ut superas, sic carmine & argumendo  
AEquum & Reginæ cedere Regis opus.

A. H. S.

Ad Serenissimam Reginam Elizabetham.

**R**egia Virginea soboles dicata parenti,  
Virgo animo, patriæ mater, Reginæ quid quid optas?  
Chara domi, metuenda foris, Reginæ quid optas?  
Pulchra, pia es, princeps, fælix, Reginæ quid optas?  
Cælum est? Certo at serò sit Reginæ quod optas.

Ioh. Lily.

Ad Lockum eiusdem.

**I**n genio & genio locuples, die Locke quid addam?  
Addo, quod ingenium quondam preciosius auro.

Ad Authorem.

**N**on vane vanos sapiens perstringit abusus:  
Nec vano enarras regalem carmine mentem.  
Nec quis suavit opus, fuerat vanusve malusve.  
Nec vanum diue sacrum dicare laborem.  
Cuius quid vani? quid non memorabile dictu?  
Non vanum est sceptro, populum rexisse potentem.  
Non iusto regem bello, superasse superbum,  
Non Antichristi virès fregisse furentis,  
Non armis miseros, vicinaque regna fouere,  
Si vanus repeto, ignosce ô regia virgo  
Vano. Perge tamen. Solahac & veraputato.

L. P.

## To the worke.

Hee Princes pen, now present to a Prince,  
And poeme to a princely sprited Muse:  
Ye full sound Ethicks of the sweet essence  
Of heauenly truth, which all ought to peruse  
View all, reape good, leauie ill without excuse.

H. A.

## To the Author.

For me to praise this worke, it were no praise,  
Whil'st thou doest publish it: it prayseth thee;  
Thing (once cald perfect) further praise denayes,  
Because all other words inferior bee.

With happie sight thy muse appeares to see,  
That could select a subiect of such choyce,  
Which hath enforced many more then mee,  
With silence (for thy blist attempt) rejoyce.

Thy former vaine, no vaine concept bewrayes  
By Passions (patternes of a Christian fight)  
But for this worke, yet highest honor stayes,  
And therefore henceforth feare no others flight  
Thy Zeale, thy theame, thy gift, thy fame to staine,  
Which imitate they may, but not attaine.

M. C.



## TO THE QVEENES MOST EXCEL- LENT MAIESTIE,

To you thrise sacred Princesse of this Ile:  
By God, By countrie, By true wisdomes praise,  
Elect, Anointed, Soueraigne, is the stile,  
Religous Empresse, Beautie of our dayes,  
His Church you cherish, that your state did raise,  
Our peace you purchase, where your thronē is plast,  
Eternall glorie on your actions stayes;  
Rare, Crowned, Virtue: Holy, Humble, Chast,  
Whom all heauens high perfections fully grac't,  
Whom all earth honors, should, do, will adorne:  
Vvhom all the Muses haue with loue embrac't:  
Vvhon doth pale Enuie, and blind Fortune scorne;  
To you wise kings discourse of blisse I bring,  
Renowned Queene, true type of happiest King.

## CONSIDER Chap. I.

I

1. These sacred words king Davids son did preach, who Israel taught
2. All vanities of vanities, he calls: more light then thought.

**T**He heavenly words of holy *Davids sonne*,  
Who ouer Israels race sometimes did raigne,  
Wherewith to vertue he his subiects wonne,  
Whilst in Ierusalem he did remaine,  
And to instruct them thus didnot disdaine.

Those words, no vaine discourse it is I write,  
Pend by a Prince, as God did them indite.

Strange doctrines, which some paradoxes call,  
But yet the quintessence of holy creed,  
Lives pure Elixer, which is sought of all,  
Tasswage cares corasius, in heart that breed,  
Of happinesse the generatiue seed,  
Of morall speculation practise sound:  
Of constant faith the quiet fruit he found.

**2.** The farre set happinesse which some propound,  
In minds, in bodies, and in fortunes gifts:  
(Which all conioyned seeldome times are found)  
But to a vaine conceit the fancie lifts,  
And their best Sectaries do lose their drifts;

The crowne it is, of heavens most glorious state,  
Earths fruites all vaine: care, folly, and debate.

Yea vaine, all vaine (saith he) mans soule well proues,  
What euer on earths spatiuous Orbe below  
Hath breath, life, being, sense, or what so moues  
By vegetatiue kind: or which doth owe  
To nature a declyning state to grow.

Vaine in the roote, in bud, in flower all vaine:  
Vaine fruit, whose of springs vainly vades againe.

The words of  
the Preacher  
the sonne of  
David king in  
Ierusalem.

Vanities of va-  
nities, saith the  
Preacher: va-  
nity of vanities,  
all is vanicie.

## ECCLESIASTES

3. What solid fruite finds tyred man, of trauell vnder Sunne?  
 4. The earth is firme, whilſt mans age past, another age doth runne.

What remai-  
neth unto man  
in all his traueil,  
which he suffe-  
reth vnder the  
Sunne?

3. What if some one amids a multitude,  
More happie in many points then others be?  
Yet truly can you not thereby conclude,  
That perfecte happie, in all respects is he:  
Nor long time can enjoy the same we see.

Vpon a tickle point earths blessings stand,  
And come and go in turning of a hand.

All must confess, that nothing long remaines  
To man, for all the trauels of his mynd,  
Sustained in this life with bodies paines,  
Since earth and earthly things all vade by kynd,  
As doth a shadow or a puffe of wynd.

No prouidence preuenteth destinie,  
Earth and her fruities do liue but for to die.

One generatiō  
passeth, and an  
other genera-  
tiō succeedeth,  
but the earth  
remaineth for  
euer.

4. Mans life like to a burning lampe doth waſt,  
And like the ſhip on ſea all stormes abyde,  
Flies ſwift as thought, which ſtraight is come and paſt:  
Whose memorie as ſoone away doth ſlyde,  
As trace which ſoaring fowle through aire did guyde,  
Whose entercourse of change ſo ſwift doth go,  
That ſence can scarce diſcernē that it was ſo.

And as on ſtage new a ctors iſſue ſtill,  
Vntill each part expir'd, the play be done:  
So generations newe the world do fill,  
And ages newe paſt ages ouer-runne:  
And ſhall till this worlds end haue new begun  
That other world, which neuer ſhall haue end:  
To which we poſting thus, our hopes ſhould bendl.

Yea

# PARAPHRASED. Chap. I.

3

5. The mouing sun doth rise and set, and turnes from whence it came,  
 6. The wind frō north to south blows round, & calmeth with the same.

5. Yea all heauens elements full well we see,  
 Though farre more durable then man by kind,  
 Yet for our vse, in motion still to bee,  
 And by their change of change put vs in mind,  
 As in the lightsome sunne we proose may find;

The sunne ri-  
seth, and the  
sunne goeth  
downe, and  
draweth to his  
place where he  
riseth.

Whose time in measuring out our time is spent,  
 Whilst we to marke his motion onely ment.

This glorious Bride, in loue of earth his spouse  
 From his Starchambered pallace of the sky,  
 Drawne on by mornings wings, betimes doth rouse  
 Through either Hemi-sphere, and passing by,  
 Th' Antipodes, from East to East doth fly,  
 With euery step Horizons making new,  
 Wherewith the earth new bewties doth indew.

6. This pure sweete aire wherein things breathing lie,  
 Th'all filling essence of vacuitie,  
 He vnto life the very spright doth giue,  
 And neuer rests, his presence to applie  
 To our behoofe who languishing would lie,  
 If long he shoulde retire his flagrant breath,  
 Whose vse (from vs restraint) doth menace death.

The wind go-  
eth toward the  
South, and cō-  
passeth toward  
the North: the  
wind goeth  
round about,  
and returneth  
by his circuit.

He being speedie guide to motions all,  
 In tender care and neighbour loue he owes  
 Vnto those lower regions, forth doth call  
 From hils and dales exhaled breaths, whence growes  
 As many winds as on earths compasse blowes,  
 Which cleansing clouds, and drying dampish soile,  
 Do whistling through earths hollow vaults recoule.

7. Fresh waters from the sea thence flowes, their ebs yet fill not it.  
 8. All is but toyle man sees or heares, with his infatia wit.

All the riuers  
goe into the  
sea, yet the sea  
is not full: for  
the riuers goe  
vnto the place  
whence they  
returne, and go.

7. The liquid streames, of waters which arise,  
Fro out the Cesterne of the Centors deepe,  
Whose winding channels in a wondrous wise,  
Through hils and dales, in curbed wise do creepe,  
A constant progresse do by nature keepe,  
Till they the Ocean (their deere mother) meet,  
Whose brackish tears for the, their drops make sweet.

Whose fruitfull wombe, in gratefull wise repaires  
The yeelding earth, the tribute of her loue,  
By sending strayned springs through forced waies,  
And Porus passages for mans behoue,  
That so her selfe in bounds might mildly moue:  
Who yeelds likewise to beare earths heauy brood,  
And breeds her selfe some store of humaine food.

All things are  
full of labour:  
man can not  
vittit, the eye  
is not satisfied  
with seeing, nor  
the eare filled  
with hearing.

8. And not these compound elements alone  
Are subiect to this intercourse of change,  
But eu'en the foure pure elements ech one  
Doe from themselues, to th'others natures range,  
Though contrary by kind, with motion strange;  
Earth into water turnes, moist into aire,  
Pure aire to fire, Condensit they backe repaire.

So all things labour euermore and tend  
Vnto their end, which when they once attaine,  
That forme doth chaunge and to another bend,  
Which likewise in his time hath end againe,  
And nothing in one state doth long remaine;  
Whose wondrous frame, in vaine man seekes to find,  
Whilste no mans studie can suffice his mind.

# PARAPHRASED. Chap. I.

5

9. What euer hath bene, shall be done: for there is nothing new:  
 10. What may we say is now, she which was not before thinke yon?

9. For prooфе, let me demaund but this of you,  
 Who most haue searched natures secret powre?  
 And you who are conuerst in stories true,  
 And you obseruers of ech day and howre,  
 Haue ye not found, that time doth all deuour?  
 And that new times the like things doth produce,  
 As any former ages had in vse.

We dreame of secrets daily, newly found,  
 And of inuentions passing former wits,  
 We thinke our world with wisdome doth abound,  
 And fame (for knowledge) vs much rather fits,  
 But ouer-weening thoughts this toy begits:  
 Their longer liues more temperately led  
 In holy studie, sure more knowledge bred.

10. What one thing can we say is new indeed,  
 Excepting time it selfe, which still renewes?  
 New sinnes perhaps this wicked age would breed,  
 Yet can not other then first age did vse:  
 The name of new indeede we do abuse,  
 By calling new the thing we newly know,  
 Which rather ignorance of skill doth shew.

Those elder times (no doubt) in golden age,  
 When natures strength was in her youthfull prime,  
 When Will on Wisedome tended as a Page,  
 And loue of vertue, banisht many a crime,  
 When humble thoughts did not for glory clime:  
 Then all things flourisht sure that now we see,  
 And actions all, that are, or that may bee.

What is it that  
 hath bene that  
 that shall be:  
 and what is it  
 that hath bene  
 done & that  
 which shall be  
 done: and there  
 is no new thing  
 vnder the Sun.

Is there any  
 thing whereof  
 one may say,  
 behold this, tis  
 new: it hath  
 bene already in  
 the old time  
 that was be-  
 fore vs.

B

## ECCLESIASTES

11. *Things past forgotten are we see, and future so shalbee.*  
 12. *In Ierusalem, Israels king I was, who teacheth thee.*

There is no me  
morie of the  
former, neither  
shall there be a  
remembrance  
of the latter  
that shall be,  
with them that  
shal come after

11. But they forgotten are, as ours once shall,  
 Mans few and euill dayes with cares of mind,  
 Make many worthy things to dust to fall,  
 And vs to predecessors grow vnkind,  
 Whose fames with theirs shall vanish with the wind,  
 And as our stealing wits would clips their fame,  
 Deuouring time, shall desolate our name.

For what more equall recompence is due,  
 To such as others merits doe deprave,  
 Then that like base contempt, do them insue,  
 And of successors they like guerdon haue,  
 And so we see fame leaues vs at the graue:  
 Build then his happinesse on earth who will,  
 He but himselfe with care and scorne shall fill.

I the Preacher  
haue bene king  
ouer Israell in  
Ierusalem.

12. By proofe I speake, who once a mighty King  
 Did sway the Scepter of the holy seed,  
 Whose blessed name of peace, true peace did bring,  
 And publike wealth , which happinesse did breed,  
 And all delights whereon the world doth feed:  
 From Dan to Bersaba there, bound before,  
 And from Euphrates vnto Nylus shore.

My seat in Centor of earths Paradice,  
 In blest Ierusalem Gods dwelling place,  
 Neare to whereas mount Sion doth arise,  
 The holy hill, which doth the countrey grace,  
 Wherin I ruled not a little space:

For fortie yeares, I raigned still in peace,  
 And in a ripened age I did decease.

And

# PARAPHRASED. Chap. I.

7

13. I gaue my heart (God gaue this care) true wisedome ouer to finde,  
 14. My studie found all vnder sunne, to be but griefe of mind.

13. And all this time I bent my power and will,  
 To find faire wisedomes pallace, that I there  
 My homage due, might pay vnto her still,  
 And trophes to her in my heart might reare,  
 Her loue made me all other loue forbeare :

Welth I and honour, health, and euery thing  
 Disdained, that did not me true wisedome bring.

I therefore first did God most humbly craue,  
 To guide my steps in such a holy care,  
 Who (thenceforth) thereof such a measure gaue,  
 As none for wisedome might with me compare :  
 To proue all things I did my heart prepare,  
 Infatiat still as man by nature is,  
 Of skill (so doomd) for Adams first amis.

14. What euer nature of her selfe brings forth,  
 Or skilfull Art by practise could produce,  
 What euer did to any seeme of worth,  
 Or for necessitie might seeme of vse,  
 Was still the obiect of my studious Muse,  
 Which out of all to gather did desire,  
 That happiness whereto we would aspire.

But for my paines on earth did nought attaine,  
 But losse of time and agony of Spright,  
 A vaine desire, replete with skill more vaine,  
 A carefull life, disguised with vaine delight,  
 A puffed vp braine, with dreames of wisedomes fight,  
 But to my heart vnfruitfull of content,  
 To wearied life, a lode of time mispent.

And I haue giuen mine heart to search and find out wisedome by all things that are done vnder the heauen, this sure trauell hath God giue to the sonnes of men to humble them thereby.

I haue confide red all the works that are done vnder the sunne, and behold all is vantie & vexation of the Spirit.

## ECCLESIASTES

15. *The crooked thing can none make straight, or number things amiss.*  
 16. *I thought and said, in power or wit, none like me was or is.*

That which is  
crooked, can  
none make  
straight: and  
that which fai-  
leth can not be  
numbered.

15. For when I sought to practise what I knew,  
 My mind distracted diuersly was led,  
 In looking to preuent things to infew:  
 Much care in vaine I tooke, no fruit it bred,  
 To know the worlds amis, serues to small sted;  
 When no man can make straight the crooked tree,  
 Or mend the chance that is ordaind to bee.

To number forth mans miseries and woe  
 Is hard to doe, and little would auaile:  
 To stay the Oceans course, he should but goe,  
 That would support, where nature meaneſ to faile:  
 It makes vs but our weaknesse more bewaile,  
 If any way our wisedome stood in sted,  
 It would suppresse the vices in vs bred.

I thought in  
mine heart, and  
said, Behold I  
am become  
great, and ex-  
cell in wisedom  
all them that  
haue bene be-  
fore me in Ie-  
rusalem: and  
mine hart hath  
ſene much  
wisedome and  
knowledge.

16. And though (alas) I might of all men best,  
 For wisedome be reputed mongſt the great,  
 Whose knowledge farre ſurpaſſed all the reſt,  
 Before me euer were in Iſraels ſeate,  
 Or any others whom Records repeat:  
 Yea then was Chalcoll, Darda, or Ethan,  
 Heman, Maholl, or any liuing man.

Yet I for all my knowledge muſt confeſſe,  
 That childeſh blindneſſe raigneth ouer all,  
 The more I knew, I thought I knew the leſſe,  
 My knowledge, ignorance I ſeem'd to call,  
 When to the ſkanning of it I did fall:

As farre to weake true wisedome to behold,  
 As man vnfit, Gods ſecrets to vnfold.

And

## PARAPHRASED. Chap. i.

9

17. I studied all both good and bad to know, in all I found

18. Much grief, & as much wisedome grew, new cares & woes aboind.

17. And that I might the better others iudge,  
I bent my selfe to euery students vaine,  
To reade each friuolous worke I did not grudge,  
As well as writers of more pregnant braine:  
The rules of obseruations I did gaine,  
Which long experience maketh many see,  
And to the vulgar sort instructions bee.

I put in practise what these arts did teach,  
And tasted euerie toy for my delight.  
Fond actions made in modest mind a breach:  
For will with reason I did arme to fight;  
Yet alkin fine did but torment my spright.

In wisdoms graue restraint my boinds seeme straight,  
On follie, shame, and sorrow to awaight.

18. So wisedome proues a style of small availe,  
Which cannot yeeld a man one happie day,  
His infant studies seruile feares do quaile,  
His youthfull yeares with wantonnesse decay,  
His manly thoughts worlds combers weare away:

His yeares of iudgement for true wisedome fit,  
Deuoyd of powre, through weakned limbs do sit.

And yet suppose some one in ripened time,  
In bodie and in mind haue some delight,  
Yet he shall find, when he doth seeme in prime,  
A world of woes to march before his sight,  
Which past or presently shall with him fight:

Which if he scape, yet many thousands beare,  
Wherof whilst yet he liues, he stands in feare.

And I gave my  
heart to knowe  
wisedome and  
knowledge,  
madnesse and  
foolishnesse: I  
knew also, that  
this is a vexatiō  
of the spirit.

For in the mul-  
titude of wise-  
dome is much  
griefe: and he  
that increaseth  
knowledge, in-  
creaseth griefe.

## ECCLESIASTES

1. Then did I joy prone at full, which also proued vaine.
2. Mad laughter and short ioy, what ease do ye yeeld to my paine?

I said in mine  
heart, goe to  
now, I will  
proue thee  
with ioy: ther-  
fore take thou  
pleasure in plea-  
sant things: and  
behold this al-  
so is vanitie.

**T**Hus tired with these studies I repinde,  
And in my heart, I said, no more of this:  
Now will I try if pleasure I may find,  
To cheare my fainting soule in worlds amis:  
Perhaps in mirth and ioy is plast true blis,  
Let me to counsell, my affections take,  
And let them to their likings frolike make.

From reasons bonds, thus set at large awhile,  
They ech of them their appetites doe fit,  
Each scuerall sense,himselfe seekes to beguile,  
And all conspire the wished prisē to git,  
But (ouer gorg'd) full soone they all do surfit:  
For lust complete facietie doth breed,  
And vainē the fruite, that growes from such a seed.

I said of laugh-  
ter, thou art  
mad: and of  
joy, what is this  
that thou doest?

**2.** Then did I first begin indeed to know,  
The vanitie of these vncertaint ioyes,  
For while the foggie myst of lust doth grow,  
As through a cloud, we see it so annoyes  
Our purest iudgement, even with childish toyes:  
But then (as safe on shore) the storme I saw,  
Whose raging billowes did soules perill draw.

Then cald I laughter a deformed grace,  
More fit for fooles, then temp'rāte men to try,  
Graue maiestie expelling from the face,  
And antike wise disguizing men, whereby  
As madnesse, I beganne it to defy:  
As forced mirth, which no sweet fruit doth bring,  
But to relenting soule a poysned sting.

The

3. With wits I wit and folly fed, to find mans liues content.  
 4. In stately workes, of houses and of vineyards, study spent.

3. The Antidote of hearts with care opprest,  
 Earths bloud, wits bane, wines best delighting tast,  
 I gaue my selfe to proue in my vnrest,  
 To quicken so my sprights, with care defast,  
 Not glutton like, with drunkennesse disgrast,

But as in prickly bush men Roses take,  
 So in my plentie I not measure brake.

For why, the obiect of my actions were  
 So limited by wisedomes happy guyde,  
 That I in them, did Gods offence forbeate,  
 And in the bounds of temperance firme abyde:  
 Ionely sought by all things to haue tryde,

Where, and what is, that good mans of spring finds  
 In life on earth, which so inchaunts their minds.

4. And for I held magnificence to bee  
 A vertue fitting well a princely mind,  
 I built and dedicated (Lord) to thee  
 A Temple, where thy Arke a rest might find:  
 A worthlesse present for a God so kind:  
 Yet best that skilfull Hyrams art could frame,  
 In seauen yeares time, and cost vpon the same.

I rayed and reedified beside,  
 Full many cities to withstand the foes,  
 And Libanus, whose beautie farre and wide,  
 In fame before all other cities goes:  
 Besides a Pallace for my Queene, like those

Where mightiest Monarks courts haue erst bin plaft,  
 Which was with many vineyards greatly graft.

I sought in  
 mine harte to  
 giue my selfe to  
 wine, and to  
 lead mine harte  
 in wisedome,  
 & to take hold  
 of folly, till I  
 might see wher  
 is that goodnes  
 of the children  
 of men, which  
 they enjoy vn-  
 der the sunne,  
 the whole num-  
 ber of the daies  
 of their life.

I haue made  
 my great  
 workes: I haue  
 built me hou-  
 ses: I haue  
 planted me  
 vineyarde.

## ECCLESIASTES

5. I gardens had, and Orchards faire, of every fruitfull tree.  
 6. And Aqueducts to water them, the purest that might bee.

I haue made  
me gardens &  
orchards, and  
planted in the  
trees of all  
fruite.

5. I made me spacious gardens therewithall,  
 Wherin to solace both my Queenes and mee,  
 In which all kind of herbes both great and small,  
 And all such flowers as either pleasing bee  
 To sight or smell, you there might plentie see,  
 Or which for health of man had any prayse,  
 Or for delight might serue him any wayes.

My Orchards like to Paradice were held,  
 Wherin for shadie walkes and sweete prospects,  
 Ingenious art had nature so exceld,  
 That things aginst kind produc'd most kind effects;  
 All fruitfull trees of cast that man affects,  
 Were planted plenteously, from Cedar tall  
 To little shrubbe, that clymbeth by the wall.

I haue made  
me Cesternes of  
water, to water  
therewith the  
woods that  
grow with  
trees.

6. From top of farthest clifffes through hills and dales,  
 I set my fountaine heads and crystall springs,  
 I forced riuers from the lower vales,  
 To mount their neighbor hills, whose backs them brings  
 Vinto those Cesternes, which by spouts them flings,  
 Like Aprill showers dispersedly to fall,  
 And so bedew those bordering trees withall.

Whence softly they distilling to the ground,  
 Might coole the pride of sommers scorching rayes,  
 And cause the happy soyle with frute abound,  
 Which spring time like, thus flourished alwayes,  
 Whose ouerplus of streames in chanell stayes:  
 That euery fish and foule might solace take,  
 Or men might bath on banke, and banquet make.

I was

## PARAPHRASED. Chap.2.

13

7. I households had of men & maids, and store of beefes and sheepe.  
 8. With Princes treasures, singing folke, I did for pleasure keepe.

7. I was attended on in princely sort,  
 As well of Nobles as of seruile kynd,  
 Yea tributary kings did oft resort,  
 To doe the homage fealty did bynd,  
 Of Captiues I had store, vnto my mynd,  
 And families of these and their of-spring,  
 To populate a countrey for a king.

I haue gotten  
 seruants and  
 maides, & had  
 children borne  
 in the house:  
 also I had great  
 possession of  
 Beeues and  
 sheepe, aboue  
 all that were  
 before me in  
 Ierusalem.

My flockes of sheepe, and heards of cattell great,  
 Wherewith my royll Court I dayly fed,  
 Who thirtie Beeues, and fivescore Sheepe did eat,  
 Besides such dainties as the countrey bred,  
 I fortie thousand horse to battell led,  
 And Charets more I had, I dare well say,  
 Then any king in Iewry till this day.

8. Of treasure I had store and reuenue,  
 Sixe hundredth Talents, sixtie sixe of gold,  
 Foure hundredth fiftie more, from Ophire due,  
 And custome for all marchandize was sold,  
 With tributes more then number well you could:  
 So that like stones or drosse, I siluer gaue,  
 And in my raigne for want few needed craue.

I haue gathe-  
 red vnto me  
 also siluer and  
 gold, and the  
 chief treasures  
 of kings and  
 prouinces: I  
 haue provided  
 me men singers  
 and women sin-  
 gers, and the  
 delights of the  
 sonnes of men,  
 as a woman ta-  
 ken captive, &  
 women taken  
 captiues.

The choyse of all the spoyles of warre I had,  
 Both men and women singers rare of skill,  
 Whose melodie would cheare the mind most sad,  
 Whose beauties with delight the eye might fill,  
 And of these had varietie at will,  
 And what so euer humaine kind can craue,  
 To seeke delight therein, my selfe I gaue.

9. More mightie then forefathers all, with wisedome ruling mind,  
10. I fed my will, my will please'd me, this fruit my paines did find.

And I was  
great, and en-  
creased aboue  
all that were  
before me in  
Ierusalem: all  
my wisedome  
re-mained with  
me.

9. Thus grew I mightie, and of greater fame  
Then any king Ierusalem had knowne:  
From farre and neare, great Princes sent and came  
To see my greatnessse, which abrode was blowne:  
Admir'd I was, and loued of my owne,  
Surpassing farre, report that went of mee,  
As Saba Queene, confest that came to see.

And ( which few men, in prosperous state can do )  
By wisedomes rule I guided so my life,  
That holy Iustice still I leand vnto,  
And shielded innocence from Tyrants strife:  
And ( had I not transgrest through heathnish wife,  
Who made me winke at her Idolatry)  
Few errors in my life you should espy.

And whatsoe-  
uer mine eies  
desired, I with-  
held it not fro  
them: I with-  
drew not mine  
hart from any  
joy: for mine  
hart rejoiced  
in all my labor:  
and this was  
my portion of  
all my trauell.

10. Thus did I fill my eyes with their desire,  
And fed my heart at full with all content,  
No sooner did my thought a thing require,  
But forward to effect it straight I went:  
Thus I my dayes in ioy and solace spent,  
Peace gaue me wealth & power, power fed my will,  
My will sought happinessse in all things still.

But happinessse I had not as I thought,  
For though in vse of things I seemed glad,  
Yet afterward they to me loathing brought,  
And things begunne in ioy, were parting sad,  
And yet that present ioy was all I had,  
In recompence of all my trau'll and paine,  
And to haue that, was more then many gaine.

## PARAPHRASED. Chap. 2.

15

11. I viewd in fine all I had done, & found all vaine and fruitlesse.  
 12. Both wit & folly, for of both none knew more: all prou'd bootelesse.

11. In fine, now surfetting indeede with all  
 My deare bought pleasure, both begunne and past,  
 Vnto a reckoning I my iudgement call,  
 And true account of gaine, of them I cast,  
 And did suruay my workes, which yet did last,  
 To see the benefit I reapt thereby,  
 Because I would the truth of all things try.

Which when I found for most part vanisht quight,  
 And those remaining, subiect to like fate;  
 I saw a world of vanitie and spight,  
 Which made me world and all her workes to hate,  
 As masse of miserie, and vnkind debate,  
 As they shall find, who thus forwarnd will proue,  
 Repentance being price of foolish loue.

12. Then I a new comparson did make,  
 Twixt sacred wisedome (heauens infused gift)  
 And humaine wisedome, which doth patterne take  
 Of presidents, of morall actions drift,  
 The skill wherein doth worldly minds vp lift,  
 And this compard with foolish ignorance,  
 Which in the world doth many sotts aduance.

For if that knowledge on experience grow,  
 And that experience be the child of time,  
 If time her powre do to the studious shew,  
 And labour doth to highest knowledge clime,  
 If iudgement flourish where these are in prime,  
 Then who hath me surpast, or shall succeed  
 In these, whose censure may more credit breed?

Then I looked  
 on all my  
 workes that  
 my hands had  
 wrought, and  
 on the travell  
 that I had la-  
 boured to doe:  
 and behold, all  
 is vanitie and  
 vexation of the  
 Spirit: & there  
 is no profit yn-  
 der the sunne.

And I turned  
 to behold wise-  
 dome, madnes,  
 and folly: for  
 who is the man  
 that will come  
 after the king  
 in things which  
 men now haue  
 done.

13. Yet found I wisedome it excell, as light doth darknes farre.  
 14. It sees, that gropes, yet wise and fond, both in one hazard are,

Then I sawe  
there is profit  
in wisedome,  
more then in  
folly: as the  
light is more  
excellent then  
darknesse.

13. And what I could, impartiall conceiue  
Of ech of them, I will thee truely tell:  
I found that folly did a man deceiue,  
And woe to them within her snares that fell,  
But wisedome did all earthly things excell,

Immortalizing man with worthy fame,  
And couering the defects of natures shame.

And looke how much the sunne in sommers day,  
When he in Zenith of our Hemis-pheres,  
Most glorious beames of brightnesse doth display,  
Surpasseth darkest nights that winter weares,  
In frozen Zone for light some face he beares:

So farre and more, the wise do fooles surpass,  
Or more then precious stones doe brickle glasse.

For the wise  
mans eyes are  
in h's head, but  
the foole wal-  
keth in dark-  
nesse: yet I  
know also that  
the same con-  
dition falleth  
to them all.

14. For why, the wise call passed things to mind,  
Obserue the present, future doe fore-fee,  
Compare effects, whereby they courses find,  
And make their actions to best rules agree,  
Like Eagle eyes, and Linxes sights theirs bee,  
Where fooles as blind-fold, groping misse the way,  
And vnto euery daunger are a pray.

Although in deede one end befalleth all,  
The wise and foolish, begger and the king:  
All made of earth, againe to dust doe fall,  
And euery state is crossed with some thing.  
Wisedome breedes care, and folly want doth bring:

Wealth liues in feare, and pouertie in wo:  
Honor enuide, base bloud contemn'd doth go.

I there-

15. If so ( thought I ) then is it vaine, more wisedome to aspire,  
 16. All is forgot in time to come, like death haue all for hire.

15. I therefore in my heart beganne to thinke,  
 If all estates some miserie must haue,  
 If wise and foolish both of one cup drinke,  
 If all by death must draw vnto the graue,  
 If wisedome may not man from daunger saue :  
 If sicknesse be the common guide to death,  
 If death the end of all that draweth breath :

Why then do I contend for wisedomes prayse?  
 With studious trauell, why do I applice  
 My time, and spend away yowthes pleasant dayes ?  
 With paine and toyle? why serues feueritie,  
 And temperance of life, since all must die?  
 It is meere madnesse to be too precise,  
 Though fooles be vaine, vaine also be the wise.

16. Vaine in the highest point of vanitie,  
 If they suppose on earth true blisse to find,  
 As on a stage, each step they tred awrie  
 Is markt, and fame defam'd by flaunderous kind,  
 And their best name that they do leauue behind  
 Is soone forgot, as fooles facts also bee,  
 As we by daily proofe full well may see.

Alas ! is there no difference at all,  
 In length of dayes betwixt the fond and wise?  
 Can nougnt protect from death, but must all fall?  
 As basest sort, so those in honour rise,  
 Can man no way to lengthen life devise?  
 Then vaine is he in them reposeth trust,  
 Whose ioyes with them so soone determine must.

The I thought  
 in mine heart,  
 it befallen vnto me, as it befallen to the  
 foole : why  
 therefore doe I  
 then labour to  
 be more wise ?  
 and I said in  
 mine hart, that  
 this also is va-  
 nifie.

For there shall  
 be no remem-  
 brance of the  
 wife, nor of the  
 foole for euer ;  
 for that that  
 now is, in the  
 dayes to come  
 shall all be for-  
 gotten : and  
 how dieth the  
 wise man, as  
 doth the foole.

17. Then lothd I life, all life bred griefe, and did the mind torment,  
 18. My owne workes were unpleasing then, posset by one unment.

Therefore I  
hated life: for  
the worke that  
is wrought vnder  
the sunne is  
grieuous vnto  
me: for all is  
vanitie & vexa-  
tion of the  
spirit.

17. The thought whereof made me the world to hate,  
 And euery circumstance of life to blame,  
 The day of birth, as day of cursed fate,  
 The length of life, as heape of woe and shame,  
 The dayly looke for death, as rotten frame  
 Of natures weakest building, earth doth beare,  
 Bred vp and nourished, with care and feare.

Conceiu'd in sinne, brought into world with paine,  
 With iust lamentes bewayling future case,  
 Who impotent, doth hopelesse still remaine,  
 (If pitie in the parents had not place,  
 Or foster mothers did him not embrace)

Whose youth sharpe tutors, age the lawes restraine,  
 Whose vexed soule still carkes and cares in vaine.

I hated also all  
my labor, wher-  
in I had trauel-  
led vnder the  
Sunne, which I  
shall leue to  
the man that  
shall be after  
me.

18. Yea, though my selfe was free from sundry things,  
 By reason of the greatnesse of my state,  
 With which the meaner sort full often wrings,  
 (As want, and suffering stroke of mighties hate)  
 Yet I my cares had in an other rate,  
 And far more forcible in me they were,  
 For prosperous states doe worst afflictions beare.

As feare of chaunge, care of the common good,  
 Desire to eternize my name on earth:  
 Yet nothing more (me thought) my ioy withstood,  
 Then that I traueld for an others mirth,  
 For whom, my fruits were gathred ere his birth,  
 Which made me all my workes of most desert  
 Hate and disdaine, eu'en from the very heart.

For

## PARAPHRASED. Chap.2.

19

19. *Vnknowne if fond or wise, who yet shall all enoy I leauue.*  
 20. *Whiche as most vain, made me abhor, my works which me deceane.*

19. For what knew I, who should to me succeed,  
 In vse of all the wealth and pompe I left,  
 An infant of mine owne, and proper breed,  
 Or else a stranger creeping in by theft;  
 Iknew how easly crownes might be bereft,  
 If kings were Orphanes lacking yeares or wit,  
 Ne knew I if my child for rule were fit.

The prooфе he yeelds, and sentence God did giue,  
 Prognosticateth little good at all:  
 Yet(as vnto mine heire in whom I liue)  
 I giue what wast he may, and feare he shall;  
 The fruit euен of my wifest trauels all,  
 So that the world which witnessed my paine,  
 May hap record my trauels mereley vaine.

20. This made me oft,aide reason to contend  
 With my affections and my pleased sence,  
 And gainst my selfe, my selfe my wits to bend,  
 The loue of all my workes expulsing thence,  
 And taking on me truths sincere defence,  
 Said perturbations (which affections guyde)  
 Should not giue iudgement where her cause is tryde.

I made my mind confesse, the studie vaine  
 Which was employd, on transitory thing  
 I made my body graunt, too great the paine  
 Bestowd on any pleasure life doth bring,  
 My senses to conclude, there was a sting  
 And bitter tast attended on delight,  
 And so resolu'd, worlds loue to banish quight.

And who know eth whether he shall be wife or foolish, yet shal he haue rule ouer all my la-bour, wherein I haue trauelled, & wherein I haue shewed my selfe wife vnder the sunne. This is also vanitic.

Therefore I went about to make mine bair abhorre all the labour, wherein I had travelled vnder the Sunne.

21. One toyles to get with right and skill, a stocke for one most vaine,  
 22. And no reward himselfe doth find, for all his trauell and paine.

For there is a man whose trauell is in wisedome, and in knowledge, & in equitie: yet to a man that hath not trauelled herein shall he gue his portion, this also is vanitie and a great griefe.

21. For could there be a greater griefe beside,  
 Or iuster cause to make a man repent  
 The paines and perils that he did abide,  
 In honest trade to purchase his intent,  
 Whereto his wits and diligence was bent:  
 Then for to thinke he doth for others toyle,  
 Manures the ground, where others reapethe the soyle.

Whobuildeth but in hope to dwell therein?  
 Who planteh, but in hope the fruit to tast?  
 Though birdes and Bees their nests and combs begin,  
 Though sheepe beare fleece, & Oxe the land haue traffit,  
 In hope of profit, which their masters waft:  
 Yet wise men grieue to spend in vaine their time,  
 For others sake the bush to beate or clime,

For what hath man of all his trauell & griefe  
 of his heart, wherin he hath trauelled vnder  
 the sunne?

22. If man vncertaine be, as sure he is  
 This night, if he the morrow day shall see,  
 If he do doubt his dayes cannot endure,  
 If he foresee his bed, his graue may bee,  
 And yet of worldhaue care, vnhappie hee,  
 I meane such care, as doth his powers posseſſe,  
 And suffers not his soule, some ioy expreſſe.

For what he leaueth him behind is lost,  
 What he enioyd, that only was his owne,  
 What hath he gain'd, by wealth that comfort cost,  
 If he not tast his fruits of trauell growne?  
 Possession best by vſe of things is knowne :  
 Who doth not so, but lost his trauels are,  
 A heauie burden bootlesſe fetched farre.

23. His dayes are few and spent in cares; his nighes in haries vnrift,  
24. If God yet grants to vse his wealth with ioy: then is he blest.

23. He doth thereby but massacrer himselfe,  
And seeme vnkind to natures true intent,  
Whose bodie feeds not on the view of pelfe,  
But on the food the hands to mouth do lend,  
Which freely to ech part doth portion send:

He well may thinke his wofull dayes too long,  
And trauell grieuous, thus requisite with wrong.

If he the wished night ordain'd for rest,  
Consume in carefull thoughts of greedie mind,  
If he for others hoord his comforts best,  
And to himselfe (against kind) do prove vnkind:  
No blessednesse on earth then shall he fiad,  
But like a bubble yanish soone away,  
And in his life his vanitie bewray.

24. For no true profit earth to earth can giue,  
But (whilst on earth man yet doth make his stay)  
The frutes of earth to vse by which we liue,  
And ech dayes care, deferre vnto that day.  
These Creatures plenteously enjoy we may,  
To needfull sustenance of bodies strength,  
And to delight the mind, waxt dull at length.

Man onely must in plentie, plentie note  
Of Gods abundant blessing shewed therein;  
And not forget him whilst they passe the throte,  
And them abuse, as instruments of sin,  
But for his gifts, with prayse to him begin,  
With almes proceed, the needy poore to feed,  
And not repine, though oft they stand in need.

For all his daies  
are forrowes, &  
his trauel grief,  
his heart also  
takes not rest  
in the night,  
which also is  
vanitie.

There is no pro  
fit to man, but  
that he eat and  
drinke, and de  
light his soule  
With the profit  
of his labours: I  
saw also this,  
that it was of  
the hand of  
God.

## ECCLESIASTES

25. Who knowes the vse of plentie more then I, yet this I find,  
 26. God makes the iust know ioy, the bad leauewelth for good behind.

For who could  
eat, and who  
could haue to  
outward things  
more then I.

25. Of all that I do say, I haue made proofof,  
 And therefore may the better thee aduise,  
 Which as I now set downe for thy behoofe:  
 So thereof make thy profit, be thou wise,  
 He is a foole that counsell doth despise:  
 And I who counsell thee, sure best could try,  
 Earths pleasures, and the fruits that come thereby.

As being King, I all things might commaund,  
 As being rich, I ech thing might procure,  
 As being lou'd, to please me all men sawnd:  
 As being feard, I might my will make sure:  
 As being wise, I could make choysse most pure,  
 If any earthlie thing might breed content,  
 Then may I say, that God me part hath sent.

Surely to a man  
that is good in  
his sight, God  
giueth wisdom,  
and knowledg,  
and ioy: but to  
the sinner he  
giueth paine,  
to gather and  
to heap, to gue  
to him that is  
good before  
God: this is also  
vanitie, and  
vexation of the  
spirit.

26. And for a full report of my conceit,  
 I briefly say, as tenth requires of mee,  
 That wisdome as a blessing doth awaite  
 Upon the godly, who true knowledge see,  
 And perfect ioy alone in them can bee:  
 For God the author of all goodnessse is,  
 And with his feare associats endless blis.

But to the wicked he alotteth griefe,  
 In getting needfull things great wo and care,  
 In their possession little sweet reliese,  
 In laying vp of wealth, a life still bare,  
 Which for the godly they doe but prepare:  
 Rent gatherers for the good, the wicked bee,  
 Vaine vexers of their soules themselves may see.

But

1. All purposes have proper times, all things fit seasons find,  
2. A time of birth, and deasch, so plant, and supplant is assynd.

I B Vt for I see the wordly wise willsay,  
They haue iust cause to studie to attaine  
The hidden course, which nature doth bewray  
In interchange of times: which doth remaine  
In rōld in writ of many a learned braine,  
I will with them awhile conferte, and shew  
To thee the depth of all the skill they know.

To all things  
there is an ap-  
pointed time,  
and a time to  
euer purpose  
under the hea-  
uen.

Most true it is ( I graunt ) that hidden are,  
In knowledge of Philosophy indeede,  
Such rules profound, by learning set so farre,  
As in the mind doth admiration breed:  
But yet that skill doth serue to little steed,  
For God hath natures bounds prefixed so,  
That from that course art cannot make them go.

2. Begin we first where we begin and end,  
With birth of man in mothers wombe conceiu'd,  
Which (fortie weekes expir'd) needs forth must send,  
And age compels to yeeld the breath receiu'd,  
In both of which , the wisest are deceiu'd:  
The birth and death of diuerse, diuersely  
Preuenting time, of birth and time to dy.

A time to be  
borne, and a  
time to die: a  
time to plant,  
and a time to  
plucke vp that  
which is plan-  
ted.

And as of men, so in increase of things  
The which the earth brings forth in growing kind,  
Although we know the Moone fit seasons brings,  
To planted things to prosper, yet we find  
They oft miscarie, and we chaunge our mind,  
And (be their fruits once ripe)they gathered bee,  
And stocke once rotten, we stub vp the tree.

3. A time to cure and kill her is, to build and ouerthrow,  
4. To laugh and weape, a mournfull cheare, and merry hart to shew.

A time to slay,  
and a time to  
heale: a time to  
break down,  
and a time to  
build.

3. And though it be a thing vnraturall,  
And most repugnant to societie,  
The life of man by hand of man to fall,  
And to shed bloud wherein his life doth lie,  
Yet iustice craues that malefactors die,  
Aswell as that the sicke, should phisicke haue,  
Or salues employd, the wounded corps to saue.

Yea though that cities first well founded were,  
For safetie vnto men of ciuill sort,  
Yet neuer Monarkes seat such farne did beare,  
Or citie grow so much with great resort,  
But time made cottages of small import  
Suruiue their greatnessse, and surpassē them farre,  
As Henok, Babell, Troy, true patterne are.

A time to  
weepe, and a  
time to laught:  
time to mourne  
and a time to  
dance.

4. Though nothing be more needfull to our kind,  
The rigors to alay of worldly care,  
Though nothing better for the health we find,  
Then mirth (at times we may well for it spare)  
Yet in the vse of it we must beware,  
And vse it so as if we readie were,  
The brunt of greatest crosses straight to beare.

For times there are, when dutie doth require,  
We should impart with neighbours woe and griefe,  
For (partners in distresse) doe all desire,  
And men suppose thereby they find reliefe  
For sinne, so should we mourne, as cause most chiefe:  
When Gods offended face, doth threat his rod,  
Thus mirth and woe, are both requir'd by God.

There

5. To scatter stones and gather them, to embrase and thrust away,  
 6. A season is to seek, to loose, to keepe, to wast, I say.

5. There is a time when we the quarries draw,  
 And from the bowels of the earth full deepe,  
 Rayse vp her bones, the stones which never saw  
 The lightsome aire, and them we carued keepe,  
 To rayse with them our towers, to heauen which peepe,  
 Whiche afterward decay, and we are faine,  
 Their ruines to transport abrode againe.

A time to cast  
away stones,  
and a time to  
gather stones:  
a time to im-  
brace, and a  
time to be far  
from imbra-  
cing.

Euen so in youthfull yeares it seemeth fit,  
 As nature made it apt for loues imbrace,  
 So for the worlds increase to yeeld to it,  
 With due respect of person time and place:  
 Yet nothing more vnseemely in such case,  
 As when decrepit age creepes to the graue,  
 To dote in loue, and seek a wife to haue,

6. There is a time, when man with reason may  
 With diligence indeuour for to gaine  
 A portion fit, his family to stay,  
 Although with sweat of browes, and daily paine;  
 But it were folly to torment his braine,  
 If losse s happe, for there will losses fall,  
 Vnto most wise, if they haue ought at all.

A time to seek  
and a time to  
loose; a time to  
keepe, and a  
time to cast  
away.

Then he that's wise, knowes when to spend and spare,  
 For who hath most, before he die may need,  
 And he must spend sometimes that is most bare,  
 And he may thrive, that doth the needie feed:  
 Bountie doth loue, and neighbourliking breed;  
 It is a vertue, placed in a meane,  
 Although it rather doe to giuing leade.

## ECCLESIASTES

7. A time to reape and sow againe, for silence, and to speake,  
8. To loue, to hate, to talke of peace, and peace with war to breake.

A time to resp, and a time to sow: a time to keep silence, and a time to speake.

7. The rich attyres ordaynd by craft mans hand,  
To couer shaine, which shaine made man to see,  
Be not so comely held in any land,  
But that in other lands, disliket they bee:  
So what one sowes, the other reapes for thee:  
Good workes for Taylers that new-fangled are,  
None make more fast, then others mending maire.

What speake we of such common things as this?  
Not speech it selfe (the Echo to the hart)  
May be so free, but it restrained is  
To ciuill rules, and lawes of very art,  
The tongues misuse, oft breedes the bodie smart:  
We therefore learnre, both how and when to speake,  
And when we modest silence may not breake.

A time to loue, and a time to hate: a time of warre and a time of peace.

8. Yea thought that kindled heate of beauties fire,  
And sympathy of natures liking good,  
(Chast loue) be founded on a iust desire,  
And beare such sway as hardly is withstood,  
Infecting by the eye, both spirit and blood:  
Yet such encounters grow in some respect,  
That loue findes hate, best merit, base neglect.

Yea bloudie warre the scourge of peace misusd,  
The fire-brand of ambition, helpe owne chyld,  
The wracke of iustice, value oft abusd  
From common wealth may not be well exyld,  
Though peace breed welth, welth yet with pride defyld,  
Produceth warre; which pouertie doth breed,  
To which heauens blessed peace doth iyesucceed.

# PARAPHRASED. Chap. 3.

27

9. What profit finds the toylesome man, of all his carke and care?  
10. To humble mans ambitious mind, God did these pames prepare,

9. Which if so be, (as so it is indeed)  
Then would I haue the Gimnosophists wife,  
The Magy, Druides, and Stoicks breed,  
The Sophis, and most wise of all Rabbies,  
And all Philosophers of euery guise,  
Who morall rules, and naturall skill did know,  
Or iudgements supernaturall did show.

What profit  
hath he that  
worketh of the  
thing wherein  
he trauelleth.

Them would I haue to tell to me in briefe,  
What profit man, most properly may say}  
He hath, of all his dayes consumde in griefe,  
Which he assured is with him shall stay:  
The goods of fortune subiect to decay,  
The strength of bodie, fayling euery houre,  
The minds much more, which worldly cates deuour.

10. I see ( me thinkes) a labyrinth of woes  
Enuiron man about, from day of birth  
Till houre of death, what so about he goes,  
With sower sauce, seasoning still his fained mirth,  
Cares him accompan'ing vpon the earth,  
For needfull things for life, yet foolish he,  
With needlessse studies still will medling be.

I haue seene  
the trauell that  
God hath giue  
to the sonnes of  
men to humble  
them thereby.

And God hath iustly giuen this plague to all,  
For our forefather Adams clyming mind,  
That humbled so, we might before him fall,  
Confessing that we are poore wormes, most blind,  
And fly to him where we may comfort find,  
Upon his prouidence our selues to rest;  
As thing whereby, we onely may be blest,

C iiiij

11. All beauteous & desir'd God made, though al things man not know.  
12. This only good know I, with soy, good works in life to shew.

He hath made  
every thing  
beautiful in his  
time: also he  
hath set the  
world in their  
heart, yet can  
not man find  
out the worke  
that God hath  
wrought from  
the beginning,  
eue to the end.

11. Indede God so his creatures beautified,  
And marshald so their musters every one,  
That in them his great wisedome is espied,  
And in their season is their beautie showne,  
Defect vnto their kind, they suffer none:  
No maruell then, if heart of man desire  
To see and know their vertue, and admire,

And God hath giuen to man a speciall will,  
To search for knowledge euer while he liues,  
Who therefore beates his braines about it still,  
And vseth all endeavour nature giveth,  
But he in vaine about the matter striues:

He neuer can or shall, the depth attaine  
Of Gods decree, his labours are butt vaine.

I know that  
ther is nothing  
good in them,  
but to reioyce,  
and to do good  
in his life.

12. Let wise men therefore learne to be content,  
With knowledge of such things as vs befit,  
Enjoy the blessing God to vs hath sent,  
And with contented mind in quiet sit:  
His paine and trauell may not farther git,  
Then God hath limited, of that be sure,  
With patience therefore doe thy selfe indure.

For I no other good on earth can praiso,  
But present vse of blessings I possesse,  
With chearefull heart to exercise my dayes,  
To good of such, to whom I loue professe,  
And deedes which charitie doe best expresse,  
And that is all this world to thee can lend,  
And vse, why God did them vnto thee send.

And

## PARAPHRASED. Chap.3.

29

13. To eat & drinke pains gaine store, as giftis Gods blessings were.  
 14. His wil(most firme) man may not change, but it admire with fere.

13. And to speake truth, what man with all his paine,  
 Can promise to himselfe the vse to haue  
 Of what with greatest trauell he doth gaine,  
 To yeeld the sustenance his life doth craue?  
 What prouidence so wisely can it saue,  
 But in a rhotent it may vade away,  
 Twixt cup and lip, fall many a slip we say?

And also that  
 every man ea-  
 geth and drin-  
 keth, and feeleth  
 the commodity  
 of all his labors:  
 this is the gift  
 of God.

Then let man learne that Gods good gifts they are,  
 And lent but for a time, whereof to yeeld  
 Account how they are vsed, and how farre  
 Our confidence and trust on them we build:  
 For wealth cannot from heauenly iudgement shidle;  
 Let God therefore haue part, the poore haue his,  
 With temp'rance do thou spend, remaine that is.

14. For well I know, God all things doth foresee,  
 And seeing doth foreknow their issues all,  
 Whose knowledge (when he will) makes things to bee  
 In such estate, as vnto vs they fall:  
 Whose prouidence herein some fortune call,  
 Because effects of cause to vs vnknowne,  
 By chance (as we suppose) hath to vs growne.

I know that  
 whatsoeuer  
 God shall doe,  
 it shall be for  
 euer: to it can  
 no man adde,  
 and from it can  
 none diminish  
 for God hath  
 done it, that  
 they should  
 feare before  
 him.

But they in his decree immutable,  
 From all beginnings were, and firme must stand,  
 Examples be, mans frustrate labours still,  
 If God assist not with his helping hand,  
 A haire from head, a bird falles not on land,  
 But with his heauenly will(which is a law)  
 And should vs to his feare and reu'rence draw.

## ECCLESIASTES

15. Things past are now, what is shall be, for God will have it so:  
 16. Yet on the earth, wrong rules for right, and all perverse doth go.

What is that  
that hath bin?  
that is now: &  
that that shall  
be, hath now  
bene: for God  
requireth that  
which is past.

15. Hence nature hath this interchange of things,  
 This spring times clothing, of delightfull greene,  
 That scorched yellow colour sommer brings,  
 That tawney hew, in new spent haruest seene,  
 Those withered pale prospects in winter beene,  
 When trees and plants to root liues sap retyre,  
 And euery change, that seasons doe require.

This well deuided kingdome of the light,  
 Twixt Sunne and Moone, so needfull to our life,  
 Of th'one by day, th'other by the night,  
 Wherein they louingly , like man and wife,  
 With equall care doe trauell voyd of strife,  
 By Gods almighty hand were framed so,  
 Things past, and those to come in order go.

And moreoner  
I haue seene  
vnder the Sun  
the place of  
judgement,  
where was wi-  
kednesse, and  
the place of Iu-  
stice, where  
was iniquite.

16. Yea though God be not author of our ill,  
 (Whereto by nature onely we are prone,) Yet for our tryall, or our scourge, he will  
 Permit sometimes, (as I full oft haue knowne)  
 That eu'en his Magistrates , by whom alone  
 He leaues his lawes of Iustice to be tryde,  
 Into most foule enormities to slyde.

So wicked Tyrants vnto kingdomes rise,  
 And Judges sit in holy Iustice seat,  
 Whose offices (ordain'd to beat downe vice,) It fosters, and the Iust do worst intreat,  
 Which of all plagues to kingdomes is most great,  
 Yet God (who it permits) can it redresse,  
 Whose wondrous works therein we must confesse.

For

## PARAPHRASED. Chap.3.

31

17. *My hart yet giveth both good & bad, in due time God wil find.*  
 18. *Who made me pure, & gane him wit, though brutifl wi. be blind.*

17. For God the great law-gifter, wise and iust,  
 Who sees the thoughts, and secrets of the raynes,  
 Though he a while, permit them in their lust  
 To range, in pride of their malicious braynes,  
 Yet when he please, their progresse he restraynes,  
 And makes them stand before his iudgement seat,  
 Whose sway on earth doth seeme most powrful great.

I thought in  
 mine hart, God  
 will judge the  
 iust and the  
 wicked: for  
 time is there  
 for every pur-  
 pose, and for  
 every worke.

He calcs each creature in his time at will,  
 To wreke the wrongs that innocents abyde:  
 Plague, famine, sword, attend vpon him still,  
 And all mishaps the wicked doe betyde,  
 Fro out the snares, the iust he safe doth guyde  
 In his due time, and them with honour crowne,  
 But their oppressors, headlong plucketh downe.

18. Thus mayst thou see (as I do truly say)  
 By deepe consideration of the thing,  
 To humaine state on earth, each houre and day  
 Some chaunge, or alteration new to bring  
 To all estates, to subiects as to King:  
 And that albeit in creation, we  
 Were holy and pure, we now corrupted be.

I considered in  
 mine heart, the  
 state of the  
 children of me  
 that God had  
 purged them:  
 yet to see to,  
 they are in the-  
 selves as beaults

Through which corruption, death did first creepe in,  
 And death with it, all plagues and wants hath brought,  
 The heauie recompence of parents sin,  
 By them infusid to vs, by vs still wrought:  
 Corrupt throughout, in word, in deed, in thought,  
 With more then brutifl sins which in vs raigne,  
 And in our of-spring alwayes will remaine.

19. *Man beastlike liues & dies, & both breath, live, and die, in vaine.*  
 20. *Of dust at first, all passe by death, unto the earth againe.*

For the conditiōn of the chil  
dren of men, &  
the conditiōn  
of beasts are  
even as one cō-  
dition vnto the:  
as the one dy-  
eth, so dieth the  
other: for they  
have all one  
breath, & there  
is no excellen-  
cie of man a-  
bove the beast:  
for all is vanity.

19. And as with brutish kind our liues pertake,  
 Or rather doth out passe them farre in ill:  
 (For Tygers, Woules, Gotes, Swine, our sins vs make,  
 When wrath, deceit, lust, glut'ny, rule our will,) So to our end with them we hasten still,

Foreseeing nothing deaths approching houre,  
 Which vs (like them) is ready to deuour.

In care and trauell, we like them doe liue,  
 We liue vncertaine of the houre of death,  
 Vncertaine thus, securelywe doe giue  
 Our selues to pleasure, till it stop our breath:  
 When time is come, no art the houre prolongeth,  
 When we as they, againe returne to dust,  
 In earth (no more then they) may we haue trust.

All goe to one  
place, and all  
was of the dust,  
and all shall  
returne to the  
dust.

20. One common matter was our stiffe and mould,  
 Euen earth and slime, the Element most vylde,  
 Which though our maker for our honour would,  
 With his owne hands vouchsafe to frame and bylde,  
 And with infused breath adopt as chyld,  
 Whilst by his word alone, the others all,  
 Take essence in the forme they were and shall.

Yet we as they, one common end do find,  
 One dissolution of this earthly frame:  
 Whose matter doth returne vnto the kind,  
 From whence at first creation forth it came;  
 The memory whereof, the mind should tame,  
 Of those ambitious braines vnbounded will,  
 Whichwhilst they liue, the worldwith comber fill.

And

21. Who knowis mans soule ascends, or beasts vnto the earth descendis?  
 22. Best then say I, ioy in thy owne: which thee thy knowledge ends.

21. And though indeed, the soules immortall seed,  
 Which had his being from a cause more pure,  
 Vpon a higher hope doth iustly feed,  
 And shall in all eternitie endure,  
 Yet to the eye of man, who can assure  
 The same, if faith (the light vnto the soule)  
 Did not distrustfull fleshes thoughts controule?

Who knoweth  
 whether the  
 Spirit of man  
 ascend vpward,  
 and the Spirit  
 of the beast  
 descend down-  
 ward to the  
 earths?

For euen the selfe same instruments of life,  
 The same necessities of nutriment,  
 The same effects of sicknesse with vs rife,  
 The same abhorred death, hath nature lent  
 To euery creature that on earth she sent:  
 And at, and after, parting of the spright,  
 The carkasses of both, seeme like to sight.

22. So that I see no vse of earths increase,  
 Fit for our bodies, but (whilst here we liue)  
 With them to cheere our sprights, and purchase peace,  
 And vnto God for them, due praise to giue,  
 Mans wit no further can his pleasure driue:

For he and they are subiect as you see  
 To chaunge, and to earths fraile mortalitee.

Therefore I see  
 that there is  
 nothing better  
 then that a man  
 should reioyse  
 in his affayres,  
 because that is  
 his portion: for  
 who shall bring  
 him to see  
 what shall be  
 after him?

As for the care the wise and goodly haue,  
 Of their successors competent estate,  
 It is but due, and nature doth it craue,  
 But for their loue, our selues we ought not hate,  
 And toyling vex our soules with worlds debate,

What they will proue, or what in time may grow,  
 We know not, nor should curious be to know.

1. *The earths unrights I viewd, & tears of wrōgd by worthles iudg,*  
 2. *And therwith thought, the blessed dead, need nos the tiswing grudge.*

So I turned, &  
considered all  
the oppressions  
that are  
wrought vnder  
the suere, and  
behold, the  
teares of the  
oppressed, and  
none comfor-  
teth them: and  
lo, the strength  
is of the hand  
of them that  
oppreſſe them,  
and none com-  
forteth him.

I **B**ut whither doth this passion me transport?  
 My thoughts with thinking haue forgot my thought,  
 Whilst (earthly I) with earthly worlds confort,  
 And to the bodies cares, haue comfort brought,  
 My meditations haue the heauens sought,  
 And those eternities which passe my skill,  
 But now descend to earth againe I will.

And of more humaine actions will intreat,  
 Where we a tragedie of woes shall see,  
 Whilst weaker ones (oppreſſed by the great)  
 Are destitute of place, whereto to flee  
 For succour, since their foes their Judges bee,  
 And farre too powrefull, wherewith to contend,  
 And most men backward, poore men to defend.

Wherefore I  
prayed the  
dead which  
now are dead,  
aboue the li-  
ving, which are  
yet aliue.

2. Which makes me thinke, (though nature it deny)  
 That much more happie is the dead mans state,  
 Then those that in this life such troubles try,  
 And life like death, my heart begins to hate,  
 Death vnto endlesse life, is but the gate,  
 But life is vnto death a longsome way,  
 Where tyresome troubles vexe vs day by day.

And death (that lothsome state which life doth shun,) By life it selfe, with care and toyle is sought : Through perils men to purchase death do run, And with lifes scorne, holde death but cheaply bought, Which honour to them selues or countrey brought  
 For life could not exempted be from wo,  
 Whilst dying they, all worldly cares forgo.

But

## PARAPHRASED. Chap.4.

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3. The unborne better then them both, who such ill daises not saw,  
 4. It vexed me the spight to see, that vertuous workes do draw.

3. But yet indeed, since both by life and death,  
 The state of many men is wretched still:  
 They may most happie seeme, which nere drew breath,  
 Or infants dyed, neuer knowing ill:  
 And reason good, for both produce I will:  
     The ones not being, making them to bee  
     Incapable of vengeance wicked see.

And I count  
him better then  
them both,  
which hath not  
yet bin: for he  
hath not seene  
the euill works  
which are  
wrought vnder  
the iunne.

The other cleane exempt from humane care,  
 As being dead, now needing nothing more,  
 Whose actuall crimes; hels doome could not prepare,  
 Originall sinnes, by grace were cleansd before,  
 And mercie guiding them to high heau'ns dore,  
     Whose want of reason ( liuing ) knew no wo,  
     But voyd of feare , to death did mildly go.

4. This other plague besides, doth follow man,  
 A vice ( alas ) too common in this age ,  
 The more of vertue that he glory can ,  
 The more the baser sort repine and rage,  
 And with reprochfull slander malice swage,  
     Deprining, or deprauing best desart,  
     Or it Eclipsing with some guilefull art.

Also I beheld  
all trauell; and  
all perfection  
of workes that  
this is the envy  
of a man against  
his neighbour;  
this also is va-  
nitie and vexa-  
tion of the Spi-  
rit.

No foe to learning , like the ignorant ,  
 Nor to the good, like to the bad we say:  
 Gods kingdome Beliall seeketh to supplant,  
 And vertue fayling his another way,  
 Euen viciously they vertue would betray ,  
     Who herein yet themselues do but disgrace,  
     For slander can not iust deserts deface.

5. The slothfull foole he folds his hands, but hunger starn'd he pines,  
6. Whilist to a poore (but lasie life) his chosen course inclines.

The foole fol-  
deth his hands,  
and eateth vp  
his owne flesh.

5. Themselues like fooles, and feeble helpleſſe wights,  
Vnable or vnwilling to attaine  
The trauell which belongs to vertues rights,  
Doe poore disgracefull liue, and so remaine,  
And caterpiller like, on others paine,  
Doe feed and liue, to world improfitable,  
Driuen to depend on scraps, of others table.

Nay well it were with ſome, if ſo it were,  
Who foodleſſe are compeld to begge or starue,  
Because their idle fingers doe forbear  
The honest trades, which might their living ſerue,  
Whose folded hands, no better doth deserue,  
But as they to themſelues do proue vnkind,  
So they of others, ſhould no better find.

Better is an handful with quietnes, then  
two handfuls with labor and vexation of the  
Spirit.

6. Yet, which is lamentable to be told,  
They ſenſelesſe ſo in idlenesse delight,  
That they their course of life to prayle are bold,  
And all virilitie excluding quight,  
Their base borne humours glōſe ſo well in ſight;  
As though an humble thought, and peace of mind,  
From all induſtric did the honest bind.

As though that peace and plentie never met,  
As if wealth were attain'd with bare deſire,  
As though they careleſſe were that liue in debt,  
As if they grieveleſſe, who not wealth aspire,  
As though God did not trauell' of vs require,  
As though an humble mind appeard not best,  
In modet vſe of plentie and of rest.

Thus

7. More vanitie I searched out, and this I found, that one  
 8. Lues carefull to get unheird wealth, and pyning lues alone.

7. Thus doth one error forth another bring,  
 Like Hydras heads, which ech way vs assayle,  
 Man vnto man, a Wolfe with Scorpions sting  
 Of force by fraud still seeketh to preuayle,  
 If Sathan's forren practises do fayle,  
 Our selues against our selues he straight doth arme,  
 With ougly lusts of sinne, which in vs swarne.

Againe I retur-  
 ned, and saw  
 vanitie vndee  
 the Sunne.

So though we scape one snare, we soone may fall  
 Into some other snare, that he hath set,  
 Into despaire, if our estate be small,  
 Into presumption, if our power be great:  
 And euery sinne doth thousands more beget,  
 And we with euery waue of fortunes wind,  
 Do swell or sinke, in glorie of our mind.

8. And yet of all vaine humors that arise,  
 This seemes to me the greatest plague indeed,  
 When one (of powre) vnto himselfe denies  
 The lawfull pleasures might his comfort breed,  
 When he hath no man but himselfe to feed,  
 Ne child, ne heire, ne any friend at all,  
 To whom his horded wealth he wist to fall.

There is one  
 alone, & there  
 is not a second,  
 which hath  
 neither sonne  
 nor brother, yet  
 is there none  
 end of all his  
 trauell, neither  
 can his eye be  
 satisfied with  
 riches: neither  
 doth he think,  
 for whom do I  
 trauell and de-  
 fraud my soule  
 of pleasure: this  
 also is vanitie,  
 and this is an  
 euill trauell.

And yet he ceaseth not, to trauell still  
 To gather wealth, he knoweth not how nor why,  
 Which though with plentie God into him fill:  
 He to himselfe doth natures wants deny,  
 And of the world, is made a scorne thereby,  
 Not hauing grace once to his mind to call,  
 To whom the wealth he gets, is like to fall.

9. Not thinking two do more deserue then one, and have more hire,  
 10. A readier helpe (if foot do slip) do find, if need require.

Two are better  
then one: for  
they have bet-  
ter wages for  
their labour.

9. Ne knowes he truly (as it shoulde appere)  
 The blessings that his wealth depend vpon,  
 For did he, he would hold no wealth too deare  
 To be bestowd in gaine of such a one,  
 As might his comfort breed, with whom alone  
 He might recount the secrets of his state,  
 And partner make, of good and aduerse fate.

For by the lawes offriendship and of loue,  
 Such mutuall frutes doth kindnesse counterchange,  
 That two as one, like tast of state do proue,  
 And eithers thoughts do in the other range,  
 With such a sympathy as seemeth strange,  
 Whilst gaine of both, to each one doth remaine,  
 And eithers kindnesse, kindnesse payes againe.

For if they fall,  
 the one will lift  
 vp his fellow:  
 but woe unto  
 him that is al-  
 lone: for he  
 falleth, & there  
 is not a second  
 to lift him vp  
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11. If two togisber ly, they find the heat that sole bed lackes,  
 12. If wrōgd, relis'd by friend, for thre o plignt cord not lightly cracks.

11. Such one (me thinkes) may well compared bee,  
 Vnto a man that in long winters night,  
 (Through lacke of light) can no earths comfort see,  
 And in his bed can find no great delight,  
 When (lacking lust to sleepe) he hath no wight,  
 With whom in speech the time to passe away,  
 But (wallowing in his bed) doth long for day.

Also if two  
sleep together,  
then shall they  
have heat: but  
to one how  
should there be  
heat?

Or rather to the withered aged man,  
 In whom the liues warmth bloud is waxen cold,  
 Whom when as shineringes seaze, he seeketh than,  
 In many furres and clothes himselfe t'infold,  
 Which not suffising, then he also would  
 A bed-fellow wish, wherewith to haue withstand  
 His cold, by others heat of natuе blood.

12. And that in all respects (I well may say)  
 The solitary man vnhappy is,  
 Do but mans nature here in truly way,  
 Which is directly opposite to this,  
 He in societie reposeth blisse:  
 Whose maker great, to whom he best was knowne,  
 Ordain'd a meanes he might not liue alone.

And if one o-  
uercome him,  
two shal stand  
against him:  
and a threefold  
cord is not ea-  
sily broken.

The diuerse wants (likewise) our liues sustaine,  
 Compels the wise a neighbour helpe to craue,  
 A single man is soone opprest by twaine,  
 Whose valour (though right great) will scarce him saue,  
 For great the strength small twigs in bundell haue,  
 And closely plighted thredds, strong Cables make,  
 And force united, greater force doth take,

13. A poore wise child is better then an old fond king vntaught,  
 14. From prison to a crowne he climbs, that poore king set at naught.

Better is a  
poore and wise  
child, then an  
old and foolish  
king, which wil  
no more be ad-  
monished.

13. The princely state of all most happie held,  
 And happiest sure (if worthie Prince haue place)  
 Hath not all common woes so well expeld,  
 But often times their crownes do cares imbrace,  
 (Though God as his owne deputies doth them grace)  
 For where in vertue and wisedome is defect,  
 Full hardly can that honour them perfect.

For though best subiects bodies do obey,  
 The tyranny of most iniust behest,  
 Yet doth their minds obedience oft denay,  
 When they do find that powre hath right supprest,  
 And then the poore wise child is held more blest,  
 That yeeldeth to aduice the sage doth bring,  
 Then ill aduised head-strong aged King.

For out of the  
prison he com-  
meth forth to  
raigne, when  
as he that is  
borne in his  
kingdome, is  
made poore.

14. Such one there hath (not seldom times) bene seene,  
 Of base descent by pedigree of kin,  
 Abandon'd so of hope, that you would weene  
 He hardly should his littling poorely win,  
 (Much lesse of captiue ever free haue beene:)  
 Yet so by vertue he hath rayld his state,  
 In th'end he wore a crowne that pynde of late.

Whereas contrariwise, you oft behold,  
 The worthlesse child of many a worthy king,  
 On predecessors vertues grow so bold,  
 And to their state so little honor bring,  
 That from them, natvie right some others wring,  
 And they vnto the common state of men,  
 Poore and rejected do returne as then.

For

## PARAPHRASED. Chap.4.

41

15. I saw all living follow change, and on sunne rising gaze,

16. No trust in peoples loue, now one, now other they will prayse.

15. For so iust God the Monarke maker great,  
Disposeth of these Emperies below,  
That as they well or ill their flocke intreat,  
He moueth so their subiects harts to grow,  
He maketh fierce Adonebesock know  
Himselfe, of mightie Prince most wretch aliue,  
And captiu'd Ioseph, by his bondage thriue.

I beheld all the  
living, which  
walke vnder  
the sunne, with  
the secōd child  
which shall  
stand vp in his  
place.

Yea so vnstable are mens minds withall,  
That nothing can long time their minds content,  
Vnhappy are those men, who vnder-fall  
The vulgar censure, which is lightly bent  
Vnto new-fangled liking. And who rent  
The right of rule from father, to bestow  
On child oftentimes, before he merit shew.

16. So doth man gaze vpon the rising sunne,  
So soone we surfeit feeding on the best,  
So fast the multitude to mischiefe runne,  
So hardly can the fonder sort digest  
Obedience, where their safest state should rest,  
That (monster like) they many heads do reare,  
And euery head ten thousand fancies beare.

There is none  
end of all the  
people, nor of  
all that were  
before them,  
and they that  
come after,  
shal not rejoice  
in him, surely  
this is also va-  
nitie, and vexa-  
tion of the  
spirit.

In which their choice, by chance if they attaine  
Vnto a worthy guyder of their state,  
He in their likings can not long remaine,  
Whilst (causelesse) malcontents turne loue to hate,  
Which cares (with many more) their ioyes abate,  
And makes their raysed state more deeply way,  
That two, which nature doth on all men lay.

D iii

## ECCLESIASTES

17. For all is vaine, saue to serue God, which whē thou dost prepare:  
Hearere thou speake, of sacrifice, of babbling foole beware.

Take heed to  
thy foot, when  
thou enterest  
into the house  
of God, and be  
more neare to  
heare then to  
guae the sacri-  
fice of fooles:  
for they know  
not that they  
do euill.

17. Now least my speech which tended to thy cure,  
Should in thy mind worlds meere misliking breed,  
Whiche yet perforce, a space thou must indure,  
I will thee now with wholesome counsell feed,  
With God and man, instructing thee the way  
To liue in peace, and worldly cares alay.

And first (as chiefest comfort of the rest)  
I will direct thy steps to God aboue,  
Vnto whose seruice when thou art address,  
Let reuerent feare thy whole affection moue,  
Come thou to learne, thy schoole his Temple make,  
And fond prescriptious, of thy owne forsake.

I. Bethinke

1. Y se few and pitthy words to God, from heauen full well he heares,  
 2. As busied brauns (by dreames) so want of wit, by words appeares.

**I.** B E thinke thee well ere thou begin to pray,  
 And so prepare thy humble soule thereto,  
 That thou thy worthlesse state do duely way,  
 Gods power beleue, and will, thee good to do,  
 And then thy needfull wants craue and command  
 To his best pleasure, to restraine or send.

Be not rash  
 with thy mouth  
 nor, let thine  
 heart be hasty  
 to utter a thing  
 before God, for  
 God is in the  
 heauens, and  
 thou art on the  
 earth, therefore  
 let thy wordes  
 be few.

For he inthronized in mercies seat,  
 All-seeing is, all-powerfull, alwayes prest,  
 To view our wants, to yeeld what we intreat,  
 If (as they ought) our prayers be addrest;  
 Few words (if feruent) will to heauen ascend,  
 He knowes our thoughts ere hart to pray we bend.

**2.** The multitude of numbred words we heare  
 Some vse in prayer, sheweth want of faith,  
 Like Balaams Priests their passions do appeare,  
 Whose hope on their enchaunting fury stayeth,  
 And doth not (as it should) on God depend,  
 Who knowes the fittest time thy cares to end.

For as a dream  
 commeth by  
 the multitude  
 of busynesse: so  
 the voice of a  
 foole is in the  
 multitude of  
 words.

For looke how cares of passed day do cause,  
 A swarne of aparitions in the night,  
 Which on the sleeping sens~~s~~ terror drawes,  
 And doth the tyred body oft affright:  
 So folly moues the tongue, which vainely speakes,  
 And vaine that is, which modest measure breakes.

3. If ought thou vow, performe it soone, God likes not fond delay,  
 4. It better were, vow were not made, then deede should it denay.

Whē thou haſt  
vowed a vow  
to God defere  
not to pay it for  
he delighteth  
not in fooles,  
pay therefore  
that thou haſt  
vowed.

3. And as in prayer, ſo aduife thee well,  
 When vnto God thou any thing wilt vow,  
 Earth is his footſtoole, heau'n his throne to dwell,  
 What need hath he then, of thy preſents now?  
 Yet free will offrings he doth kindly take,  
 If gratefull heart a lawfull promife make.

Be therefore ſure, thou dally not therein,  
 But (if thou vow ſuch things) performe the ſame,  
 Vntruth with men, but foule defame doth win,,  
 With God it can not then but purchase blame,  
 Ne ignorance, ne rafhneſſe may excuse  
 So foule a fault, refraine it then to vſe.

It is better that  
thou ſhouldest  
not vow, then  
that thou ſhou-  
dell vow, and  
not pay it.

4. Thou hadſt bene better farre, to haue with-held  
 Thy promife, when thou firſt the ſame didſt make:  
 Thou waſt not then by any law compeld  
 Thereto, but freely didſt it vndertake,  
 Compulſive promifes, no promife bee,  
 But vow premeditate, it bindeth thee.

It bindeth thee, euē by the highest band,  
 That heauen and earth affordeth vnto man,  
 Thy hart (as ſpokes-man) for thee long doth stand,  
 And God the hearer, who conceiue it can,  
 Thy ſelfe (faith breaker) vnto God art found,  
 If thou performe not then, what vow hath bound.

5. Yet

## PARAPHRASED. Chap.5.

45.

5. Sin not by words, ne ignorance plead, least God thy works cōfound,  
 6. But feare thou God, & count as dreams, those vaine words which abound.

5. Yet if thy promise were, to do the thing,  
 Which is contrary to his holy law,  
 I rather wish thee it forbear, then bring  
 The price of sinne that should more iudgements draw:  
 Of euils two, the least the wise do chuse,  
 If vow were wicked, rather it refuse.

Safer not thy  
 mouth to make  
 thy flesh to sin:  
 neither say be-  
 fore the Angel,  
 that this is ig-  
 norance: wher-  
 fore shall God  
 be angry by thy  
 voice, and de-  
 stroy the worke  
 of thine hands?

And first beware (as I before did say )  
 That thou no euill thing in vow pretend,  
 Then how thou canst performe it, see thou way,  
 And freely then, with speed performe intend,  
 Least God and Angels witnesse thee vntrew,  
 And thou and thine, with vengeance for it rew.

6. Thus ( in a word) I haue informed thee,  
 How vaine a rash and foolish prayer is,  
 How daungerous, a heape of words that bee  
 Impertinent , and vowes that are amisse:  
 Euen fruitlesse vapors of corrupted braine,  
 Which like vaine dreames, the rest of soule do stainc.

For in the mul-  
 titude of  
 dreames and  
 vanities , are  
 also many  
 words : but  
 feare thou  
 God.

Leave them therefore, and do thou wholly bend  
 Thy holy thoughts to please thy God aright,  
 In word and deed , and pray him grace to send,  
 That thy weake workes be pleasing in his sight,  
 So (though the world, with wrong and woe abound)  
 Thy faith and peace of conscience, shall be sound.

7. If poore oppressed be, feare not : one sits in heauen it seeth,  
 8. Earths plenty passeth all the rest, and kings are fed therewith.

If in a countrie  
 thou feest the  
 oppression of  
 the poore, and  
 the defrauding  
 of judgement  
 and iustice, be  
 not astonied at  
 the matter, for  
 he that is  
 higher then the  
 highest, regar-  
 deth, and there  
 be higher then  
 they.

7. What if the wicked age wherein we liue,  
 Or lawlesse place wherein thou hapst to dwell,  
 Do sacred Iustice from her Scepter drive,  
 And make the poore mans life seeme worse then hell,  
 As though there were no God, nor prouidence  
 To punish sinne, or yeeld the iust defence?

Yet be thou sure, God seeth all full well,  
 And though he pacient be, yet ( moued long )  
 He will dismount from heauen where he doth dwell,  
 To do thee right, and wreke thee of their wrong ,  
 With hoast of Angels, and earths meanes beside,  
 To powre his wrath on them for lawlesse pride.

And the abo-  
 dance of the  
 earth is ouer  
 all, the king  
 also consisteth  
 by the field  
 that is tilled.

8. When happie shall be held their blessed state,  
 Who humbly yeelde vnto Gods decree,  
 Who with the sweat of browes their living gate,  
 And with liues needfull food contented bee,  
 Whose trauell on this earth of mans vnrest,  
 With fruitfull crop, from God aboue is blest.

Thrice blest (thou silly swaine) that tilst the ground,  
 Voide of the crafts and cares in Courts that bee,  
 More honest profit, or content not found  
 In Princes pallace, then in cot with thee,  
 Kings (without thee) ne lye, ne can be kings,  
 Thy paine to Court and Countrey plently brings.

9. What

## PARAPHRASED. Chap.5.

47

9. Who loueth gold shall lacke, and he who covets much want store,

10. With wealth charge growes, the owner but, increaseth paine the more.

9. What though the world (through hateful lust of gold)  
Be thus transported with a greedy mind,  
To purchase wealth, which makes the coward bold,  
To search land, sea, and hell, the same to find?

Yet (as it doth increase) so doth desire,  
And soone consume as oyle amidst the fire.

He that loueth  
silver, shall not  
be satisfied  
with silver, and  
he that loueth  
riches, shall be  
without the  
fruit thereof:  
this also is ra-  
nitie.

A iust reward of so vnworthy trade,  
As doth debase nobilitie of soule,  
Which(made immortal)scornes those things that vadc,  
And in the wise should earthly affects controule:

But mouldwarp like, these blindfold grope in vaine,  
Vaine their desires, more vaine the fruit they gaine.

10. If honor, wealth, and calling do excell  
The common sort, so charge doth grow with all:  
Few with a litle sure, may liue as well,  
As many may, though greater wealth befall:

It is not wealth, to haue of goods great store,  
But wealth to be suffisid and need no more.

When goods  
increase, they  
are increased  
that eat them:  
and what good  
commeth to  
the owners  
thereof, but the  
beholding ther  
of with their  
eyes?

Who hath abundance, and it vseth well,  
Is but a steward to his family,  
A purse-bearer for such as neare him dwell,  
An Amner to the poore (that helpleſſe ly)  
He but his share doth spend (though ſomwhat better)  
And what he leaues, he is to world a detter.

11. Poore labourers (empty mawd) sleep sound, whilst gluttons want their sleepe,  
 12. This plague I see, some with their wealth, their proper mischiefe keepe.

The sleepe of  
him that tra-  
uelleth is sweet  
whether he eat  
lidle or much:  
but the facietie  
of the rich will  
not suffer him  
to sleepe.

11. The labouring man, that in his lawfull trade,  
 Hath past the toylesome day to gaine to liue,  
 No surfeit hath his stomacke to vpbrayd,  
 Nor fearefull dreames, which into horror drieue  
 His fraudlesse soule, whilst he the longsome night  
 Doth rest, and rise (to worke) as day doth light.

When as the glutton after crammed gorge,  
 Whose surfets vpon surfets buried bee  
 In his infatiat maw of hellish forge,  
 In bed no rest can find, but slumbering see  
 A swarne of visions breed by vapours vaine,  
 Which from a putride stomacke rise to braine.

There is an euill  
sicknesse that  
I haue seene  
vnder the sun:  
to wit, riches  
referred to the  
owners thereof  
for their euill.

12. And which I further see doth oft ensew  
 The wealthier sort, and which I much lament,  
 Is that they often times themselues do rew  
 Their euill gotten wealth, with time mispent  
 As meanes (for so it proues') of greater care,  
 And which in end, doth leauue them poore and bare.

Like to a spunge, which store of sap hath suckt,  
 Or to the Bee, that hony hath in hyue:  
 Their wealth is wrong, their hony combe is pluckt  
 Out of their hord, by which they thought to thryue,  
 Their liues do for their goods, fare oft the worse,  
 For eniuious eyes pursue the plenteous purse.

13. Which

## PARAPHRASED. Chap.5.

49

13. Their riches perish with their pains, their childre poore remaine,  
14. As naked buried, as were borne, leue all their trauels gaine.

13. Which though they hap to scape, yet many wayes  
There are besides, which doth their ioyes bereave,  
Ill gotten goods ( we say) not long time stayes,  
And hasty wealth few heires, to heires do leue :  
The getters faults or follies all may lose,  
And chance or change of times it new dispose.

And these ri-  
ches perish by  
euil trauell, and  
he begettech a  
sonne, and in  
his hand is no-  
thing.

So that the of-spring of these mightie men,  
By due vicitude do oft descend  
From their aspired greatnessse, hoped then  
Vnto the meanest ranke from whence they wend,  
Each Crow his feather hath, and naked they,  
Their parents sinnes by their mishaps bewray.

14. The Father he, all naked went before  
Vnto the earth, whence first he naked came :  
The sonne (as readie) standeth at the dore  
To follow fathers steps, and with the same,  
Poore, naked, helplesse state, that borne he was  
From all his pompe, vnto his graue to pas.

As he came  
forth of his mo-  
thers belly, he  
shall returne  
naked to go as  
he came, and  
shall beare a-  
way nothing of  
his labor, which  
he hath caused  
to passe by his  
hand.

Not any thing with him, from hence to beare,  
Of earthly substance that he did possesse,  
The soule immortall is, and may not weare,  
Nor any vertues that our way addresse  
To heauen, they shall furuiue vs after death,  
Whē death shal liue, by liues soone smothred breath.

15. Gone as they came (o griefe of grieses) his trauels paid with wind,  
 16. His daies in darknes spent, his bread consumed with grief of mind.

And this also is  
 an euill sicknes  
 that in al points  
 as he came, so  
 shal he go, and  
 what profit  
 hath he that he  
 hath travelled  
 for the winds

15. If so it be (alas what woe is this)  
 That not alone (as poorest man beside)  
 All naked vnto graue he posting is,  
 But euen the common pangs must him betide,  
 That to all flesh at houre of death is rise,  
 When soule and bodie (parting) finish life.

And that with him his trauels fruits do end,  
 Who hath no share in all his former gaine,  
 But what soeuer blisse he did pretend,  
 His haps (as others chance) do voide remaine :

His hopes (like dust) dispersed with the wind,  
 Or sownd on sea, where they no root could find.

Also all his  
 daies he eateth  
 in darknesse  
 with much  
 griefe, and in  
 his sorrow and  
 anger.

16. Which when he doth fore-think with heauy cheare,  
 He pines away the remnant of his dayes,  
 How much the more he happie did appeare,  
 The more vnhappy he his state bewrayes,  
 For contraries, by contraries are showne,  
 As blacke from white, so good by ill is knowne.

As one that for some passed publike crime  
 Is scandalized, and pointed at of all,  
 With shame retyres hiimselfe in future time,  
 Least into more disgrace he yet should fall :

And hanging downe his head, doth sigh (alas)  
 And rage with griefe, so he his dayes doth pas.

17. Then

17. These hold I good, with ioy to feed, on portion God doth giue,  
 18. And whom God giues (with this) his grace, he in Gods lone doth liue.

17. Then this (for earthly good) I count the best,  
 (For other good, I scarcely any know)  
 That with those goods thou hast, thou pleased rest,  
 And for thy owne behoofe thou them bestow,  
 Such part (I meane) as nature craues to vse,  
 Euen plenteously: so thou it not abuse.

And hold this all thou hast, of that is thine,  
 For that is left, thou seest may be lost:  
 God gaue the plentie of both corne and wine,  
 To cheere mans troubled soule, with combers tost:  
 This if thou hast, and grace to vse it right,  
 Thou hast earths good, the most on thee may light.

18. And they are rightly vsde, when vsde they bee  
 As he ordaines, that did them first bestow:  
 God was the author of all good to thee,  
 To him thy life all thankfulness doth owe:  
 So vsing them, they to thee blessings are,  
 Else wealth breeds woe, peace proues as ill as warre.

Thou seest many starue, in plenteous place,  
 Thou seest lusty youth suruy'd by age,  
 Thou seest honour stoope to foule disgrace,  
 And heauy cheere the greatest ioyes asswage,  
 And (for men do not yeeld the praise of all  
 To God) these mischiefs do vpon them fall.

Behold then,  
 what I haue  
 seene good,  
 that it is come-  
 ly to eat, and to  
 drinke, and to  
 take pleasure in  
 all his labour,  
 wherein he tra-  
 velleth vnder  
 the sunne, the  
 whole number  
 of the daves of  
 his life, which  
 God giueth  
 him: for this is  
 his portion.

Also to every  
 man to whom  
 God hath giue  
 riches and trea-  
 sures, & giueth  
 him power to  
 eat thereof, &  
 to take his part  
 and to enjoy  
 his labour: this  
 is the gift of  
 God.

19. He need not sure, thinke long his daies, of pilgrimage on earth,  
Since God doth answere harts desire, to him with ioy and myrth.

Surely he will  
not much re-  
member the  
daies of his life,  
because God  
answereth to  
the ioy of his  
heart.

19. O rare and happie they, that God doth blesse  
With grace, to know and vse his gifts aright,  
Sure they more easly may support ( I gesse )  
The common cares that do to all men light,  
For present comforts , cancell passed care,  
As pleasures past, do way to woe prepare.

Such season so the actions of their life,  
That common cares, seeme but the needfull sauce,  
To quicken tast, as peace insuing strife,  
More gratefull is, and hath the more applause,  
They God in wealth and woe, a father find,  
And vnto him will not appeare vnkind.

i. But

1. This mischiefe more mög st me I find, some haue their wifb at will,  
 2. Of honor and wealth, yet lue in lacke, a strangers mouth to fill.

1. **B**ut not one woe alone I must disclose,  
 For many woes do follow humane kind,  
 Great were these griefes, but not more great then those  
 That vnrecorded yet do rest behind :

One mischiefe seldom time alone doth fall,  
 One care or other sure doth follow all.

There is an euill, which I  
 saw vnder the  
 sunne, and it is  
 much among  
 men.

To speake of woes will lesse vnpleasing bee,  
 To such as heare (not feele) thereof the smart :  
 Thou (who so happie art) mayst better see,  
 (By others harme) thy happie peace of hart,  
 Then heare and learne more happinesse to gaine,  
 If thou (from others ill) thy selfe refraine.

2. Thou mayst well see full oft a man enjoy,  
 In shew, all blessings nature can bestow ;  
 Lands, honors, wealth, whose wants breeds thee annoy,  
 Whilst he (to world) doth happy seeme in shew,  
 Not wanting any thing that thou wouldst craue,  
 Yet some one want makes him small comfort haue.

He hath no wife, or else he hath no child,  
 Or hath them both, but both vngracious proue,  
 He wants his health, imprisond, or exild,  
 Or cares of common weale his ioyes remoue :

His restlesse mind thus thirsting midst the streame,  
 He pines in care, and finds his blisse a dreame.

A man to who  
 God hath giue  
 riches & trea-  
 sures & honor,  
 & he wanteth  
 nothing for his  
 soule of all that  
 it desireth : but  
 God giueth  
 him not power  
 to eat thereof,  
 but a strange  
 man shall eat it  
 vp: this is vani-  
 tie, and this is  
 an euill sicknes.

3. And more if hundredth sonnes & yeares he haue, if lack content,  
 4. If die contemnd, worse then abortiue child to graue he went.

If a man beget  
 a hundred chil-  
 dren and liue  
 many yeares,  
 and the dayes  
 of his yeares  
 be multiplied,  
 and his soule  
 be not satisfied  
 with good  
 things, and he  
 be not buried,  
 I say, that an  
 vntimely frute  
 is better then  
 he.

3. Suppose a hundredth children he begot,  
 And liuid as long, as old Methusalem,  
 Yet if defame his family do spot,  
 And he do lack the common loue of men,  
 And want the honor of his funerall,  
 How can you any wayes him happie call?

True happinesse on vertue hath his ground,  
 And only measurd is by peace of mind:  
 What though all earthly blessings do abound?  
 If that the soule no inward comfort find,  
 Is not th'abortiue child more happie farre,  
 Then those that living, thus perplexed are?

For he cometh  
 into vanitie &  
 goeth into  
 darknesse: and  
 his name shall  
 be couered  
 with darknesse.

4. In farre more happie state, in very deed  
 Is he, whose timeless birth his life denyes,  
 Whose mothers wombe vnable him to feed,  
 Vnperfect him reiects, and doth despise  
 Vnprofitable burden also long  
 To beare, that nature hath compounded wrong.

For ( being) he is not the same he seemes,  
 The others seeming proues not so indeed,  
 This liuelesse humane shape, a man none deemeſ,  
 That deemeſ man with dreames our eyes doth feed:  
 This neuer being knowen, none knoweth not,  
 Of all men this admiryd, of all forgot.

5. How

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5. That never saw nor knew this life: this did, she worse his state,  
 6. Two thousand yeres spent, void of ioy, makes death seeme ouer late.

5. How much it better is in true account,  
 To be a happie man, or so esteemd?  
 So farre th'abortive th'other doth surmount,  
 Though naught it seeme, the other much is deemd:  
 For (hauing nothing good) it hath no ill,  
 But his expected good, all woes do fill.

*Who he hath  
not seene the  
sunne nor  
known it: ther-  
fore this hath  
more rest then  
the other.*

His closed eyes which neuer saw this light,  
 Those woes nere saw, which th'other saw and felt,  
 His senslesse braine which knoweth no delight,  
 (Incapable of cares with th'other dwelt)  
 Makes his estate lesse ill, much better held,  
 Than his that thus, in wretchednesse exceld.

6. The multitude of yeares, but multiply  
 To the vnhappy, multitude of cares,  
 Two thousand yeares, to him that dead doth ly,  
 Are but one moment: all alike he fares,  
 But hours seem days, daies yeres, yeres millions seeme,  
 In care, griefe, agony, that spent we deeme,

*And if he had  
liued a thou-  
sand yeares  
twise told, and  
had seene no  
good, shall not  
all go to one  
place.*

Then how vnhappy is that hated man,  
 Whose long and wealthy life, in boortlesse blis,  
 In life no peace or ioy, enjoy he can:  
 In death not honor haue, that proper is  
 To such, as by their liues do merit well,  
 Who dead, in sacred tombe do famous dwell.

E ij

7. All toyle man takes, is for the mouth, his mind yet never eas'd:  
 8. The foole & wise cā both but liue, the wise (thogh poore) is pleased.

All the labour  
of man is for  
his mouth: yet  
the soule is not  
filled.

7. Alas, what gaineth man by all his paine,  
Which in his pilgrimage on earth he takes?  
Sure nothing but a life he doth maintaine,  
And as his state permits he dyet makes,  
For which (our backes and bellies nutriment)  
Our times, our cates, our hopes and feares are spent.

And yet this food so carefully attaynd,  
Cannot sustaine our life one longer day,  
Then God by prouidence hath it ordaynd:  
And when our time is come, we must away,  
And though a little food will life sustaine,  
Yet long without supply we not remaine.

For what hath  
the wise man,  
more then the  
foole? what  
hath the poore  
that knoweth  
how to walke  
before the li-  
uing?

8. What hath the wise , in all he doth posseſſe  
More then the foole , whereof he may reioyce?  
The vſe of needfull things, he hath no leſſe  
That ſimple is, then who of wit hath choyce:  
Both do but eat to liue, and liue to die,  
Both like afflictions in their fortunes trie.

What doth the misers care increase his ſtate,  
More then free ſpenders honest thrift doth hiſ?  
Yet th'one by wretchedneſſe doth purcaſe hate,  
The others bountie alwayes prayſed is:  
Both care to liue, both can but liue thereby,  
And both of force, muſt yeeld (ere long) to dy.

9. And

9. To take thy share and wile no more, is best : desire is vaine.

10. What art thou mā, to strike with God? his wil thou must sustāin.

9. And therefore sure, whilst we are here to liue,  
It is the best to liue with chearefull hart,  
And cause of good report the world to giue,  
And not for vs to breed our proper smart :

Our daies consume vnpleasing to our selues,  
Offensiuely to such as with vs dwels.

The sight of  
of the eye is  
better then to  
walke in the  
Jufts : this also  
is vanitie, and  
vexation of  
spirit.

Yet both in end are vaine, and soone haue end,  
No constancie or permanence in either,  
The one or other can not life defend,  
Both to the graue, are like to go togither :

Vaine and inconstant, is the fruit of all,  
Vvise, fond, sad, glad, into the earth must fall.

10. What can a man attaine by any thing,  
Which he on earth, atchieueth any way,  
But euen a name and fame, the which doth bring  
A swelling Echo of his prayse a day ,  
But is assoone forgotten as is gaynd,  
And with a thousand slaunders may be staynd.

What is that  
that hath bin  
the name ther  
of is now na  
med : and it is  
knowne that it  
is man, and he  
cannot striue  
with him that  
is stronger then  
he.

His prayse cannot exceed, nor soone attaine  
The like that manyworthies had before,  
Their fame is gone, thine cannot long remaine,  
If thou be wise expect not any more :  
For God thy maker hath ordayneſd ſo,  
When he ſayth yea, flesh may not anſwerē no.

E iij

1. Sure many vaine things do increase, which mans wit cannot mend  
 2. Who knowes his best in life, or what God afterward will send?

Surely there be  
 many things  
 that encrease  
 vanitie: & what  
 anayleth it ma.

1. **S**vre many things besides do yet remaine,  
 Our vanitie appeares in euery thing,  
 But they best knowledge of the same attaine,  
 To whom a prosperous state, did plentie bring:  
 For plenty best affoords to feed our will,  
 And will most soone, to folly runneth still.

Which folly is the vanitie I meane,  
 A fruitlesse trauell of a carefull hart,  
 When midst the choyce of good, the ill we gleane,  
 And weave vnto our selues our proper smart,  
 When wit is captiuated vnto sense,  
 Which doth produce both Gods and mans offence.

For who knoweth what is  
 good for man  
 in the life, and  
 in the number  
 of the dayes of  
 the life of his  
 vanitie, seeing  
 he maketh the  
 al a shadowe?  
 For who can  
 shew vnto man  
 what shall be  
 after him vnder  
 the sunne.

2. And sure in this sense, foolish are we all,  
 For who discernes aright twixt good and ill,  
 Whose knowledge truly can you perfect call,  
 Who (knowing good) effectuates goodnes still:  
 Mans dayes are few, and like a shadow fly,  
 In which small good, he many woes doth try.

The wisest men themselues do scarcely know,  
 Of others minds their knowledge is but blind,  
 Their present actions do them foolish show,  
 How should man then a solyde knowledge find,  
 Of future things which after him shall bee,  
 Since he conceaues not what his eye doth see?

3. Then

3. A good name sweeter is then oyle: deaths day, then day of birth.  
 4. In mourning house more good is learned, then in the house of mirth.

3. Then let man cease his wisedome to bestow,  
 In seeking foorth on earth a happy state:  
 Let him endeavour rather good to grow,  
 The fruit and fame whereof cannot abate  
 Throughage or death, but like a sweet perfume,  
 Will follow man unto his day of doome.

A good name is  
 better then a  
 good oyntment,  
 and the day of  
 deareh, then the  
 day that one is  
 borne.

The trust wherein shall make him death desire,  
 As path to leade him vnto blisse prepard,  
 And loath this life, whose cares him so do tyre,  
 Where vanitie and death is sole reward:  
 Yea he shall farre preferre the day of death,  
 Before the houre he first drew liuing breath.

4. For better preparation whereunto,  
 The wise will exercise their eyes and mind,  
 In contemplation of their states, who do  
 By death forerun their corse notfarre behind:  
 And (by the view thereof) resolued grow,  
 The worlds contempt in rest of life to shew.

It is better to  
 go to the house  
 of mourning,  
 then to the  
 house of  
 feasting, be-  
 cause this is the  
 end of all men;  
 and the living  
 shall lay it to  
 his hart.

The feasts and sports which do his senses charme,  
 With deepe forgetfulnesse of woes approch,  
 He will refraine, and rather thinke it harme,  
 That vnpreserved death should him incroch:  
 (For euils looked for, lessc euill seeme,  
 And joyes expected long, we doubled deeme.)

5. Sharp lookes (then smyling shaws) more soone the euil mind correct,  
 6. The wise delight in grauitie, whilst fooles the same reiect.

Anger is better  
 then laughter:  
 for by a sad  
 looke the hart  
 is made better.

5. And though awhile our minds therewith distract,  
 We feele a conflict twixt the flesh and spright,  
 Which lothly would dissolute the old compact,  
 Which flesh and world, contracted in delight:  
 Yet sweeter in the end we shall digest  
 Deathes bitter pill, which nature doth detest.

Yea though we in a sort offended wax  
 VVith euils, which we see so much abound  
 VVithin our selues, and for the good that lacks  
 In vs, and others which the good doth wound:  
 Yet this a cheerefull mendment will procure,  
 And rayse our hearts in sinne tofore secure.

The hart of the  
 wise is in the  
 house of mour-  
 ning, but the  
 heart of fooles  
 is in the house  
 of mirth.

6. The wise they will (like heedfull watchmen keepe)  
 A curious Sentinell in all their wayes,  
 Least death and ruine should vpon them creepe,  
 And turne to mournfull night their merry dayes,  
 They do obserue the frailtie of their state,  
 And rather fawne on death, then feare too late.

VVilst foolish worldlings surfe with the ioy,  
 Which they vnsiftly plast in earths vaine sweet,  
 And are surprisid with every small annoy  
 So sore, that it to beare they are not meet,  
 And vnder every aduerse cause do sink,  
 VVilst others hope and ioy at perils brink.

7. And

7. More sweet are wise rebukes, then notes, which flattering fooles do sing.  
 8. As blase of thornes, so vainely passe, the pleasures they do bring.

7. And (for we hardly see our owne amisse,  
 And each in others eyes a mote can spy)  
 My best aduice (to do thee good) is this :  
 That to thy friends reprooфе thou do apply,  
 Yea such a friend, as knoweth good from ill,  
 And thy misdeeds in thee reprove that will.

Better it is to  
 heare the re-  
 buke of a wise  
 man, then that  
 a man should  
 heare the song  
 of fooles.

For better are the blowes that friends do giue,  
 Then smoothed actions, flatt'lers do bestow,  
 Those to amendment do the wiser drieue,  
 By th'others, fooles from ill to worse do grow,  
 There Syrens songs, do make thee sleepe in sin,  
 These rougher words, thy soule from ruine win.

8. And what delight (indeed) can wisemen take,  
 In foolish tattle of the lewder sort ?  
 Like crackling bushes in the fire, they make  
 A blast, and blase foorth straight in their disport,  
 An outward show of mirth, which ends with smart,  
 And laugh with mouth, that haue a heauie hart.

For like the  
 noyse of the  
 thornes vnder  
 the pot, so is  
 the laughter of  
 the foole : this  
 also is vanitie.

The wise in ioy and myrth are temperate,  
 They ground their mirth on greater cause of ioy.  
 They are not so rayed vp with good estate,  
 Or beaten downe with any aduerse annoy,  
 But that they can beare either state aswell,  
 As time or chaunce, can make them ebbe or swell.

## ECCLESIASTES

9. Sure wise men wax with wrongs nere mad, to see brybs so preuale,  
 10. But th' end is al, who patient stayes, shal thrine best without faile.

Surely oppres-  
on maketh a  
wise man mad,  
and the reward  
destroyeth the  
hart.

9. And yet it is (I graunt) a heauie thing,  
 And hardly is digested of the best,  
 To see how soome the lawes to lust do wring,  
 And how thereby the weaker are opprest,  
 How wrong for right sometimes doth freely pas,  
 And no man will, or dare, say bad it was.

And to behold how bribes are busie still,  
 To blind the eyes that else would wisely see,  
 That Lay, and Clergie, great and small, most will  
 Giue, take, buy, sell, things that most holy bee,  
 Would make a man of sob'rest spright halfe mad,  
 And any good man be perplex'd and sad.

The end of a  
thing, is better  
then the begin-  
ning thereof,  
& the patient  
in spirit is bet-  
ter then the  
proud in spirit.

10. But men that note Gods iudgements for these things,  
 And can (as sure they ought) his pleasure stay,  
 Shall see the plagues that sinne vpon them brings,  
 And shall according to the prouerbe say,  
 That that is onely good, and doth excell,  
 Which doth begin, and also endeth well.

And therefore will with patience long expect,  
 The issue which God hath decreed before,  
 And as he limits times, his will t'effect,  
 So till that time be silent euermore:  
 The rather since their agony and grieve,  
 Might wo increase, not yeeld one iot reliefe.

11. The

11. Be thou therefore to anger slow, it fooles doth best besir,

12. Muse not why times are chang'd, it doth import but want of wit.

11. Then be not thou with worlds peruerse euent  
Disquieted, or moued vnto yre,  
No though with malice men against thee bent,  
With iust offence might kindle cholers fyre:

It is a passion that abundant is

In fooles, and not reformes the thing amis.

Be not thou of  
an hasty spirit  
to be angry, for  
anger relleth  
in the boosome  
of fooles.

If thou with reason be (as be thou may)  
Offended with the euils that abound,  
Thou mayst reproue them sure (I say not nay)  
And hate the place whereas such sinnes are found,  
For fooles they are, and dog-like bite the stome,  
That blame offence, yet doer let alone.

12. But yet (withall) beware thou do not blame  
Thy God, in gouernment of present age,  
By calling him t'account, why not the same  
Most hateful vices, which with vs do rage,  
Did not in former times so much excell,  
And we with them compare in doing well.

Say not thou,  
why is it that  
the former  
daies were bet-  
ter then these?  
for thou dost  
not enquire  
wisely of this  
thing.

For it were folly, and offensiuе much  
To God and man, and signe of hatefull pride,  
In weale or woe we may at nothing grutch,  
For through our sinnes those scourges vs betide:  
And God that sends the ill, can it amend;  
Vpon his will our liking must depend.

13. Wisedome with welthe greeſ euer best, of all things vnder ſunne.  
14. They calme the mind, yet quiet heart, by wisedome best is wonne.

Wisedome is  
good with an  
inheritance &  
excellent to  
them that ſee  
the ſunne.

13. Sure well is he that wisedome hath, and grace  
To vſe it alwayes well, in weale and wo:  
But who hath wealth withall, in better caſe  
By farre ( I do confeſſe ) though few are ſo:

Few though there be, yet ſome ſuch may you find,  
Though many more, with worldly wealth are blind.

Wealth giueth meanes for exercife of good,  
Wealth the temptations wants, to many a ſin,  
By wealth mens faults are hid, their foes withſtood,  
Wealth may perorme ſuch workeſ as fauour win:

Which wealth, if (by diſſent, not care) we haue  
And wisedome both, what can we farther craue?

For man ſhall  
teſt in the sha-  
dow of wiſe-  
dom, and in  
the shadow of  
ſiluer: but the  
excellencie of  
the knowledge  
of wiſedome,  
giueth life to  
the poſſeffors  
thereof.

14. This wiſedome armed thus with worldly powers,  
For pleasant shadow, may compared bee  
Vnto an Arbour deckt with fragrant flowers,  
Which sweetly from ſunne beames protec̄teth thee,  
From wind and raine, that can thee well defend,  
And ſweet repaſt vnto thy bodie lend.

For wiſedome teacheſt thee thy wealth to vſe,  
Vnto the needfull ends they were ordaynd,  
And (as vnwiſe) you may them well accufe,  
That will reiect the goods may well be gaynd:

But wiſedome wealth can get, and ſpends it well,  
And wiſedome therefore chiefly doth excell.

15. In

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15. Behold Gods works: who can reforme his will? then be content

16. In weale or woe, both (sent from God) do serue the turne he ment.

15. In wisedome therefore, set thy chiefe delight,  
 Come wealth, come woe, take all as God doth send,  
 Against the Lords decree it's vaine to fight,  
 He knowes thy need, and giues what thou shalt spend,  
 More then he hath decreed, thou shalt not haue,  
 Toyle while thou wilt, and moyle vnto thy graue.

Behold the  
worke of God:  
for who can  
make straight  
that which he  
hath made  
crooked?

Canst thou reuoke the times the which are past?  
 Canst thou recount, the dayes that are behind?  
 Canst thou pursew the chaffe that flyeth fast?  
 Canst thou proportion out the waight of wind?  
 Canst thou make straight the tree once crooked  
 No nor thy state amend, but God alone. (growne?)

16. Then with thy state content thy quiet mind,  
 If wealth abound, with ioy then vse the same,  
 Iflesse thy store, yet thinke not God vnkind,  
 And to thy portion do thy compasse frame:  
 In all estates a chearefull heart doth well,  
 What God intends for thee thou canst not tell.

In the day of  
wealth be of  
good comfort,  
and in the day  
of affliction con-  
sider: God also  
hath made this  
contrary to that,  
to the intent  
that man shold  
find nothing  
after him.

God vseth (like as wise Phisitians do)  
 By want sometimes to purge our humors ill,  
 And after plentie giues to strengthen vs to  
 The worke whereto, employ our powers he will,  
 By proofe of contraries, to teach vs how  
 To vse those gifts, as he doth best allow.

17. In my short life, the iust (I saw) decay, and wicked thrive,  
 18. Misse not hereof too much, least it thee into dumps do draine.

I have seen all  
things in the  
dayes of my va-  
nitie: there is  
a iust man that  
perisheth in  
his justice, and  
there is a wic-  
ked man that  
continueth long  
in his malice.

17. As for such new encounters as befall,  
To thee in crossing of thy quiet life,  
Assure thy selfe, they are not new at all,  
But in my dayes (and long before) were rife,  
Euen full of vanities and care, I found  
My life, as well as thy life to abound.

I saw both wise, and honest men full oft,  
Insnared by the wicked, and destroyd,  
Their counsels and their actions mockt and scoff,  
Their innocencies, cause they were annoyd:  
The force, the folly, rapine and the wrong,  
The wicked vsd, protec<sup>t</sup>e<sup>t</sup> their liues full long.

Be not thou  
iust ouermuch,  
neither make  
thy selfe ouer-  
wise: wherfore  
shouldest thou  
be desolate?

18. What was the cause hereof thou maist inquire,  
Sure first the hate, the ill to good do show,  
Then Gods decree, whose iustice did require,  
Their hidden sins, a publike shame should know,  
Some ouerweening wits, do foolish proue,  
And cause of these mishaps do fondly moue.

For excellency procureth enuy much,  
And wise mens small offences haynous seeme,  
And busie braines such tickle points may touch,  
As vndiscreet you may their judgement deeeme,  
Be thou not too precise, nor ouer wise,  
But with a modest meane thy gifts disguise.

19. Yet

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19. Be not too curious things to know, least God correct thy prude,  
20. Yet learne things fit, and fearing God, no ill shall thee betyde.

19. Yet do not thou extenuate so thy skill,  
That thereby into scandal thou do fall,  
The very wicked so contemne thee will,  
And good and bad, will so condemne thee all,  
None is so vile, that vice he will commend,  
Although his deeds, to little better tend.

Be not thou  
wicked ouer-  
much, neither  
be thou foo-  
lish: wherefore  
shouldst thou  
perish not in  
thy time.

Ne do thou folly any whit affect,  
For that doth ruine all that it doth vse,  
Who will the foole or vndescreet protect,  
Or trust to him, or vse him (may he chuse?)  
Well may men laugh at him and make disport,  
But neuer trust, in cause that doth import.

20. In measure is (we say) a merry meane,  
Twixt two extremes doth sacred vertue dwell,  
Who will vnto true heauenly wisedome leane,  
Must fly defect, and all excelle expell,  
With serpents wisedome must his iudgement see,  
With Turtles humble mind, yet clothed bee.

It is good that  
thou lay hold  
on this: but yet  
withdraw not  
thy hand from  
that: for he  
that feareth  
God shal come  
forth of them  
all.

The loftie thought, presumption doth instruct,  
The abiect mind dispaire doth soone perswade,  
From wings of Lucifer, this quill is plukt,  
To hatefull serpents den, that leades the trade:  
But he whom heauenly wisedome doth inspire,  
From both those snares in safetie shall retire.

wch. 5

21. *The wise by wisedome safer lie, then Princes in their holds:*  
 22. *Yet none so perfect lies, their deed no sinne at all vnfolds.*

Wisedome shal  
 strengthen the  
 wile man, more  
 then ten migh-  
 tie Princes that  
 are in the citie.  
 21. For wisedome is (indeed) a heauenly gift,  
 Infusde to guide vs in earths pilgrimage;  
 Blest is his choice who therewith not vplift,  
 Doth peace procure , and worldly cares asswage,  
 Who trusteth in the comfort of her ayd,  
 In no affliction need to be affrayd.

She stronger is, and much of greater might,  
 Then any Princes power that euer was :  
 Yea Princes ten, combind against her to fight,  
 In force and prowesse shall her no way pas,  
 The strongest bulwarks that they can erect,  
 Doth art (by wisedome) soone to earth deiect.

Surely there is 22. This wisedome makes thee haue a secret peace,  
 no man iust in  
 the earth, that  
 doth good and  
 sianeth not.  
 Twixt God and thee, which if thou once attaine,  
 To feede the same, his grace will neuer ceace,  
 And that content for euer will remaine :  
 As for content the world afford thee can,  
 Its nothing worth, for vaine is euery man.

Let this therefore, be grounded in thy mind,  
 That man and all his workes vnperfect are,  
 That on the earth one man thou shalt not find,  
 That from true righteousnesse not strayeth farre,  
 Whose peruerse deeds, do oftentimes bewray  
 The wicked thoughts that in his bosome stay.

23. How

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23. Heare not all words of wrong, lest then thy seruants flāders heare,  
 24. Thou know'st thy self hast don the like, though it did not appeare.

23. How much then lesse shouldest thou be moued much  
 By words of any one that thee offend :  
 Yea though euen very neere thy fame they touch,  
 And to thy great disgrace they seeme to tend :  
 Let passe like wind the blast of slanderous tong,  
 And thinke the best, sometimes euen so are wrong.

Give not thine  
heart also to all  
the words that  
men speake,  
leaste thou doe  
heare thy ser-  
uant cursing  
thee.

Yea though thou oft mightist heare, yet do not heare,  
 Or if thou do, seeme as thou diddest not,  
 Its better farre both deafe and dumbe t'appeare,  
 Then listening ouermuch, it were thy lot  
 To heare thy seruant, or some other speake  
 The thing, that being heard, thy hart would breake.

24. Thou mayst remember what thy selfe hast done,  
 In like case vnto others absent oft :  
 And what dislike therefore thou mightst haue wonne,  
 If that thy speech had not bene vttered soft,  
 (Or not conceald by such as heard the same)  
 Which will thee make another lesse to blame.

For oftentimes  
also thine hart  
knoweth that  
thou likewise  
hast cursed o-  
thers.

For it were meere iniustice, to condemne  
 Our vnderlings, for lauish speech of vs,  
 When we our betters farre, do more contemne,  
 Yet lothly would therefore be serued thus :  
 The rule of Charitie doth will thee do,  
 As thou thy selfe wouldest faine be done vnto.

## ECCLESIASTES

25. This haue I prou'd, & wisdom sought to know, which fled fro me,  
26 It is too high and deepe, my reach cannot her secrets see.

All this haue I  
proued by  
wisedome: I  
thought, I will  
be wife, but it  
went farre  
from me.

25. All this haue I found by experience true,  
And so mayst thou, if that thou way it well,  
Apply thy selfe the same then to ensue,  
And let her lawes within thy actions dwell,  
And of thy wisedome do not ouerweene,  
For many times the wise are ouerseene.

My selfe by nature was inclynd to skill,  
By education was instructed much,  
A heauenly gift did more my knowledge fill,  
And all the world supposd my wisedome such,  
As few attaynd, and I supposd no lesse,  
But found my folly great, I must confessc.

It is farre of,  
what may it  
bes and it is a  
profound deep-  
nesse who can  
find it.

26. For of threc things (all worthy to be knowne)  
The past, the present, and the future things,  
Whose first in wris record (in part) is showne,  
Whose last with deepe obscurenesse blindnesse brings,  
In th'one I had but eu'en a very tast,  
In seeking th'other out, I time did wast.

That vulgar knowledge which by moderne view,  
I did obserue, to make my profit by  
Did somewhat me instruct, and much more trew  
Then passed things forgotten presently,  
Or dreamd supposals of succeding time, (clime.  
Which for to fetch to heauen my thoughts should  
27. That

27. My bāre & mind bath wifely searc̄t, both good & bad to know,  
28. And worse thē death a wōmans snāres, I found: God sheld thē fro.

27. That knowledge which I had, I did bestow  
With heart and mind in searching round about,  
The true effect of euery thing to know,  
And of effects the causes out of doubt  
(For happie they are held that can define  
Of causes and effect, how they incline.)

And chiefly I obseru'd, whence good and ill  
Haue their originall and nutriment,  
What bounds they haue, and how the soule they kill,  
And in the vse of them sought mans intent:  
And so of mirth, of folly, and delight,  
And what so seemd, most pleasant vnto sight.

I have compasēd about  
both I & mine  
heart, to know  
and to enquire  
and to search  
wisedome and  
reason, and to  
know the wic-  
kednesse of fol-  
ly, and the ino-  
lishnesse of  
madnesse.

28. And loe, I found all sinne to end with shame,  
Yea euēn the sinne which doth most men allure,  
The lawlesse loue of women of defame,  
VWho bitterer plagues (then death) to vs procure,  
Insnaring in their bands of beauties gift  
The wretched soules, which yeeld vnto their drift.

And I find  
more bitter  
then death, the  
woman whose  
heart is as nets  
and snāres, and  
her hands as  
bands: he that  
is good before  
God shall be  
delivered from  
her, but the  
sinner shall be  
taken by her. !

A fatall furie of the flesh ( alasse )  
In idle braine begot, with plentie fed,  
VWhose smalleſt sparckles to a flame do passe,  
If by the eye the fancie will be led,  
But ſuch as God doth loue, ſhall luſt refraine,  
Whilſt wicked ones intrapp'd do remaine.

29. The wicked fall, by her faire bayts, this I the preacher find,  
 30. Of thousand men scarce one proue good: of women none by kind.

Behold saith  
the Preacher,  
this haue I  
found seeking  
one by one to  
find the count.

29. Beleeue me well, I know it ouer well,  
 By many a one my selfe haue found it true,  
 I teach thee this, who best the same could tell,  
 And for the same with all my hart do rue,  
 And wish thee by my harme the like beware,  
 And for their new assaults thy selfe prepare.

For few or none, but do assaults abide  
 At first or last, and ouer many fall,  
 Thou doest not know thy strength, what may betide,  
 The wisest sort fall herein most of all:  
 In any case then trust not to thy strength,  
 Some dally with the fire, but burne at length.

And yet my  
soule seeketh  
but I find it  
not: I haue  
found one man  
of a thousand:  
but a woman  
among them  
all haue I not  
found.

30. I must confesse, I would not men acquit,  
 From equall blame in this so grosse a sinne,  
 Beseeeming not (in truth) their stronger wit,  
 To yeeld to them whom they from ill should winne,  
 And in this point, mongst thousands that I know,  
 One wise and perfect man, I scarce could shew.

But of a world of women that this day,  
 Do prostrate their affections to their lust,  
 By my experience, sure I cannot say,  
 (Though others can perchance, and will I trust)  
 That one hath so reclaymd her life to good,  
 As that a new assault would be withstood.

31. *This only haue I found, that God did man most righteous make:  
But men (for their originall grace) their owne inuentions take.*

31. So we and they, as wofull president  
Of parents fall, to euill do incline,  
He is best at ease, that doth his sins repente,  
And not of others sinnes too much define,  
Nor yet his owne excuse: bad is the best,  
This sinne, is but one sinne among the rest.

Only haue I found,  
that God hath  
made man  
righteous, but  
they haue  
sought many  
inuentions.

For though God made vs holy, pure and iust,  
And gaue vs powre in righteousness to dwell,  
Yet did our wils, so to our senses trust,  
That it theyse of reason did expell:  
Since which, a swarne of hatefull sinnes increase,  
On thought, word, deed, and all our actions prease.

## F iiij

32. *Therfore haue I found, that God did man most righteous make:  
But men (for their originall grace) their owne inuentions take.*

32. *Therfore haue I found, that God did man most righteous make:  
But men (for their originall grace) their owne inuentions take.*

1. Who is like the wise, who althings knowst his face with fauor shines  
 2. The wise his Princes bests obserues, and so Gods word inclines.

Who is as the wile man, and who knoweth the interpretation of a thing? the wisedome of a man doth make his face to shine: & the strength of his face shall be changed.

1. **I**T stands him then vpon, who would withstand This great calamitie of humane kind, Another course of life to take in hand, Then in the practise of the most we find, And arm'd with wisedome gainst the flesh to fight, Not yeelding cowardlike to lewd delight.

That is true wisedome worthy lasting fame, That doth adorne with honor and with prayse, Such as sincerely daimbrace the same, That will transforme their life to better wayes, And give them grace with Prince and people still, And in the end aduance their state it will.

## iii. 1

I aduise thee to take heede to the mouth of the king, and to the word of the oth of God  
 2. It teacheth man his dutie vnto God, And how with ciuill men he shoulde conuerse, With neighbours how to haue a kind abode, Or with a people that are most peruerse:  
 To know what doth beseeeme in euery case, And how to walke, to win our soueraignes grace.

It will aduise thee (as I also do)  
 To be attentiu to thy Prince behest,  
 To be obsequious also thereunto,  
 So farre as may accord with all the rest,  
 Of lawes of God, of nature, and of state,  
 And to attend his pleasure rare and late.

3. If

3. In ill persist not, but give place, Princes their pleasure craue:  
 4. His word of power who may withstand the thing he likes to bane?

3. If so his liking did of thee require  
 A thing vnfitt, not pleasing vnto thee,  
 I would not wish thee therewithall retyre,  
 Or discontent in count'rance ought to bee,  
 But yeeld with patience rather to the same,  
 For to obedience, subiects ought to frame.

Hast not to goe  
 forth of his  
 sight: stand not  
 in an euill thing;  
 for he will do  
 whatioever  
 pleaseth him.

But if thy selfe by indiscretion haue  
 Offended him, persist not in thy wrong:  
 Of him it is no shame thy pardon craue,  
 For vnto Princes homage doth belong,  
 They haue the power of subiects to dispose,  
 Thy life and goods, to saue or else to loose.

4. The Princes wrath is messenger of death,  
 His will a law, his words are firme decrees,  
 Their instruments are readie at a breath,  
 To pull the proudest rebels on their knees,  
 Such Maiestie and power in them is found,  
 With euery frowne a loyall hart they wound.

Where the  
 word of the  
 king is, there is  
 power, and  
 who shall say  
 vnto him, what  
 doest thou?

Who dare vnto account his soueraigne call,  
 Who to no power in earth inferiour is?  
 Who will not at his feet all prostrate fall,  
 Who hath the power to punish his amis?  
 As deputies to God, on earth they raigne,  
 And by his sword of Justice state maintaine.

5. Who keepes the law, is free from blame, the wise they times do know :  
 6. The wise, with judgement chuseth time, for things, lest trouble grow.

He that kee-  
peth the com-  
maundements  
shal know none  
euill thing, and  
the hart of the  
wife shal know  
the time and  
judgement.

5. Whose lawes (the godly wise) both must and will  
Indeuour most exactly to obserue,  
In euery point and tittle to fulfill,  
And wittingly in nothing much to swarue:  
So shall he for himselfe, best safety find,  
And leaue the better name to world behinde.

And (for they hardly can discharge aright  
Their duetie, that their natvie lawes not know,  
And that their ignorance cannot acquight,  
Who may, and will not learne, more wise to grow)  
The wife will therefore learne their duties surst :  
The good, refraine th'euill, they might and durst.

For to euery  
purpose there  
is a time and  
judgement, be-  
cause the mis-  
sie of man is  
great vpon him

6. And as in publike causes wise men vse,  
To guide their actions warily and well:  
And proper times and seasons euer chuse.  
For all they do, before therewith they mell:  
(For proper times there are for euery thing,  
Which good or ill successse with it doth bring.)

So in their priuate life they do obserue,  
Expediencie of that they take in hand:  
From care whereof, whilst some do rashly swarue,  
(Because true wisedome they not vnderstand)  
They into many mischieves headlong fall,  
Which afterwards too late they would recall.

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7. For what knowes he what shall succeed? he can not mend his fate,  
 8. In life, death, battell, sinne cannot protect the wickedes state.

7. For it lies not ( no doubt ) in powre of man,  
 To iudge aright of sequels and euent,  
 Though (by obseruance of things past) we can  
 Sometimes right neare coniecture of intents,

As like to haue successe as we desire:

But none can iudge the truth that they require.

For he knowes  
 not that which  
 shal be: for who  
 can tell him  
 when it shalbe.

It is but chance nor iudgement if they hit,  
 So many errors do incounter them:  
 Those future knowledges for God are fit,  
 And none but he, that priuileage can claime;  
 For as for Reuelations few are now,  
 And diuelish arts, Gods word will not allow.

8. And how should he be able to foretell,  
 An others haps or actions, can you thinke,  
 That not foresaw, what to himselfe befell,  
 Nor knew his perill being at pits brinke?  
 Nor could deferre his death or destiny,  
 With all the care he did thereto apply?

Man is not  
 Lord ouer the  
 spirit to retaine  
 the spirit: nei-  
 ther hath he  
 power in the  
 day of death,  
 nor deliuerance  
 in battell, nei-  
 ther shall wic-  
 kednesse deli-  
 ver the posses-  
 sors thereof.

That could not tell the place, the dart should light,  
 That he in battell flong against his foe?  
 That cannot saue himselfe amidst the fight,  
 But beares the brunt ( perhaps ) of ouerthroe?  
 No wicked slight or art can sinners saue,  
 But that they sure ( in fine ) their merits haue.

9. All these I note, and find sometime, mans powre his overthrow.  
 10. These wicked die, yet worse succeed: the godly, none to know.

All this haue I  
 seene, and giue  
 mine heart to  
 every worke  
 which is  
 wrought vnder  
 the sunne, and  
 I saw a time  
 that man ru-  
 leth ouer man  
 to his owne  
 hurt.

9. How farre (alas) doth all our skill come short  
 Of that great knowledge we pretend to haue?  
 My selfe haue tryed the same in euery sort  
 Of studie, to the which my selfe I gaue,  
 And yet there is no knowledge so obscure  
 Or easie, but I did the same inure.

Nay of the things, most common in my sight,  
 Which enery man can say, and witnesse true,  
 I groped at, as in obscurest night,  
 And could not see the reason how it grew:

That men (euen to themselues) most ruine bring,  
 And Magistrates their owne dependants wring.

And likewise I  
 saw the wicked  
 buried, & they  
 returned, and  
 they that came  
 from the holy  
 place, were yet  
 forgotten in  
 the citie where  
 they had done  
 right: this also  
 is vanitie.

10. For which the foolish world become so farre  
 From iust dislike of their iniust oppressions,  
 That liue and dead, they fear'd and praysed are,  
 And whose posterities get more possessions?  
 They flourish rather most by doing wrong,  
 As if the earth, did all to them belong.

But such as haue led long a holy life,  
 Deserued well of world and country all,  
 Haue bene pursued in life with hate and strife,  
 And euen at home forgot when death did call,  
 O vaine affection of the vulgar sort,  
 That maketh vice and vertue but a sport.

11. These

11. Gods patience makes the wicked ones, more bold to heape vp sin,  
 12. Which long deferd, is plagud in fine: when iust men blesse abou.

11. These worldlings whilst they see the day deferd,  
 Of plague and iudgement of these wicked ones,  
 They do suppose their actions haue not erd,  
 But wisely were decreed for the nonce,  
 And so grew bold in practise of the same,  
 Till all the world, therewith grew out of frame.

Because sen-  
tence against  
an euill worke  
is not executed  
speedily, here-  
fore the hate  
of the children  
of men is fully  
set on them to  
do euill.

These wicked ones themselues grow insolent,  
 And pride their minds in their presumpteous trade,  
 They are so farre from meaning to repent,  
 That wrong on wrong vpon the iust they lade,  
 Euen whilst they able are no more to beare,  
 So voide they are of any kind of feare.

12. But though they scape vnpunished awhile,  
 (For hundred yeares are but a while with God)  
 Though flatteringly them selues they do beguile,  
 And feele no smart of Gods correcting rod:  
 But rather find their dayes prolongd with peace,  
 As though their happinesse should neuer cease.

Though a sin-  
ner do euill an  
hundred  
times, and God  
prolongeth his  
dayes, yet I  
know that it  
shall be well  
with them that  
feare the Lord,  
and do reue-  
rence before  
him.

Yet sure I am, it one day shall be well  
 With such as in the feare of God do liue,  
 As in his holy lawes and Church do dwell,  
 And prooef of their beliefe in life do giue,  
 That they exempted farre from tyrants rage,  
 Shall liue and rest in peace an endlesse age.

13. Who feares not God shall not escape : his daies as shadow's pas; 11  
 14. Through wicked men triumph sometimes, & iust men waile alas.

But it shall not  
be well to the  
wicked, neither  
shal he prolong  
his dayes, he  
shall be like a  
shadow, be-  
cause he fea-  
reth not before  
God.

I 3. When as contrariwise, the wicked one  
Shall be dismounted from his seat of trust,  
Dismayd and desolate, forlorne alone,  
Pursu'd by heauen and earth, by judgement iust:  
Of God and man, forsaken and contemnd:  
As he the innocent before condemnd.

The pompe and glory of his passed pride,  
Like to a flowre, shall vanish and decay,  
His life like ruines, downe shall headlong slide,  
His fame like to a shadow vade away ;  
Because he feared not the God of might,  
In iustice shall these woes vpon him light.

There is a vani-  
tie which is  
done vpon the  
earth, that ther  
be righteous  
men to whom  
it commeth ac-  
cording to the  
worke of the  
wicked: and  
there be wic-  
ked men to  
whom it com-  
meth accord-  
ing to the  
worke of the  
just: I thought  
also that this  
is vaniti-

I 4. And yet in truth, it is a wondrous case,  
To see the iust so many woes sustaine,  
(Not that I thinke that pitie can haue place  
With wicked ones, to make them wrong refraine:  
But that the God of iustice doth permit  
His seruants, to be subiect vnto it.)

For you shall lightly see, the better man  
The more afflicted in his worldly state,  
The vilest person (worst that find you can )  
Most wealthy and loued most, though worthy hate,  
But it is vaine to search Gods mind herein,  
Thereof to descant I will not begin.

I 5. But

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15. I best commend a wifull vse, of blessings falme to share,  
16. For wisedome made me but behold, mans life more full of care.

15. But drawing this discourse vnto an end,  
Concluding it as I the former did,  
I say, that in this life who doth intend,  
Himselfe of many combres well to rid,  
And to enjoy the blisse that earth can giue,  
Must cast off care, and seeke in peace to liue.

I meane those curious studies fore-reprou'd,  
Which do but multiply a bootlesse care,  
And ioy himselfe, when ioy may best be mou'd,  
With vse of euery creature, and prepare

To take a plenteous part of them, as gaine  
Of all his trauels to him shall remaine.

And I prayed  
ioy: for there is  
no goodnesse  
to man vnder  
the sunne, saue  
to eat and to  
drinke, and to  
reioyce: for  
this is adioined  
to his labour,  
the daies of his  
life, that God  
hath giuen him  
vnder the sunne

16. For though it be a thing some wisemen vse,  
And man by nature is thereto inclind,  
And I my selfe the same did not refuse,  
(Euen studies trauell to inrich my mind)

Who knew thereby what studie might attaine,  
Or which a forward wit and will might gaine.

When I apply-  
ed mine heart  
to know wise-  
dome, and to  
behold the bu-  
tinesse that is  
done on earth,  
that neither  
day nor night  
the eies of man  
take sleepe.

Who searched had mens actions curiously,  
And all the accident that world doth yeeld:  
Who in my selfe great part of them did try,  
On others prooфе did likewise knowledge build,  
Both day and night applying thereunto  
My busie braines, as many others do.

17. I see therby Gods works profound, beyond mans reach to sound,  
Be he neare so wise: tolde neare so much, their depth cannot be found.

Then I beheld  
the whole  
works of God,  
that man can  
not find out the  
worke that is  
wrought vnder  
the sunne: for  
the which man  
laboured to  
seeke it, and  
cannot find it:  
yea, & though  
the wise man  
thinke to know  
it, he cannot  
find it.

17. Yet (loc) I found that I much time had lost,  
That all my studie was employd in vaine,  
That I in vaine my booke had turnd and tost,  
That my experience did small knowledge gaine,  
That out the meanest creature God did make,  
I might a new, full many a lesson take.

That all we know but meere supposall is,  
That we know not the least of truth of them,  
That in the principles of art we mis,  
That we vniustly name of knowledge claime,  
Who only truely know, we nothing know:  
As wise men in the end, to see do grow.

### I. It

C O N S I O. III. Chap.9. 88

1. All this I know that wise & iust are Gods, whose loue shewes not,
2. By hap they haue: wise, fooles, good, bad, are subiect to like lot.

1. IT resteth now my part to perfect that,  
 I in my former speeches haue begunne,  
 That I may hit the marke I aymed at,  
 And so my course vnto your comfort runne,  
 That I may see that some, haue profit wonne.

Which I will do by laying plaine to thee,  
 The proofes which both by good and bad I make,  
 Their weale, nor woe, no perfect markes to bē  
 Of loue or hate of God, from whom we take  
 All powre, and all successe: and vaine are they  
 That mens intentions by their issue way.

I have surely  
 given mine  
 hart to all this,  
 and to declare  
 all this, that the  
 iust, and the  
 wife, and their  
 workes are in  
 the hand of  
 God: and no  
 man knoweth  
 either loue or  
 hatred of all  
 that is before  
 them.

2. For much a like, you all mens states shall find,  
 And like euent to good and bad befall,  
 To wisest men, as men most grossely blind,  
 To rich, as poore, and wretchedst man of all,  
 For in this life you none can happie call.

All things come  
 a like to all:  
 and the same  
 condition is to  
 the iust, and to  
 the wicked, to  
 the good and  
 to the pure, &c  
 to the polluted,  
 and to him that  
 sacrificeth, and  
 to him that sa-  
 crificeth not:  
 as is the good,  
 so is the sinner,  
 he that swea-  
 reth, as he that  
 feareth an othe-

Obserue the man that is of honest mind,  
 And marke the most deceitfull man aliue,  
 Looke on the Athiest most profane by kind,  
 And holy man, and you shall see them thriue,  
 Both oft a like, the soule blaspheming wight,  
 As he that prayes, and serues God day and night.

b. A.?

3. All during life to folly sold: a like all go to grane.  
 4. In life is hope, like dogs, more price (then once dead) Lyons bane.

This is euill a-  
mong all that is  
done vnder the  
sunne, that  
there is one cō-  
dition to all, &  
also the heart  
of the sonnes of  
men is full of  
euill, and mad-  
nesse is in their  
hearts whilste  
they liue, and  
after that they  
go to the dead.

3. And sure of all the things that I do know,  
 It is the thing that seemes most strange to me,  
 That maketh wise men most amazed grow,  
 And best men most discouraged to bee,  
 When they their states, as hard as others see.

And that like others is their death in shew,  
 As subiect vnto paine as wicked men,  
 Forgotten, be they once in graue below,  
 Their vertues (as not done) vnthought of then:  
 So that their cares, and fooles vnquiet dayes,  
 Both madnesse seeme, both die deuoide of prayse.

Surely who so  
ever is ioyned  
to al the liuing,  
there is hope:  
for it is better  
to a liuing dog,  
then to a dead  
Lyon.

4. Hence doth proceede (no doubt) the prouerbe old,  
 That liuing dogge, dead Lyon doth excell,  
 With princely beast of noble courage bold,  
 Then, every barking curre dare sausly smell,  
 That liuing, durst not come within his smell.

The reason is right easie to be told,  
 Because he liuing could himselfe relieue:  
 Life doth in time new hopes and haps vnfold,  
 But death no hope or earthly hap doth giue;  
 Time worketh wonders (if out time we take)  
 Occasion (at our death) doth vs forsake.

5. And

5. The liuing know that they must die, but dead things are forgot:  
 6. Their loue & hate is quicke, the earth more fruite affords then not.

5. And so accordingly do wise men use,  
 Whilst yet they liue (and liuing haue the powre  
 To worke their wils) they proper times do chuse,  
 To perfect their intent, least death deflowre  
 Their sweetest hopes, who all things doth deuowre.

For the liuing  
 know that they  
 shall die, but  
 the dead knew  
 nothing at all:  
 neither haue  
 they any more  
 reward: for  
 their remem-  
 brance is for-  
 gotten.

For well they see and may (it is no newes)  
 The man that now triumphes, to morne to die,  
 That dead, the foole the wisest will abuse,  
 And that the wisest then do senslesse lie,  
 And what vnperfected they left behind,  
 Neglected, and them selues soone out of mind.

6. Their loue, their solace, and their chiefe delights,  
 Euen with their liues, expired and at end,  
 Their hate, their plots of high reuenge and spights,  
 And euery action that they did pretend,  
 Dead into graue with them each one descend.

All their loue,  
 and their ha-  
 tred, and their  
 envy is now  
 perisched, and  
 they haue no  
 more portion  
 for euer, in all  
 that is done vn-  
 der the sunne.

Into that cabbin of eternall nights,  
 Where they no more the gladsome beames shall see,  
 Of shining sunne, the comfort of the wights  
 That in this mortall life yet lingring bee,  
 Those perturbations ryfe with humane kind,  
 Their now exchanged state no more shall find.

7. With bread & wine, cheere then thy hart, the pledges of gods loue,  
 8. With comely aray cloth thou thy corps, thou pleasant balmes maist proue.

Go, eate thy  
bread with ioy,  
and drinke thy  
wine with a  
cheerful hart:  
for God now  
accepteth thy  
worke.

7. Thy part of earthly things, that lawfully  
Thou maist inioy, I therefore thee aduise,  
Vse whilſt thou mayest, for death comes speedily,  
And crosses vnſuspected oft arise,  
As euery mans experience daily tries.

Vſe thou thy owne with plentie and cheerfully,  
Hurt not, but helpe thou others to thy powre,  
And (if God gaue thee meanes abundantly)  
Do not thy ſelfe the ſame alone deuoure:  
But as God gaue, ſo freely do thou giue,  
Those almes best please, we vſe whilſt yet we liue.

At all times let  
thy garments  
be white, and  
let not oyle be  
lacking vpon  
thine head.

8. Thou needſt not in thy dyet be precise,  
As ſome perſwade, and onely eat to liue,  
Where choyſe is ſet, to chufe in thee it lies,  
All things were made for man, God all doth giue,  
By bountie vs to thankfullerneſſe to diue.

Yea all the rich attyres thou canſt deuife,  
For diſſerent ſtates of men ordayneſc were:  
For Princes purples, for to pleafe the eyes,  
And all the preſcious gems that earth doth beare;  
Yea ſweet perfumes, for delicate ordayneſd,  
(If thou maift haue them) need not be refraynd.

9. If

9. Rejoyce in thy chaste spouses bed: since God ber to thos gane,  
10. What so thou woldst achive dispatch, no works are don in grame.

9. If that thy eyes behold a beautie rare,  
Which doth delight thy hart, and loue inflame,  
If that in lawfull band she proue thy share,  
And that vnto thy loue, her loue she frame,  
Thou mayst with comfort ioy thee in the same.

A comfort sure, to mitigate the care,  
Which worldly troubles may on thee inflict,  
The sweetest, God or nature could prepare,  
Or out of all earths beauties could be pickt,  
So great as none can iudge that are vnkind,  
And on a single life do set their mind.

Rejoyce with  
thy wife whom  
thou hast loued  
all the dayes of  
the life of thy  
vanitie, which  
God hath giue  
thee vnder the  
sunne, all the  
dayes of thy  
vanitie: for this  
is thy portion  
in the lfe, and  
in thy travell  
wherein thou  
labourest vnder  
the sunne.

10. And (at aword for all) what else beside  
In all the world, thou hast a mind vnto,  
(So that in vse thereof a measure guide)  
Thou art no whit restraind the same to do,  
But do it quickly, least death all vndo.

All that thine  
hand shall find  
to do, do it  
with all thy  
power: for ther  
is neither work,  
nor intention,  
nor knowledg,  
nor wisdom in  
the graue whi-  
ther thou goest.

For death diuerteth all, who can abide  
The fury of his force, if once he smight?  
To do(what thou woulst do) then take thy tide,  
For in the darkesome graue of deadly night  
No knowledge, wisedom, powre, there doth remaine,  
All is forgot, all purposes are vaine.

11. The worthy want, the wife, the strōg haue oft times guredon smal.  
 12. None knowes his houre, as birds in snare are caughte, so mō do fall.

I returned and  
saw vnder the  
sunne that the  
race is not to  
the swift, nor  
the battell to  
the strong, nor  
yet bread to  
the wife, nor  
allo riche to  
men of vnder-  
standing, nei-  
ther yet fauor  
to me of know-  
ledge: but  
time & chance  
commeth to  
them all.

11. By these obseruances I sought to win,  
The happinesse which I did in part attaine,  
But all gaine not the goale, that running bin,  
Nor haue the spoyle that fight the field to gaine,  
Nor to the wife doth alwayes wealth remaine.

Nay many needy sterue, and new begin  
The world, whose wits and industries were good,  
Their best indeuours stand on tickle pin,  
And consterd are as they are vnderstood,  
By such on whom the commonwealth doth stay,  
And time and chance in each thing beares a sway.

For neither  
doth mā know  
his time, but as  
the fishes,  
which are ta-  
ken in an euill  
net, and as the  
birds that are  
caught in the  
snare, so are the  
children of me  
snared in the  
euill time when  
it falleth vpon  
them suddenly.

12. We must acknowledge it in very deed,  
The ordinance of God it shoulde be so,  
For well I know, that none can take such heed,  
But headlong he into the snare may go,  
(Say yea who will) if God alone say no.

Like harmelesse fish, that in the waters breed,  
And fearelesse fowle that in the ayre are free,  
Whose innocencies serue to little steed,  
When nets and snares by fraud extended bee:  
So man, by time and chance intrapped is,  
(If wicked will) though nothing his amis.

13. Which

13. This thing in wisedome I haue markt, which seemeth strāge to me,  
 14. A city weake of strength and men, by Monarke sieg'd to be.

13. Which being (as we see the Lords decree)  
 Improperly we attribute to chance,  
 His will in time, produceth that to thee  
 Which thou supposest, fortune did aduance,  
 So wide, mans wisedome from the truth doth glance.

I haue also  
 seene this wise-  
 dome vnder  
 the sunne, and  
 it is great vnto  
 me.

True wisedome rather, sure will let thee see  
 How to apply thy state, to each euent,  
 With no aduerse encounter quāld to bee,  
 But all things take and vse, as God them sent,  
 And seeing this ingratefull peruerse age,  
 (By view of others wrongs) thy griefe asswage:

14. As I my selfe haue done, who sometimes saw,  
 A weake vnfortified citie sieg'd,  
 By powrefull Prince, who armies great did draw  
 T'ingirt their wals, and libertie abridge, (flidge.  
 That none could scape, though wings were nere so

A little citie and  
 few men in it,  
 and a great  
 king came a-  
 gainst it, and  
 compassed it  
 about, & buil-  
 ded fortis a-  
 gainst it.

The towne not populate to scape their iaw,  
 By any skirmishes of saly out,  
 His raised bulwarkes kept them so in awe,  
 And forside trenches compast so about,  
 As if the Eagle houering ouer pray,  
 At pleasure readie were his talents lay.

15. Which one w<sup>e</sup> iſt though poore relieu'd, yet was his worth forgot  
16. Yet (say I) wiſedome more auasldi ben force : yet boors it not.

And there was found therein a poore and wiſe man, and he deliuered the citie by his wiſedome : but none remembred this poore man.

15. When yet I ſaw (a worthy thing to ſee)  
A man of ſmall account for wealth or ſtate,  
But yet (indeed) both bold and wiſe was hee,  
Who rayſd the ſiege, and ſo did foes abate,  
That towne and people, thereby freedome gate.

But when they were miraculously free,  
(Lo ſtrange vngratitudo but common ſin )  
This worthy man began neglect to bee,  
And deeds forgot, as they had neuer bin ;  
Though all did taſt the fruit of his deſart,  
Not one layd vp his vertues in his hart.

Then ſaid I, better is wiſe-  
domē then ſtrength : yet  
the wiſedome of the poore is  
diſpifed, and  
his words are  
not heard.

16. Yet this, his worthy proweſſe in my ſight  
Was ſuch, as I could neuer but admire,  
And makes me thinke that they in vaine do fight,  
That haue all wealth and powre they can deſire,  
If pollicie they want, if cauſe require.

And them vnwiſe (I hold) that iudge a wight  
By his appearance outwardly or pealthe,  
In poore mens words the rich haue ſmall delight,  
For they account them fooles that haue not wealth,  
Yet at their need, their helpe perforce they uſe,  
Their owne turne ſeru'd, to helpe them they refuse.

17. But

17. Yet wifemens words the good regard: though fooles advise reject.

18. And wisedome passeth powre of armes, & sin bringeth woes effect.

17. But these my words I know that some will hold,  
To be a partiall speech of litle wit,  
For tales vnto the foolish wisely told,  
Can scarce haue hearing, and small fauour git,  
Vnlesse vnto their humors it do fit.

The words of  
the wife are  
more heard in  
quietnesse, then  
the cry of him  
that ruleth a-  
mong fooles.

Vnto the wife I speake, of such I would  
Haue credit, euen as they the truth do know,  
I might grow hoarce with preaching if I shoulde,  
Seeke soime to win to bend vnto my bow:  
Few words among the wife, haue greater place,  
Then long orations, with vnskilfull race.

18. To such I say (as this example proues)  
That wisedome is a thing of greater powre,  
And that a solid reason sooner moues,  
If well applied, in conuenient howre,  
Then Cannons shot, that batters on a towre.

Better is wise-  
dome then  
weapons of  
warre: but one  
sinner destroy-  
eth much good

And that one action more then well behoues,  
(Mistaking or neglecting of his due)  
All former wisedome of a man reproves,  
And maketh many errors more infuse:  
For as one bitter herbe the broth doth spill,  
So one misdeed may worke to many ill.

G iiii

1. Dead flies do sweetest oyles corrupt, so follies small the wise  
 2. Disgrace: but wise men things ferre see, though foole in snard he lies:

Dead flies cause to stinke  
 and putrifise the  
 oynment of  
 the Apotheca-  
 rie: so doth a  
 little folly him  
 that is in esti-  
 mation for wis-  
 dome and for  
 glossie.

1. T' Hou therefore, who art once reputed wise,  
 Hadst need full warily thy selfe to guide,  
 For looke how much more high thy fame doth rise,  
 More sharper censure art thou like to bide,  
 If in a slender matter thou shouldest slide.

For looke how soone thou seest the drowned flyes,  
 In sweetest droogs Apothecaries make,  
 Corrupt them so, that men it straight despise,  
 Which they before, did for most precious take:  
 So be thou sure one vice shall staine thee more,  
 Then many vertuous deedes, thee prayd before.

The heart of a wise man is as his right hand: but the hart of a foole is as his left hand.  
 2. Thou farther seest, that wisedome is the thing  
 In all assayes, best worthy of esteeme,  
 Who doth her followers vnto honour bring,  
 And makes their actions alwayes gracious seeme,  
 And men their words, like Oracles to deeme.

From all extremes she shields them with her wing,  
 They find reliefe eu'en readie at their hand,  
 When foolish folke (with euery trifle) wring,  
 And like left-handed helps amazed stand,  
 Not knowing how to other's helpe to breed,  
 Nor yet themselues to helpe in time of need.

3. If

3. The foole to all men shewes his wit, each thing doth him amaze,  
 4. The wise (though Prince offended be) his fitter time he stayes.

3. If they in iudgement once do go astray,  
 They headlong fall, and never see the same,  
 If once they misse the vsuall commonon way,  
 Vnto a better course they cannot frame,  
 But lie and perish to their lasting shame.

And also when  
 the foole goeth  
 by the way, his  
 heart faileth,  
 and he telleth  
 vnto all, that  
 he is a foole.

Their downefals they haue not the wit to slay,  
 Nor to conceale their fault from any one,  
 Nay they will blasfe their shame (say who will nay)  
 To euery one, though done a part alone,  
 Yea they will boast thereof, and it defend,  
 If that the standers by will hearing lend.

4. Which if they should, and that their powre permit,  
 Be not dismayd, but vse thou wisedome then,  
 Giue them the honour, for their place is fit,  
 And then remember that they are but men,  
 And vse good words, as wisedome teacheth when.

If the spirit of  
 him that ruleth  
 rise vp against  
 thee, leue not  
 thy place: for  
 gentleness pa-  
 cifieth great  
 sinnes.

For words well vsed, workes the grossest wits  
 Vnto a plient patience, more to heare,  
 And patience, fauour more in time begits;  
 And time forgetfulness, if thou forbear,  
 And mild forbearance, makes thy fault the lesse,  
 And him his fault (if grace he haue) confesse.

5. This enſon earth I oft haue ſene great rulers greatly fal,  
 6. The foole aduauſt, the rich and wiſe reieeted moſt of all.

There is an euil  
 that I haue  
 ſene vnder the  
 ſunne, as an  
 error that pro-  
 ceedeth from  
 the face of him  
 that ruleth.

5. But yet this rule I find not alwayes true,  
 Nay rather often times it fayleth quight,  
 (A thing I cannot mend, though it I ſue,  
 And is the thing I hold the greatest ſpight,  
 That euer may to common wealth alight.)

To ſee that thoſe to whom all rule is due,  
 And ſhould be guides to other men in good,  
 Should all the vices of the world infue,  
 And may not be by any meaneſ withiſtoud;  
 By whose examples, many others fall  
 To ruine; as do shrubs with Cedar tall.

Folly is ſet in  
 great excellencie, and the  
 rich ſet in the  
 low place.

6. How can it be in any other wiſe,  
 If folly ſit in ſeat of excellencie,  
 Like will to like, and as the bad arife,  
 Downe goes the good, and vertue is baniſht thence,  
 (For wicked ones in wicke d ſecke defence.)

Pure vertue naked in a beggers guise,  
 May wander for protection and for ayde,  
 For euery one her merites will diſpife,  
 Because like gifts, their naſtures haue deſhayd,  
 Thus topſie turuie euery thing will grow,  
 As cart, the horſe: the ſterue ſhips way ſhould ſhow.  
 7. For

7. Slaves by desart a cockhorse ride, right nobles lackie by,  
 8. But who layes snares, himselfe may fall: and pricks in hedges try.

7. For what obsurder thing can you suppose,  
 Then what is oftentimes before your eye?  
 When you on cockhorse see a prauincing those,  
 Whose birth and qualities you may despise,  
 Whilst wise and noble both contemned lies.

I have seene  
seruants on  
horses, & Prin-  
ces walking as  
seruantes on the  
ground.

Nay lackie-like in trotting, time do loose,  
 In seruing such as know not true desart,  
 A worser life there could be no way chose,  
 Or that could more torment an honest hart:  
 For where shall they expect their paines reward,  
 Which they to foole all readie see is shard.

8. But for my part I can be well content,  
 To yeeld all honor where God honor giues,  
 But yet oppressors should in time repent,  
 For God in heauen a judge for euer liues,  
 And to confusion wicked worldlings dries.

He that dig-  
geth a pit, shall  
fall into it, and  
he that break-  
eth the hedge  
a Serpent shall  
bite him.

He doth preuent their fraudulent intent,  
 And makes them fall into the pit they cast,  
 Whilst they indeuour others to preuent,  
 The Serpents sting to martyr them as fast:  
 For fraud with fraud, is oftentimes repayd,  
 And wicked snard, in grin for others layd.

9. Bounds changers, and wood stealers are, oft tane and punisched:  
 10. By flight & force men may do much, but blunt wits cut like lead.

He that remo-  
ueth stones,  
shall hurt him-  
selfe thereby,  
and he that  
cutteth wood,  
shall be in dan-  
ger thereby.

9. If lawes of kingdomes chastisement procure,  
 For such as alter auincient bounds of land,  
 If that poore pilfring hedge-breakers be sure  
     To sit in stockes, if owners vnderstand,  
     And euery crime is punisht out of hand.

Shall wrong, or shall oppression still assure  
 The mightie ones, to tread the weaker downe,  
 Nay God the king of kings will not endure,  
 But in his wrath on them will fiercely frowne,  
     For though his patient suffring doth excell,  
     (Yet moued long) he striketh downe to hell.

If the yron be  
blunt, and one  
hath not whet  
the edge, he  
must then put  
too more  
strength: but  
the excellencie  
to direct a  
thing is wise-  
dome.

10. Let no man therefore so misuse his wit,  
 To hurt of neighbour, or to proper shame,  
 But let him do the thing he findeth fit,  
     And let him wisely his intentions frame,  
     So shall lesse toyle, more sweet issue the same.

For as the dulled toole craues force with it,  
 Of doubled strength to make it pierce aright,  
 Yet will (with all thy paines) scarce cut awhit,  
 Vnlesse thou joyne thy skilk vnto thy might:  
     So in all actions reason must be guide,  
     Else no good issue will the same betide.

11. And

11. As serpents sting, if charmes do want; so babbling tonges do bigne,  
12. Himselfe he doth devoure: whilſt words of wise men do delight.

11. And as in deeds, euē so in words beware  
How thou dost guide thy tongue in any case,  
Wherin to find a wise man, it is rare,  
Licentious speech hath now so common place,  
And slanderous tonges, do find such speciaſſ grace.

If the Serpent  
bite when he  
is not charmed,  
no better is a  
babbler.

Yet not the Serpents which in Lybia are,  
Whilst they vncharmed lye in wait for man,  
More daungerously do sting: or do prepare  
More present poyſon, then vile slander can,  
If it haue hearing once, and credit lept,  
It will deſtroy the ſaint moſt innocent.

12. The lauifhatling tongue on prating ſet,  
Spares no man, nor regardeth what it ſayth,  
It cuts like to a razor which is whet,  
And prickes himſelfe which rashly with it playth,  
And him that ſo it vſeth, fond bewrayth.

The words of  
the mouth of a  
wife man haue  
grace: but the  
lips of a foole  
devoure himſelfe.

But wiſe men ſpeake when matter good they get,  
With modeſtie, and vnto matter good,  
Out of their lips no vaine vntruths they let,  
They ſpeake diſtinctly to be vnderſtood,  
And words accompanyd with matter graue,  
For which of all they coimmendations haue.

13. His speech begins with foolish talke, with wicked madnesse ends,  
 14. Increasing words of future things, strange questions he defends.

The beginning  
of the words  
of his mouth  
is foolishnesse,  
and the latter  
end of his  
mouth is wic-  
kednesse.

13. Fooles if they once begin , can neuer end,  
 And with their will they all the words will haue,  
 They loue to heare themselues, and will defend  
 Their follies, euен before the wife and graue,  
 And thinke they(brauely)do themselues behaue.

They do begin their speech (if eare you lend)  
 With vaine and foolish talkes, or lying toyes,  
 But in the middle they to mischefe bend,  
 In fine with madnesse ends he , and annoyses  
 The honest eare and soule, that heares him speake,  
 And them compell his sensesse tale to breake.

For the foole  
multipliyeth  
words, laying  
man knoweth  
not what shall  
be, and who  
can tell him  
what shall be  
after him.

14. From table talke and childish toyes, he growes  
 To highest points of learning and of skill,  
 In deepe points of diuinitie he shoues,  
 That with best learned clarke compare he will,  
 And all the world with paradoxes fill.

Gods secrets he by inspiration knowes,  
 He prophecies of things yet long to come,  
 With super-naturall skill he overlowes,  
 And in each science seemeth to haue some,  
 When silly wretch his knowledge is but small,  
 For in those points, the best knowe nought at all.

15. Thus

15. He tyres himselfe in highest points, yet knowes not common way,  
16. O wretched land, ruled by such child, whose peers do feast by day.

15. Thus do the foolith vainely take in hand,  
To vexe their braines, with things for them to hie,  
They know that future things none vnderstand,  
Yet they their faculties therein will try,  
Such wise fooles (fondly wise) the world hath many.

The labour of  
the foolish  
doth weary  
him: for he  
knoweth not  
to go into the  
city.

It fares with them (if it be rightly scand)  
As with the blind that would the seeing guide,  
As if one wandring in an vncouth land,  
Would those instruct, the way dwell hard beside:  
They silly fooles, know not their nextway home,  
And yet their wits would ouer all things ryme.

16. Wobe to such, that by such ruled are,  
But speciall wo be to thee land, where they  
Do beare the Scepter, least they all do marre,  
As ill as infants when they beare the sway,  
Who not themselues, much lesse thy state can stay.

Wo to thee,  
& land, when  
the king is a  
child; and thy  
Princes eat in  
the morning.

And doubled is thy woe and mischiefe farre,  
If that thy Magistrates (who should advise  
Their Prince in highest points of peace or warre)  
To banqueting and sursets early rise,  
Neglecting common good, which first of all  
With temperate braine, they should to counsell call.

17. But blosſt o' land, where honor rules, where Nobles feed to live.  
18. By sloth the house decays, & rain through top of rooſe doth drine.

Blessed art thou o' land,  
when thy king  
is the ſonne of  
Nobles, and  
thy Princes eat  
in time, for  
ſtrength and  
not for drun-  
kenneſſe.

17. And thou thrice happy foyle, whose Prince deſcends  
Of pedegree of Emp'rors and of Kings  
Of auncient honor, which to vertue bends;  
Whofe rule both peace and plenty to thee brings,  
Wherē through thy fame, mōgſt forrē regions rings.

And happy Prince, whom God a Councell ſends  
Of noble Peeres and wiſe, whose watchfull eyes  
Thy ſubiects from all forren foes deſends,  
And ciuill broyles that might at home arife,  
Such do in temperate wiſe their plentie vſe,  
And feed for ſtrength, and plenty not abuse.

By flothfulnes  
the rooſe of  
the house go-  
eth to decay, &  
by the idleneſſe  
of the hand the  
honſedroppeth  
through.

18. They cauſe the Peſant, in ſweet peace manure  
The land, the treasury of wealths encrease:  
Vnto the needy they do worke procure,  
And ſee the poore, with wealthy liue in peace,  
And all oppression in the land to ceafe.

Their waking eycs doth Princes ſtate affure,  
Doth to the people courage giue to toyle,  
Gaines to themſelues a fame ſhall aye indure,  
Giues to the foc the moſt diſgracefull foylez  
All this with paine and diligencē is wonne,  
Slouth ruines all, makes all to hauock ronne.

19. They

19. *Bread strēghens hart, wine cheers the mind, but siluer al doth by,*  
 20. *Curse not thy king or Peeres in thought, lest birds the same descry.*

19. They give the safetie, for to vse thy owne,  
 And peace, of plentie that thou mayest feed,  
 Thou feedst by them, of best on earth hath growne,  
 Of fatlings, which thy flocks and heards do breed,  
 To recreate thy soule at time of need.

They prepare  
bread for laugh-  
ter, and wine  
comforteth the  
living, but sil-  
uer answereth  
to all.

And for by gold and siluer wealth is shounce,  
 They do inrich the land with purest quine,  
 By which thy trafficke farre and neere is knowne,  
 And Indian gems, and Arabian drugs are thine,  
 Gold gayneth all, and Ophire gold thou hast,  
 Then happie thou, if hap in wealth be plast.

20. Then slander not such Prince, that counsell graue,  
 By whom so many benefits we find,  
 Their many merits, many thankes do craue,  
 Each honest hart to reuerent loue they bind,  
 And base backbiters only are vnkind.

Curse not the  
king, no not in  
thy thought,  
neither curse  
the rich in thy  
bed chamber:  
for the heauen  
shall carry thy  
voice, and that  
which hath  
wings, shall de-  
clare the mat-  
ter.

The lawes of God, and nature willed haue,  
 The Magistrate should reuerenced bee,  
 The lawes of man the bounds vnto thee gaue  
 Of words and deeds, but God the thought doth see,  
 In deed then, word, and thought them honor aye,  
 Least flying fowles of ayre, thy guilt bewray.

1. Cast bread on waters, freely spend: ere long thou shalst it find.  
 2. To seven & seuenyng if they neede earths wants are greates behind

Care thy bread  
vpon the waters:  
for after many  
days thou shalt  
find it.

I. Now since no lesse discretion is requir'd  
 In vsing wealth, then getting of the same,  
 And that the bounteous mind is most admir'd,  
 Doth profit others most, and gaines best name,  
 I therefore wish thereto thy hart to frame.

I would not haue thy hand too quickly tyrde,  
 Nor too respectiue vnto whom to giue,  
 Some I haue seene for shame haue not desyrd  
 An almes, whom greatest need to craue might drue:  
 Though water powred in the sea see me vaine,  
 Yet needless gift, a gratefull hart may gaine.

Give a portion  
to seuen, & also  
to eight: for  
thou knowest  
not what euill  
shall be vpon  
the earth.

2. Some giue in hope a gift to gaine thereby,  
 Such gifts, I rather bribe, then gifts do call,  
 Some feare to giue, least they themselues may try  
 Like want ere long: and so giue nought at all,  
 Some sometimes giue, but yet their gifts are small.

But I would haue thy almes giuen cheerefully  
 Vnaskt, sometimes if craud, to none denide,  
 Let none lacke (to thy powre) in need that lye,  
 And to preuent their need, some goods deuide,  
 For God all bountie is, and so shoulde we  
 Dispose our goods, if like him we would be.

3.Yea

3. If clouds be full, raine falleth on earth: and trees in north & south.  
 4. He sowes and reapes by rules of wind, but little land he plow'eth.

3. Yea looke how plenteously thou seeist the raine,  
 Fro out the deaw-fild clouds on earth distill,  
 So long as any drops in them remaine,  
 Wherewith earths dried cesterns vp to fill,  
 So in thy almes be thou as forward still.

And as each soile, some sap from heauen doth gaine,  
 And every tree and shrub of deaw hath part,  
 So thinke thou not thy gift bestowd in vaine,  
 To whom or when so ere thou giuing art:

And if thy store be great, more mayst thou spend,  
 If lesse, yet some, vnto more needy lend.

If the cloudes  
be full, they wil  
powre forth  
raine vpon the  
earth: and if  
the tree do fall  
toward the  
South, or to-  
ward the  
North, in the  
place that the  
tree falleth,  
there it shal be.

4. Take all occasions to be doing well,  
 Let every season for it proper seeme,  
 The husbandmen that most in skill excell,  
 Though sometimes they to sow more fit do deeeme,  
 Yet to be too precise, vnsit esteeme.

He that obser-  
ueth the wind,  
shall not sow,  
and he that re-  
gardeth the  
clouds shal not  
reape.

Who marketh alwaies where the wind doth dwell,  
 And feareth every cloud that is in sky,  
 But little come shall sow or reape to sell,  
 If alwaies he do guide his workes thereby:

So giue thou when thou maist, and thinke thy store  
 Increase thereby, no whit impaird the more.

5. As child in wombe, so al things God makes grow vnowne to thee.  
6. T he morn & even, sow thou thy seed: God knows which best shalbe

As thou knowest not which  
is the way of the  
Spirit, nor  
how the bones  
do grow in the  
wombe of her  
that is with  
child: so thou  
knowest not  
the worke of  
God that worketh all.

5. Thinke this, that even that God which gave to thee  
The present blessings that thou dost possesse,  
Thy charitable workes, from heauen doth see.  
And will thy labours in due season blesse,  
If thou thy faith, by neighbours loue expresse.

And thinke that as the infants borne that bee,  
Conceived are, do grow, do liue, do feed,  
And be by birth in time from prison free,  
By meanes vnowne, to mothers them that breed,  
Se be assur'd, that God which it hath wrought,  
Can wealth restore, by meanes to thee vnothought.

In the morning  
sow thy seeds,  
and in the euening  
let not  
shine hand rest:  
for thou knowest  
not whether  
shall prosper,  
this or that, or  
whether both  
shall be a like  
good.

6. Both rath and late at euery time and tide,  
Then do vnto thy power, some almes deed,  
Without some others good, let no day slide,  
So oft as thou canst find a man hath need,  
And who this can performe, is blest indeed.

For man can not his worke so wisely guide,  
To know to whom, and when to giue is best,  
But who for pittie giues, and not for pride,  
Though needlesly some fall among the rest,  
Yet some (no doubt) is blessedly bestowed,  
And in thy will of good, good worke is showd.

7. And

7. Sure life is sweete, and all desire, long time to see the sunne.

8. Though long life last, yet death maketh hast: & times do vainly run.

7. And since (but whilst thou liu'st) thy goods are thine,  
And what thou freely giu'st deserueth prayse,  
Giue while thou mayst, so mayst thou find in fine,  
Well sau'd, what well was spent in liuing dayes,  
(For godly worke, with God aye present stayes.)

Surely the light  
is a pleasant  
thing: and it is  
a good thing  
to the eyes to  
see the sunne.

Long mayst thou liue, but must in end decline  
To death, the end of every liuing thing:  
To yeeld to death, yet needst thou not repine,  
If liuing thou to man, no good canst bring:  
And hauing left some good by life to men,  
More welcome death may be vnto thee then.

8. For death thou knowest, vnto life is due,  
And life doth but prepare a man to die,  
Liues cares, a daily death in vs renue,  
To worke in vs consent to death thereby,  
Which else no flesh (with patience) sure would try.

Though a man  
liue many  
yeares, and in  
them all he re-  
joyce, yet he  
shal remember  
the dayes of  
darknesse, be-  
cause they are  
many, all that  
commeth is  
vanitie.

The many dayes or yeares which do infue,  
Of wariest government to happiest wight,  
Cannot perswade him but that this is true,  
That lightsome day will turne to darksome night,  
That times most long haue end and what doth yade,  
Is little better then a very shade.

9. Reioyce in yourb, fulfill desire, yet know God iudgeth all,  
 10. To clese thy hart, & wicked flesb: grane age, vain youth doth cal.

Reioyce 6  
 young man in  
 thy youth, and  
 let thine hart  
 cheare thee in  
 the dayes of  
 thy youth: and  
 waike in the  
 wayes of thine  
 hart, and in the  
 sight of thine  
 eyes: but know  
 that for all  
 these things,  
 God will bring  
 thee to iudge-  
 ment.

9. Delight he then in what so ere he please,  
 In youth, in beauty, strength, or wealthy store,  
 Let him delight himselfe , in vse of these,  
 And cheare his hart (as cause he hath) therefore  
 Yet let him thinke death knocketh at his dore.

And that they all, do vanish with their wayes,  
 That God alone remayneth euer sure,  
 That only vertue with vs longest stayes,  
 And can eternall blessednesse procure,  
 When to the judgement of a God seuere,  
 Our workes must come, who all in mind doth beare.

Therefore take  
 away griesse  
 out of thine  
 heart, & cause  
 euill to depart  
 from thy flesh,  
 for childhood  
 and youth are  
 vanitie.

10. Let him, and all the wise whilst yet they may,  
 Prepare themselues to beare with chearefull mind,  
 The fierce assaults, in death that for vs stay,  
 And but by faith can strong resistance find,  
 Since all our other workes come short behind.

Let vs abandon euery wicked way,  
 And lay our treasure vp in heauen aboue,  
 Youth is a flowre that springeth out in May,  
 But euery frost or blast doth soone remoue,  
 But heauen and heauenly joyes will still remaine,  
 When youth and earthly works proue meereley vaine.  
 1. And

1. Remember thy creator then, in these thy youthfull dayes,  
Ere crooked age all pleasure to thy lashed life denayes.

I. And since thou canst not shun deaths fatall day,  
And as the tree doth fall so shall it rise,  
(Whilst yet thou mayst) prepare a quiet way  
Vnto thy soule, which in such danger lies,  
If thou in time relife do not devise.

Remember  
now thy crea-  
tor in the daies  
of thy youth,  
whilst the euill  
dayes come  
not,

The earth and earthly things, do helpe denay,  
Heauen is the harbor, where thy soule doth dwell,  
Let not thy hope on earth then longer stay,  
But it and workes thereof from hart expell,  
Delay no time in hope long life to haue,  
Youth may, age must, ere long time go to graue.

To heauen thy progresse thou doft wish to make,  
Then cloth thy selfe accordingly therefore,  
The clogs of worldly loue and lust forsake,  
And thinke them burdens to thee euermore,  
And in thy life, haue lights of vertue store.

Nor the yeares  
approach  
wherin thou  
shalt say, I haue  
no pleasure in  
them.

Let thought of thy creator thee awake  
From sinnes of youth, hart burdensome in age,  
Remember God account of thee will take,  
If thy repentance not his wrath asswage,  
Yea leauē thou sinne, ere lust leauē tempting thee,  
Thy abstinenſe else, cannot vertue bee.

H. iiiij

2. Whilſt ſunne,moone,ſtares ſeeme light: and rayny clouds are farre,  
3. Whilſt keepers of thy house are ſtrong, whoſe pllers ſtedfast are.

Whiles the ſunne is not  
darke, nor the  
light, nor the  
moone, nor the  
ſtarres, nor the  
clouds returne  
after the raine.

2. The feeble members which haue loſt their might,  
(Through which their ſenes did affection proue)  
No maruell now, if they take leſſe delight  
In vaine prospects which they tofore did loue,  
Since they the meaneſ do want doth liking moue.

The ſunne,moone,ſtares(heauens ornamēt,earths light)  
Can yeeld ſmall comfort to the ſenſeſſe corſe,  
When all thy ioynts begin by day and night,  
Do tyre thy life, and breed the ſoules remorſe,  
No maruell if thou then, proue continent,  
But thou ſhouldſt temp'rance euuen in youth frequent.

When the kee-  
pers of the  
houſe ſhall tre-  
ble, and the  
ſtrong me ſhall  
bow theſelues,

3. Before this glorious building do decay,  
Wherein thy ſoule doth ſoiourne as a guest,  
Thy comely body which erēteth aye,  
The thought and eyes to heauen as mansion bleſt,  
Grow feeble, and there in thou find no reſt.

When trembling hand, his duety doth denay,  
And braineſalne thighes, and legs bend vnder thee,  
When lamed limbs on others strength muſt stay,  
And crouches (in their ſteed) of force muſt bee,  
What time thou twiſe a child, ſhalt weary grow,  
That thou the strength of youth diſt euer know.

Before

Ere teeth wax few, and windowes closed, deny thy eyes the light.

4. And dore sone up, thy grinding jaws, so chaw bane lost their night.

Before the Cators of thy diet fayle,  
Those Iuorie teeth which do thy food prepare,  
Which lost or loose, their labours not auayle,  
But broths and minist-meats must become thy share,  
And sharped knife, thy toothlesse gums must spare.

And the grinders shal cease,  
because they  
are few, & they  
wax darke that  
ooke out by  
the windowes.

Before that darksome mists thy eyes assayle,  
Whose watchfull sight thy Centinell should bee,  
When (christall humor failing) they shall quayle,  
And spectacles must teach them now to see,  
Or closed windowes force thee take thy leaue  
Of worlds vaine shades, which did the soule deceave.

4. Before thy wanny cheeke sinke hollowed in,  
(In which well formed words should fashion haue)

And corall lips which haue their portall bin,  
And plyant tongue which elocution gaue,  
Now faltering signes, for interpretors do craue.

And the dores  
shall be shut  
out by the base  
sound of the  
grinding.

Whilst those white clifffes (the bounders which begin,  
The repercussion causing sweet resound)  
Stand firme on rocke of their iaw joyning chin,  
Through which they gracious passage sometimes found,

And form'd that powrefull gift of eloquence,  
The root of sweet content and sharp offence.

Ere sleeplesse braine, at birds voice start, and singing pipes be base.  
5. And high assents, do make thee feard, and almondes bud on face.

And he shall  
rise vp at the  
voice of the  
bird: and all  
the daughters  
of singing shall  
be abased.

Before thy dried braynes doe rest denye  
Vnto thy tyred bones, and carefull mind,  
And comfortlesse the longsome night thou lye  
In bed (thy graue) for ease tofore assynd,  
And starts at each birds chirpe, or puffe of wind.

Before thy organe pypes with horcenesse dry,  
Restraine the passage of thy breathing voyce,  
Wherewith (resembling heauens true harmony)  
Thy musicke notes vsed eares and hearts rejoyce,  
In lieu whereof should hollow coffes succede,  
Which in corrupted loongs obstructions breed.

Also they shall  
be affraid of  
the hie thing,  
and feare shall  
be in the way,  
and the Al-  
mond tree shall  
flourish.

5. Before thou tyr'd at euery step must stay,  
And clamber small assents on hand and knee,  
And stumbling at each straw lyes in the way,  
A spectacle of feeble nature bee,  
To all that doth thy fearefull fashion see.

Before the harbengers of age ( I say )  
Euen griesly haires do blossome on thy chin,  
( Which for most part declyning state bewray,  
As Almond bud, shewes sommer to begin )

Prepare thy selfe, for death the haruest due,  
Which after spring time, must of course infue.

Before

Ere weakness make the grashopper, a burden seeme, and lust  
Consume, for sure concupiscence, with age doth weare to dust.

Before the childish toyes of infants lust,  
Begin to want the wings of warmed blood,  
And that thy body yeeld (as once it must)  
To age, by which that humor is withstood,  
To leauue the vse thereof I thinke it good.

And the Grashopper shall be  
a burden.

For looke how of May deaw, and sommers dust,  
The wanton Grashopper doth quickly grow,  
And singes in haruest tide vntill he brust,  
So doth lusts pleasure vanish ere you know,  
Like to Ephemeris, that Tanaish flie,  
Morne bred, noone borne, that very night to die.

Not those faire frutes which by Gemorra grow,  
Which touched once, straight vnto dust do fall,  
Are more deceitfull then this sinne in shew,  
Nor yet that fruit which first deceiu'd vs all,  
Although regard thereof we haue but small.

And concu-  
piscence shall  
be drivuen a  
way.

Lust like a Torrent soone doth overflow,  
If that accessse of nutriment abound,  
But in a moment straight it waxeth low,  
As by experience hath bene ever found:  
Not Ammons (of faire Thamor) foule defyre  
So fierce, but quencht, with loathing did retyre.

## 112 ECCLESIASTES

Before in ages bed (thy graue) shew he whilſt ſhee they morne.

6. T by ſilver cord and golden ewre, and times pare ceſterne worne,

For a ma goeth to the house of his age, and the mourners go about in the streets.

Then leauē that lothſome ſnare of humane kind,  
The common cankor of the beſt concait,  
Moſt powrefull paſſion that doth reaſon blind,  
And to more brutiſh ſins, th'alluring bait,  
And thiſke on death which doth on theeſe awaighe.

Suppoſe each ringing knell puts thee in mind,  
That thou art in the way vnto thy graue,  
Take heed that death thee vnprefar'd not find,  
But ſo in all thy life, thy ſelſe behaue,  
As iſ thou were the man whose turne is next,  
And wouldſt not with a ſudden death be vexed.

Whiles the ſilver cord is not lengthened, nor the golden ewre broken, nor the pitcher broken at the well, nor the whele broken at the ceſterne.

6. Before (I ſay) the vitall ſpirits faile,  
Or that thy radick humors all be spent,  
That cramps do ſilver cords of raynes affaile,  
And natures intercourse no more be ſent  
From liuer hart and braine as earſt it went.

Before warme bloud with Iſey ſteame do quaile,  
And pulsleſſe leauē thy ouer emptie vaine,  
Before the (ceſterne made for liues auaile)  
Thy ſtomake now no ſuſtenance retaine,  
But all the wheles of nature lacking ſtrength  
To giue them motion, they do faile at length.

7. For

7. And flesh is to dust, by sprighte to God returne that is did make:

8. For all is vaine (the preacher saith) and all will vs forsake.

7. For then (be sure) thy dayes are neere an end,

And flesh dissolved turneth vnto dust,

Then yeeld thereto, before perforce thou bend,

And in thy strength of youth repose no trust,

Nor place thy ioy in earth or earthly lust.

And dust re-  
turne to the  
earth as it was,  
and the spirit  
returne to God  
that gaue it.

Thy nobler part (thy soule) it did descend

From God, first mouer of all life and grace,

Who therefore doth chiefe interest pretend

In thee and it, and will thy soule imbrace;

Amidst the heauens of his eternall rest,

If faith and loue haue once thy way adrest.

8. Thus haue I (sayth this Preacher) proued true,

The proposition that I first did make,

That earthly things are vaine in vse and view,

That in them we, can not sound comfort take,

And that in th'end we must them all forsake.

Vanite of va-  
nities, sayth the  
Preacher, all  
is vanitie.

That wisedome only, vertue should infuse,

And vertue is the way to happiness,

Whiche after death, doth life againe renew,

A life more happy then the world can gesse,

When we shall liue from lewd affections free,

And in that world no vaine delights shall bee.

9. These things and more he spake, for more he knew the more he taught,  
His people knowledge, for their good, in all his words he taught.

And the more  
wise the Prea-  
cher was, the  
more he taught  
the people  
knowledge,

9. Full many other learned workes beside  
He wrote, for more he knew the more he taught,  
Whereby themselves the godly sort might guide,  
Vnto the wisedome which they wrongly sought,  
And he with care and study dearely bought.

Three thousand morall rules in writ abide,  
In proverbs and in adages for skill,  
So found that they worlds censure may abide,  
And to a ciuill life reduce thee will,  
Without offence of lawes, and with content  
Of such with whom thou daily shalt frequent.

And caused  
them to heart.

Of natures workes with supernaturall skill,  
He many volumes did compose likewise,  
Not curious workes as some profanely will,  
Of Alcumy, or iudgements which arise  
By heauenly motions, farre aboue the skies.

But he his knowledge hath contained still,  
Within the lawfull bounds of Gods decree,  
And therefore many volumes he did fill  
With medicinable vse, of things which bee  
Abstracted out, of tree, shrub, metall, stone,  
Of beast, fish, fowle, and creatures every one.

His

*He sought by parables to give, them preceps how to live.  
10. And with adorned words, to them he doubly grace did gine.*

His heauenly Muse with wings of zeale did fly  
Aboue the common pitch of earthly men,  
And so inflamed were his thoughts thereby,  
With holy liking of his loue as then,  
That he could not containe his gratafull pen.

And searched  
forth, and pre-  
pared many  
parables.

In thousand songs and fise his powers did try,  
The prayses of his sacred soules delight,  
In whom sweet peace and loue he did espy,  
Which from him, loue of world did banish quight;  
Among the which that song of songs by name,  
Describes her beautie, did him so inflame.

10. But this his large discourse was chiefly ment,  
To teach the world to know how farre they stray,  
That do by earthly helps a meane inuent  
To leade their liues vnto a happie day,  
Since nature wholly doth the same denay.

The preacher  
sought to find  
out pleasant  
words, and an  
upright writing,  
even the words  
of truth.

Which (for it croffeth carnall mens content,  
And hardly may amongst most wise haue place)  
By this most pleasant stile, about he went  
To giue to naked truth a comely grace:  
For hardly can corrupted man digest  
Right wholesome food, vnlesse it well be drest.

11. For wise words, are like goades and nayles which workmens hands do ding  
 12. Vaine booke and reading shun, they wearinesse of flesh do bring.

The words of  
 the wise are  
 like goades, &  
 like nayles fa-  
 stened by the  
 masters of the  
 assemblies,  
 which are giue  
 by one Pastor.

11. And wise mens sayings, spoken to the wife,  
 Well fraught with matter couched well by art,  
 Adornd with words, and figures ( whence arise  
 Content vnto the eare , and moue the hart)  
 Most soone do worke impressions in each part.

And as they sooner pierce, so firmlier lies,  
 The mind resolued in such fownded ground,  
 Than any planke or post yon can deuise,  
 With nayle (by hammers) forced nere to sound;  
 And such this princely Prophets words esteemme,  
 Which are more waighty far, thē thou woulst deemme.

And of other  
 things besides  
 these my sonne  
 take thou heed:  
 for there is  
 none end in  
 making many  
 booke, and  
 much reading  
 is a wearinesse  
 of the beth.

12. And let this graue aduice of father mild,  
 Which loytingly he wrote, I bring to thee,  
 Be neuer from thy hart so farre exild,  
 That with the world againe sedust thou bee,  
 Wherein is noight but wretchednesse you see.

And striue to practise as you knowledge build,  
 Else is your learning vnto little end,  
 These many booke wherewith this world is fild,  
 Do slender profit to the readers lend,  
 Which stuff with words of superficiall shew,  
 But little fruit by them to world doth grow.

13. The

13. Hie vs sh'end of all; feare God, & keeps his law, this is mans dñe;  
14. For God will judge each work, & bring our secretes before us.

31. The end of all true wisedome is in this,  
To know the will of God, and it obserue;  
To know his will, and yet to walke amiss,  
A double chalengement must needs deserue,

Then feare henceforth therefro so oft to swarue.

Let vs hear  
the end of all:  
feare God and  
keepe his com-  
maundements,  
for this is the  
whole dutie of  
a man.

No seruile feare which I perswade it is,  
But such as gratefull child to parent owes,  
Vvhoso though he feele the smart, the rod will kisse,  
Because the fruit of fathers loue he knowes;

And this doth God require of man indeed,  
That our obedience should from loue proceed.

14. The breach whereof will heauie iudgement call,  
Vvh'en God the searcher of the heart and raines,  
Shall vnto reckning with vs for them fall,

And pay our passed ioyes with lasting paines;  
For sinfull worke no other guerdon gaines.

For God will  
bring every  
worke vnto  
judgment, with  
every secret  
thing, whether  
it be good or  
evill.

O happie then shall they be most of all,  
Vvhose heedfull liues, in holy workes were spent,  
The gaine of this their trauell, is not small;  
For blessed they the narrow path that went.

And though this narrow gate few enter in,  
Yet who runs on this race, the prize shall win.

F I N I S.

I



*Adue to worlds vaine delight.* T

**Y**E worlds delights (blind guides to blisse) adue,  
VVeake helps, which fit a carnall vaine desire:  
My soule can find but comfort small in you,  
Though (as true blisse) profane sort you admire.  
My soule doth will my thoughts from ye retire,  
In faith to place my hope of firmer stay;  
To gaine true blisse, lesse toyle it doth require,  
Then worlds vaine pleasure doth, by farre away.  
Your false and fickle grounds do well bewray,  
Your liking, base effect of fond desire:  
The earth (your seat) doth perfectnesse denay.  
My soules true hope (inspir'd with heauenly fire)  
There seekes to live, where blisse is firme and true,  
And by reformed life, would heauen pursue.

Sundry

Sundry Psalms of David translated into verse, as  
briefly and significantly as the scope of the  
text will suffer; by the same Author.

Psalm. 47.

- 1 T He Lord he is my sauing light, whom should I therefore feare?
- 2 He makes my foes to fall, whose teeth would me in sunder teare.
- 3 Though hosts of men besiege my soule, my heart shall never dread:
- 4 So that within his Court and sight, my life may still be lead.
- 5 For in his Church from trouble free, he shall me keepe in hold:
- 6 In sight of foes his wondrous prayse, my song shall still vnfold.
- 7 Haue mercie (Lord) therefore on me, and heare me when I cry:
- 8 Thou badst me looke with hope on thee, for helpe to thee I fly.
- 9 In wrath therefore hide not thy face, but be thou still my side;
- 10 Though parents fayle, thou wilt assist, thy promise so hath said.
- 11 Teach me thy truth, and thy right path, least that the enemy
- 12 Preuale against my life, whose tonges intrap me trecherously.
- 13 My heart would faint for feare, vniuersall my faith did build on thee,
- 14 My hope, my God, and comforts strength, who will deliuer mee.

Psalm. 71.

- 1 N thee (o Lord) I trust, therefore from shame deliuer mee;
- 2 Performe thy promise, saue thou me, who call for helpe to thee.
- 3 Be thou my rocke of strength and shielde, whose powre is great & might.
- 4 Deliver me from wicked men, and put my foes to flight.
- 5 For in thee onely from my youth, haue I my trust reposid.
- 6 Thou hast had care of me, whilst yet in wombe I was inclosd.
- 7 Thee will I praise, who art my helpe, when men at me do scorne;
- 8 My mouth thy mercies still records, who helpst the mind forlorne.
- 9 In time of age forsake me not, or when my strength doth faile,
- 10 Least that the counsels of my foes, against my soule preuale.
- 11 Who say, my God hath me forgot; they therefore me pursue:
- 12 But be thou Lord at hand to me, who canst my strength renue.
- 13 Shame and reproch let be their share, which my destruction seeke;
- 14 But on thee alwayes will I waite, with humble hart and meeke.
- 15 My mouth thy mercies shall rehearse, whose measure doth excell.
- 16 And in thy trust my steps shall walke, and tongue thy truth shall tell.
- 17 Euen from my youth thou hast me taught, thy wonders well I know;
- 18 And whilst I liue, (if thou assist) I will thy iudgements shew.
- 19 Thy justice Lord I will exalt: whose workes are like to thine?
- 20 Who threwst me downe, and raisd me vp, who else in dust had leine.
- 21 Thou canst mans honor soone increase, and shew thy chearefull face.
- 22 Vpon the Vyall will I sing thy prayse, o God, of grace.
- 23 My lips shall ioy to talke of thee, who hast my safety wrought:
- 24 My freed soule, shall still confessie, who hath my safety bought.

Psalmes 119.

1 Blessed are those whose wayes are right, and in Gods lawes do walke,  
 2 Whose heart obeyeth to his will, and lips thereof do talk.  
 3 Such do not worke iniquitie, but so their wayes direct,  
 4 That in their life, by straying steps thy lawes they not neglect.  
 5 O woulde to God, my deedes therefore, so straightly I might frame,  
 6 That with regard of thy preceps, I might be free from blame,  
 7 Then shold I prayse with upright hart, thy righteous iudgements known,  
 8 Which whilst I study to obserue, Lord let thy helpe be showne.

P A R T . 2 .

9 By looking to thy lawes, most soone a man may perfect grow,  
 10 Since then my heart hath sought the same, astray let me no go.  
 11 Thy promises in mind I beare, which me from sinne withdraw,  
 12 Thou gracious God and blessed guide, teach me thy perfect law,  
 13 My tongue hath testisid thy prayle, and justice thou doest visid  
 14 To follow freely thy behest, I le worldly wealth refuse,  
 15 For of thee will I meditate, and studie whilst I liue,  
 16 And to obey thy just precepts, my mind will wholly give.

P A R T . 3 .

17 Be gracious to thy servant Lord, give life and powre to mee,  
 18 Open my eyes, that of thy lawes, I may the wonders see,  
 19 I am a stranger vpon earth, hide not from me thy will,  
 20 My heart doth swell with hoot desire, to know thy iudgements still,  
 21 Thou hast destroyd the proud, and curst are they which go astray,  
 22 Shame and contempt yet take from me, who keepē thy lawes alway,  
 23 Though Princes hate me for thy truth, yet will I thee obey,  
 24 Thy lawes shall be my studie still, and comfort night and day.

P A R T . 4 .

25 My soule with sorrow is opprest, give me thy promist aide,  
 26 Thou knowst my sinnes, I do confess, thy wrath makes me affraid.  
 27 But teach thou me thy truth, that I thy wonders may admire,  
 28 For shame of sinne so daunts my hope, it dares not helpe desire,  
 29 If thou redresse my blinded steps, and teach so me thy will,  
 30 Thy ordinances will I keepe, and looke vpon them still,  
 31 Thou art the portion I do chuse, o Lord confound me not,  
 32 But guide my steps to run that race, the which thy lawes alot.

P A R T . 5 .

33 Teach thou thy statutes vnto me, that I may keepe them all,  
 34 Give thou the knowledge of thy will, and turne my hart withall,  
 35 Direct me in thy path, o Lord, therein is my delight,  
 36 Incline my mind vnto thy word, and sinne put thou to flight,  
 37 Turne thou my eyes from vanities, and do thou quicker meet,  
 38 Performe thy promise made to me, whose hope depends on thee,  
 39 Preuent the shame I feare, because thy iudgements all are just,  
 40 Behold I would performe thy will, thy grace reliue me must.

P A R T .

P A R T . 7

- 41 Then let thy pfective kindly made (O Lord) Rule me,  
 42 So shall I scuse my infirmitie, and gane the pralise to thee,  
 43 Take not away from me thy truch, for on thee I attend,  
 44 But let my lips speake of thy praise, vntill my life doe end,  
 45 My feete shall freely follow thee, vntill the truch I find,  
 46 I will not shame to Kings thy truth to preach, with constant mind;  
 47 Yea all my solace shall be still, my loue of thee t'express,  
 48 My liftest handes vane the heauen, thy glory shall confesse.

P A R T . 7.

- 49 Remember when thy promise made, wherein thy servant trusts,  
 50 In trouble it doth comfort me, my soul thereafter lusts,  
 51 The wicked have derid me, thy lawes yet haue I kept,  
 52 I gaide to minde thy judgements past, wherby in peace I slepe,  
 53 Sorrow and feare afflict me, to see how wicked men  
 54 Thy lawes transgrefse, impiligrins life yet sing I to thee them,  
 55 In darknesse and by night, thy name and lawes I keepe and feare,  
 56 Which blessing thou bestowest on me, thy will in mind to beare,

P A R T . 8.

- 57 O Lord thou art my portion, thy law will still obserue,  
 58 My hearty prayers made to thee, and promise thine preserue,  
 59 I haue reform'd my wayes, and will to thy behelte obey,  
 60 With sped & will my life amend, and make no more delay,  
 61 The wicked haue derid me, but I will mine againe,  
 62 At midnight will I rise to pray, till Justice I attaine,  
 63 My company shall such be still, as do thy precepts know,  
 64 Thy mercie filleth earth & Lord, to me thy pleasure shew.

P A R T . 9.

- 65 According to thy word (O Lord) thou graciously haft dealt,  
 66 Teache me to deeme thy seruante David, who in thy law haue yeld,  
 67 Before I felde thy scourge, as then my feete did straue,  
 68 But graciouly god directed me now, that keepe thy lawes I may,  
 69 The proud against me workes decepc, yet will I follow thee,  
 70 Their hart on folly feedes, thy lawes yet shall my comfort bee,  
 71 This fruite affliction brought to me, which made me learme thy law,  
 72 A greate burdened my mind, then heretofore I saw.

P A R T . 10.

- 73 Thy hand hath fashioched me, therefore teach me thy holy will,  
 74 So shall thy seruants all reioyce, and I obey thee still,  
 75 Thy judgements Lord (I graunt) are iust, I did thy wrath deserue,  
 76 Haue mercie yes and pardon me, thy promise cannot swaue,  
 77 Lord let me haue I thee beleach, thy law is my delight,  
 78 Bring thou to shame my foes, and drue the wicked out of sight,  
 79 And let thy seruants all behold, thy mercies shewed to me,  
 80 Who walking in thy statutes iust, shall not ashamed be.

P A R T . 1 3 . 4 . 1

- 81 My soule is almost faint for scorne, yet on thy word hast thou rehord.  
 82 My eyes are dim with looking forer, send me thy mercies now.  
 83 My bones are wretched with desirousnesse, ill shew thy present repayre.  
 84 My life is short, thy Justice on the wicked Lord betrayes.  
 85 By fraud they lecke to take my life, contrary vnto right.  
 86 But thou art just, vniust are they, therefore put them to flight.  
 87 They had almost consumed me, my faith yee did not faint.  
 88 Recue me thou me, and with thy grace, my mouth will exaltine.

P A R T . 1 3 . 4 . 2

- 89 O Lord thy word immutabile in heauen & earth still endure.  
 90 Thy truth from euer was shou laidf the earths foundation sure.  
 91 All things continue at alway, and do thy people serue.  
 92 Vnlesse thy word did comfort me, my faith with grise would sterue.  
 93 I never therefore will forger, thy lawes which quicken me.  
 94 I am thy seruant, saue thou me who unto thee do flye.  
 95 The wicked seek me to destroy, but in thare will I trusty.  
 96 Thy truth endures forayc, but else all thinges vturne to day.

P A R T . 1 3 . 4 . 3

- 97 So much I loue thy law o Lord, I studie, no in stille, no in dñe, and D tye  
 98 Thy grace beyond my enimies doth me with crue knowledge fill.  
 99 I better understand thy will, then they which do me teach.  
 100 I better know thy lawes to keepe, then they which shold them preache.  
 101 That I thy word might keepe, my feare refreshe, with stille way.  
 102 My iudgement greev unto thy law, which caught me where to lay.  
 103 Then hony combe vnto my tast, thy word is far more sweet.  
 104 Thereby thy will I learene, and falshood shal ax molt vanesse.

P A R T . 1 4 . 4 . 1

- 105 Thy word is light vnto my feare, and guides me in my way.  
 106 My hart hath (wroght) I will performe thy Statutes night and day.  
 107 My soule is yours on fift, O Lord, do thou me my knowledg, I shal thinke  
 108 Teach me thy will, to thy require, a graciefull hearing I longe.  
 109 Thought I in daunger dailie be, thy lawes I neuer forger,  
 110 But keepe them still, while me to stoure, the proud a boore haue set.  
 111 They ate the portion I haue chose, they are my hartes delight.  
 112 My hart is vowed thy lawes to keepe, with all my power and strenght.

P A R T . 1 4 . 4 . 2

- 113 Thy word I loue, but doest she vniert of minde,  
 114 My shield thou art, my reinge safe, in whom I trust do finde.  
 115 Away from me ye wicked men, my God alone I serue,  
 116 He will performe my hope, his word from truthe doth never sterue,  
 117 Support thou me, then am I safe, in thee is all my trust.  
 118 Thou haft supprest the proud, and such as follow worldly lust.  
 119 I loue thee Lord, because thou doest from earth the vaine remoue,  
 120 Yet do I feare thy judgements Lord, which shall thy grace overrule.

121 Let

PART. 16.

- 121 Let me not then oppressed be, Praise do oblige;  
122 Plead thou my cause against wicked men, which if so thy will do I wend.  
123 My eyes are dim with longing Lord to see thy promise yede,  
124 Teach me my God, and let thy servant be with mercy payd.  
125 I wait on thee, let me therefore of wisedome thine haue parte  
126 Helpe Lord in time, for all the world do from thy lawes depart.  
127 Yet do I thy precepts esteeme more then the richest gold:  
128 Most iust are they, but surely I hate as unto mine are sold.

PART. 17.

- 129 Thy reftimonies I desire, on them my foole doth misse  
130 The wayes thereto do shone so bright, the simple it may chuse  
131 The zeal I bare unto thy law, did make my hart to moove  
132 Looke on me the raignes my Lord, because thy law I loue.  
133 Direct my deedes, so that no sinne may beate in me alway.  
134 I keepe thy will in wicked me let me not be a pray.  
135 Thy shining face in no moriture, thy statutes reach thou mee.  
136 With threes my eyes do daily flow, because they trespass thee.

PART. 18.

- 137 Thou righteous God, most just indeed thy iudgements all are found:  
138 To triumph and exulte alone, thy lawes thy servants bound.  
139 My zeale doth burne, because my foes thy lawes haue cleane forgot,  
140 Thy word we finde most pure, and I hauie chose it to my lot.  
141 Though I be gone and in contempt, I do remember well,  
142 Thy righteous precepts, which for aye, in gloriouſe worth excell.  
143 Anguish and care apon me come, thy law yet do I loue.  
144 Teach me thy truth, that I may live eternally above.

PART. 19.

- 145 Heare me o Lord, roches & cry, thy Statutes I will keepe  
146 Saue me, and graunt that in thy louely mercie in safetie sleep,  
147 Before the day light waketh I early and wait thy will  
148 By night I waketh to meditate and studie of thys will.  
149 Heare me o gracious God in time, and quicken thou my bright:  
150 They are at hand that hate thy law, and the professe with sight,  
151 Thy prophecies shall me Lord, that thou art bright at hand  
152 I say vngodlynes by high degree, should firme for ever stand.

PART. 20.

- 153 Behold my sorrowes then and helpe, thy pleasure I aby.  
154 Plead shew my cause before me, upon thy word I aby  
155 The wicked they are farre from help, which do not thee regard:  
156 But for thy seruants who do know, thy shrowd is prepard.  
157 Many they are that see me purifie, yee will I follow them  
158 I see the wicked scorn me, and muchrie grieved mee,  
159 Consider Lord my law haue done, to me iniquitatem my shrowd  
160 For from for aye, thy word of truth, and rightcoufesse I finde.

- 161 Princes of might do me persecute onely since I soured  
 162 Thy word delighteth my heart, as if my rachell great it were,  
 163 Thy law I loue, but do abhorre all falsehood and deceit,  
 164 Seauen times a day I praise thy name, and on thet alwayes wait,  
 165 The keepers of thy law, shall stand from danger alwayes free,  
 166 I keepe thy hearts, because I hope thy sauing health to see.  
 167 Yea for the loue I beare to them, I wil them no transgresse.  
 168 Thou seest (O Lord) in all my wayes, thy name I do confesse.

- 169 Let then my plaine before these come, and be thou still my guide:  
 170 Give care vnto my fute, and let thy promise brinde abide.  
 171 When thou hast me thy lawes taught, my lips that speake thy praise,  
 172 My tongue shall tell thy word of truth, and walke thy righteous wayes.  
 173 Helpe with thy hand, for I entend, thy precepts to pursuer.  
 174 Thy sauing helpe and law I secke, Lord do my faith renue.  
 175 Let liue my soule, to praise thy name, thy mercie me vphold.  
 176 I feare thy law, then cleane my fynes, and bring me to thy fold.

- 1 V Nto the hils I lift my eyes, from whence my helpe shall grow,  
 2 Euē to the Lord which fram'd the heauens, & made the deeps below.  
 3 He will not let my feete to slip, my watchman neither sleepes.  
 4 Behold the Lord of Israell still his flocke in safety keeps.  
 5 The Lord is my defender, he doth about me shadow cast,  
 6 By day nor night, the Sunne nor Moone, my limbs shall burne arblaze,  
 7 He shall preserue me from all ill, and me from sinne protect,  
 8 My going in and commynge forth, he wch shall direct.

- 1 F rom pit of despetacion to thee for helpe I cry, I comenall  
 2 O Lord gane me vnto thy plaine, and adde me speedily,  
 3 If strictly thou me chanted wold, O Lord, whos heit is suffisant  
 4 But merey proper is to these, and thereto doth estrange I sing vll  
 5 Upon thy promised auctor, thy word is alwaies true,  
 6 With morning and night euening watch, I will my fute renue,  
 7 Thy seruant must depend on these, in thes amercie found,  
 8 Thou will redeme me from death, thy grace doth so abund.

O ur Father which is in heauen art, Lord hallowed be thy name,  
 Thy knigdom come, thy will be done in heauen and earth the same.  
 Giue vs this day our daily bread: our trespasses forgiue,  
 As we for other mens offence, do freely pardon giue:  
 Into temptation leade vs not, but lerne vs from ill to shun,  
 For thine all kingdome, glory, powre, & merte and ever will.

# SVNDRY CHRISTIAN PASSIONS, CONTAINED in two hundred Sonnets.

Divided into two equal parts:

The first consisting chiefly of Meditations, Humi-

lous, Lamentations, and Prayers.

The second of Comfort, Joy, and  
Thanksgiving.

By H. L.

*Call upon me in the day of trouble, so will I deliver thee,  
and thou shalt glorify me.*



Printed by Richard Field. 1597.

A decorative border with intricate floral and geometric patterns, including stylized acanthus leaves and circular motifs, surrounds a page of Latin text.



Planned by Rightfield 1942 London



To the rght renoVVned VertVoVs VIrgin

ELizabeth, VVorthy QVeene of happy EngLand, her  
highnesse faithfVL suble C I, Henry Lok, VVlsheth Long Lyfe,  
VVkh eternal, bLisse. IVne VIII.

M<sup>r</sup> worthlesse pen

To eternize

In holy flame

VVhich doth dispise

Thee sacred dame

Tbat should protect

VVhose Phænix quil

And those hath dect

Heavens do distill

As come from thence,

Ioue long yow saue,

For whose defence,

Venus woulde craue,

VVhich Pallas wils

Presumeth so denise,

Your peerles vertuous fame:

Of zeale my hart doth rise,

Atheame of vulgar frame,

The graces haue select,

The boly Muses hill,

Doth heavenly Crowne affect,

VVhich Romane Trophies fill,

Their happie influence,

Yowthere your portion haue;

VVhose Scepters yow dispence,

True English hearts be gawe:

And Daim doth thas due,

Me yeeld alone to yow,

The observations of the square following.

- 1 A Saint Georges crosse of two collumbs, in discription of her Maiestie, beginning at A. and B. in the middle to be read downward, and crosting at C. and D. to be read either singlē or double.
  - 2 A S. Andrews crosse, beginning at E. & read thwartwaies, and ending with F. containing the description of our happie age, by her highnesse.
  - 3 Two Pillers in the right and left side of the square, in verse, reaching from E. and F. perpendicularly, containing the sum of the whole, the latter columbe having the words placed counterchangeably to rime to the whole square.
  - 4 The first & last two verses, or the third and fourth, with seuenth and eighth are sense in them selues, containing also sense of the whole.
  - 5 The whole square of 100. containing in it self five squares, the angles of each of them are sense particularly, and waisted depend each on other, beginning at the center.
  - 6 The out-angles are to be read 8. severall waies in sense and verse.
  - 7 The eight words placed also in the ends of the S. Georges crosse, are sense and verse, alluding to the whole crosse.
  - 8 The two third words in the bend dexter of the S. Andrews crosse, being the middle from the angles to the center, haue in their first letters T. and A. for the Author. and H. L. in their second, for his name, which to be true, the words of the angles in that square confirme.
  - 9 The direction to her Maiestic in prose aboue, containeth onely of numerall letters, the yeare and day of the composition, as thus, DD. C LL LL LL LL. VV VV VV VV VV VV VV VV. IIIIIIIIIIIIL For,  
1593.Iune V.

# A Square in verse of a hundred monasillables only:

*Describing the cause of Englands happiness.*

Her A											
God	hath	powr	Art	Queene	In	the	fame	of	the	land	rule
Makes	Crown'd	your	rule	Faire	that	with	truth	doth	stand	best	4
King	land	THE	time	Prince	joy	land	in	will	will	an	2 A
Rule	so	long	mild	of	earth	race	when	there	is	the	4
For	proofe	you	shothes	wile	to	the	which	sheldis	is	the	Q
Heauens	have	held	choice	whome	God	thus	sheldis	is	the	the	4
Your	flocke	of	worlds	rich	spring	and	fear	yeeldis	is	the	T
States	fame	Knowne	fame	Praise	life	which	All	sheldis	is	the	4
Many	the	fore	for	stay	of	all	the	the	the	the	4
Blest	is	your	raigne	here	Builds	sweet	Peace	true	Re	the	4

## The Square plainly set downe.

**G**od hath powr forth here grace on this Ile, and  
**M**akes crown'd your rule, Queene in the faire so stille, in  
**K**ings land this Sainte faire, that wth truth doth stand,  
**R**ule so long time mild Prince, joy land it will.  
**F**or proofe you shoothes, wise of eartha race whom there  
**H**euvens haue vheld. Iust thoyce whom God thus thinkis,  
**Y**our flocke of kings (worlds rich offpring and feare),  
**S**tates fame knowne farre) praisellie which all blisse yeeldis.  
**H**old God therfore sure stay, and por the best;  
**B**lest is your raigne, here builds sweet peace, true rest.



## To the Christian Reader.



Ho so shall duly consider the whole progresse of mans estate from life to death, shall find it (gentle Reader) to be nothing else but a very pilgrimage through this earth to another world; for whether we obserue the common course of all flesh, which from the mothers wombe to the graue, is still trauelling with change of bodily constitution, from youth to age, from health to sicknesse, & so from one estate to another. Or if we behold the particular encounters which each man findeth in himselfe, in the variable change of hopes and crossing of his purposes: in both it shall by a generall experiece of all mens calamities be assuredly confirmed to be too true. But how much more may we find in the direction of our scules to the proper hauen of their habitation (euen to heauen) a multitude of aduersaries lying in the way to hinder our attayll to that Promised land; how many afflictions of the minde, frailties of the flesh, bayts of the world, and snares of Satan, are bent against vs, to slacken (if not cleane to daunt) our due course thitherwardes, in such sort as if God of his infinite mercie and prouidence did not oftentimes preuent and stop our willes and powers, and bridle the malice of these aduersaries, we should all assuredly perish by the way. But now (such is his fatherly care and loue to vs in Christ) that he hath left vs a direction & ready way of safetie in the midst of all assailes or afflictions how perillous soever, euen praier; which being so med accoording to the rules prescribed vnto vs by his Sonne, and with seruencie of faith offered vp vnto him, are of power to penetrate the heauens, purchase our safetie, pay our debts, and procure vs peace of heart in the midst of all earthly perills: yea (knowing our coldnesse herein, and feare of our owne guilt, deterring vs from his presence) he doth not onely licence vs to this boldnesse, but allureth vs by many sensible blessings folt in our owne consciences; and calleth vs by a supernaturall courage, sometimes with confidence to come vnto him, and euen to hope against hope in our most desperate necessities. He doth direct our tongues oftentimes herein before our mindes, and our mindes before our hearts; being himselfe readier to giue then we to aske, and giuing with more regard of our good, then we can craue or conceiue: for all which he expecteth nothing else at our hands, but continually to flie vnto him, and to yeeld him due praise: to relie on him onely in the day of triall, and to encourage others thereto; for in this sort alone he will

## TO THE READER.

will be honoured of vs . This our earthly pilgrimage being then so daun-  
gerous to all flesh , & so readie a way preribed vnto vs for our safer passage  
therin , he were very vnwise that would not furnish him selfe with such pro-  
visions ( which costs so little as our wil to haue it ) & more uncharitable that  
would not do his best to assist his companion in his iourney , with both coufell  
& confort of the same . For this cause ( gentle Readers ) I hauing ( through gods  
great goodnes ) felte in the direction and protection of my vnstable youth , a  
plentifull portion of the wonderfull care he hath ouer vs , & of the vnspeak-  
able force of praier & thanksgiving in all exorcencies : the more to stirre vp  
my selfe to a memorie thereof , haue thought good to set downe these ab-  
rupt passions of my passed afflictions , as wittnesses of the impediments most  
stopping me in my Christian pilgrimage , and te stimonies of the meanes of  
my euation hitherto , which may serue for presidents for my selfe in the like  
future occasions : and not be altogether viprofitable for others to imitate .  
In which ( as in a glasse ) may be seene , the state of a renegarde soule , sicke  
with sinne , sometimes ( Ague-like ) shivering with cold despaire , straighe  
waies inflamed with feruencie of fauor and hope . One while yeelding vnder  
the burden of sinne to eternall death , and presently encouraged to runne  
chearefully forward the appointed course of this his pilgrimage ; and like a  
practised trayeller , vsed to the change of company , dyet , heat , cold , paine ,  
pleasure , plentie , and want , not to amaze himselfe long with any change :  
but by a consideration of pleasures passed , or rest expected , patiently  
to passe ouer this world full of incombrances ; from a sence and feeling  
whereof in some measure , no true child of God is any long time ( as I sup-  
pose ) exempt . Now , although I doubt not but euен these reasons will carry  
the iudgement of the godly Christian Reader to a favourable interpretation  
of my purpose herein , and to some delight in the taske thereof , to whom  
no person or occasion , style or phrase , will seeme vnseasonable , being im-  
ployed to the glorifying of God , and profit of the Churche , or proceeding  
from a zeale of that effect : yet the consideration that the greater number  
to whose handes this Tresise may happen to come , are either not so well  
affected , or so discreet and temperate as were to be wished , maketh me  
thinke it needfull to say something in declaration of my purpose herein :  
not in excuse of my exercising my selfe in such theames , which in deede  
ought to be the common action in some measure of all men , as oft as ne-  
cessary affaires of this life wil permit them , neither in that I make common  
with others this my exercise , which seemeth in secret only to be practised by  
my selfe : for that I take it not to be alwaies a token of pride or vaine-glory ,  
to make knowne for a common good to others , that which may breed a  
suspect of ambition in the Author among the prophane or cauelling mul-  
titude ; though how herein I am caried my selfe , I leauue to God the fear-  
cher of hearts to judge : only I would satisfie them first in the cause of my  
writing them in verse , then of the confused placing of them without spe-  
ciall titles . To the first I was induced , for that I find many oftentimes ( spe-

## TO THE READER.

ciallie such as had most neede to pracie and meditate) to reade bookees rather for the affection of words then liking of matter, and perhaps more to controll the compiling, then commend the contents. Such yes (so as they read) shal give me al that I crave, & find I hope that good they loked not for, if not in all, yet in some among many of these Sonnets. As for the apt nature of Poetrie, to delight, to contrive significatiuely in fewe words much matter, to pearce and penetrate affections of men, with the aptnesse thereof, for helpe of memorie, I will not saie much: but for my deducing these passiones and affections into Sonnets, it answereth best for the shorthenesse, to the nature, and common humor of men, who are either not long reuched with so good motions, or by their worldly affaires not permitted to continue much reading. To the cause of my so preposterous placing of them, and devision onely into three sorts, I confess indeed I am perswaded their disorder doth best fit the nature of mankind, who commonly is delighted with contraries, and excercised with extremes; and also as they were by God ministred vnto my mind to set downe by sundrie Accidents: so I suppose my prouidence could not (by a formall placing of them) so loone hit the affection of euery reader, as Gods direction (by that which we call chance) might often do. As they are therefore, I recommend them to thy courtesie in reading, and thee to Gods holy spirit in the perusing of them. If they may haue the same working in thee, that I praise God some of them had in me, they shall not be vtterly vnprofitable. If in matter they iumpe not to thy passions in all pointes, thinke that in the great Arsenal of Satans Armor he hath choise of weapons for sundrie assaults, and disposes of them diuersly, according to the strength or weaknesse of the partie he besiegeth: which (being as different in particular persons as Gods gifts are to them) thou shalt doe well (to thy abilitie) to reforme or supply my defect therin. If in manner of the verse or stile, they be (as I doubt not but they are) to be esteemed much, I do not greatly seeke the praise of a curious Architect, neither (without neglect of more necessary duties) could I attaine to the required obseruances that way. And therefore cruse that thy discretion may excuse my intention and abilitie. And thus I hartily recommend thee to the Almighty.



# THE FIRST PART OF CHRISTIAN PASSIONS, containing a hundred Sonets of medi- tation, humiliation, and prayer.

## PREFACE.

IT is not Lord the sound of many words,  
The bowed knee or abstinence of man,  
The filed phrase that eloquence affords,  
Or Poets pen that heauens do pearce, or can:  
By heauie cheere, of colour pale and wan,  
By pined bodie of the Pharisey,  
A mortall eye repentance oft doth scan,  
Whose iudgement doth on outward shadows stay,  
But thou(ō God)doest hearts intent bewray,  
For from thy sight Lord nothing is conceald,  
Thou formdst the frame fro out the verie clay,  
To thee the thoughts of hearts are all reueald,  
To thee therefore with hart and minde prostrate,  
With teares I thus deplore my sinfull state.

K

THE FIRST PART  
SONET. I.

**H**ow should my soule Lord clad in earthly mold,  
(The prison where it readie is to pine  
Where vile affections captiue it do hold,  
And threaten naught, but ruine in the fine)  
Vnto one thought of hope or helpe incline,  
Or raise my eyes vnto the heauens bright?  
How may it Lord take hold on mercies thine,  
Or presse it selfe in presence of thy sight?  
Or how canst thou therein at all delight,  
If mercy be not spokesman in this case,  
If merit of thy Sonne should not acquite  
The common guilt of Adams sinfull rase?  
Which since by faith alone man may attaine,  
Grant me first grace not faithlesse to ramaine.

SON. II.

**F**ro out the darknesse of this sea of feare,  
Where I in whale remaine deuourd of sin,  
With true remorse of former life I reare  
My heart to heauen, in hope some helpe to win:  
I do confesse my fault, who did begin  
To flie from thee, ô Lord, and leaue vndone  
Thy seruice, which of right should first haue bin  
Performd, by which so many should be wonne  
To praise thy name: but feare alas begunne,  
To represent to me my iourny long,  
The dangers of the world my life should runne,  
Which made me to my soule to offer wrong.  
But since by shew of death thou caldist me backe,  
Thy gracious helpe at need let me not lacke.

Within

OF CHRISTIAN PASSIONS. 3  
SON. III.

Within this arke where in my soule doth dwell,  
My bodie floting on worldes troubled wawe,  
Which windes offierce affections cause to swell,  
And hardly can my power from sinking saue,  
I crye to thee ô Lord, and comfort craue:  
Close vp this fountaine of stil flowing sin,  
Let me by faith againe once footing haue  
On frutefull earth, and holie life begin;  
Lighten the burden so vncleanewthin,  
Of brutish vices raging in my minde,  
Let cleane affects the greater partie win,  
And so increase, that plentie I may finde  
Of sacrifices pleasing in thy sight,  
Offaith and loue, which are thy soules delight.

SON. IIII.

In humble wise as fitteth best my state,  
An abiect wretch deuoyd of all desert,  
I here approch before thy mercy gate,  
O Lord of life with broke and contrite hart:  
I need not to reueale to thee my smart,  
A lump of sin and shame I am I know,  
Wounded so deepe with deadly poysned dart  
Of serpents sting, which did from parents grow,  
That now my humors so do ouerflow  
With foule affections of my feeble minde,  
As presseth downe my eyes on earth so low,  
As dares not search the heauens, true helpe to finde.  
Yet since thou hast made known to me my griefe,  
Guide me by grace to fountaine of relief.

## THE FIRST PART

## SONET. V.

**V**Nto thy princely wedding Lord are bed,  
Of euerie sort some guests to feast with thee,  
One that a spouse but late before had wed,  
One oxen bought, one taken land to fee:  
They from the banquet therefore absent bee,  
Regarding not thy messengers of grace,  
In number of the like, Lord hold not mee,  
But let me haue I craue the offred place:  
Yet ere that I appeare before thy face,  
A wedding garment first I must put on,  
My owne vnrighteous cloathing is too base,  
And marchandise of merits now are gone,  
Then since thou cal'st, with faith do thou me cloth,  
A lame blind begger Lord, do thou not loth.

## SON. VI.

**I**N pride of youth when as vnbridled lust  
Did force me forth, my follies to bewray,  
I challenged as patrimony iust,  
Each vaine affection, leading to decay:  
And trusting to that treasure, post away  
I wandred in the worlds alluring sight:  
Not reason, vertue, shame, or feare could stay,  
My appetite from tasting eachelite,  
Till want and wearinesse began me bite,  
And so perforce to father I retire,  
To whom I prostrate kneele (vnworthie wight)  
To name of sonne not daring to aspire;  
Receive me yet, sweet sauour, of thy grace,  
Poore penitent, into a seruants place.

Lame

OF CHRISTIAN PASSIONS. ;  
SON. VII.

Lame of my limmes, and fencelesse of my state,  
Neere fortie yeares Lord haue I groueling lye,  
Before Bethesda poole, yet still too late,  
To wash me in the fountaine I encline,  
Whence health wold come, when Angel giues the sine:  
If any one to aide me readie were,  
But helplesse thus, I readie am to pine,  
My selfe vnable duly vp to reare.  
Vouchsafe thou then me to this bath to beare,  
By the assistance of thy heauenly grace,  
Let not the force of foule affects me feare,  
To prease forth first when Christ appeares in place,  
Who is the fountaine, Angell, and the man,  
That bath, that blisse, that cure my senses can.

S.ON. VIII.

Thy thundring voice and Angell Lord of long,  
Hath cald my soule from slumber where it lay,  
The harmony of heauenly musickes song,  
Hath made my wandring feete at last to stay:  
Direct thou me also the readie way  
Vnto thy church, that in thy holy place  
Thy word and law I may in heart obay,  
And worship thee before thy peoples face.  
Grant me I say, such measure of thy grace,  
That greedily by faith I swallow vp  
Thy booke of truthe, and so thy word imbrace,  
That frutefullly I taste saluations cup.  
Thou who doest rule the earth, the sea and land:  
In my defence, with power and glory stand.

6 THE FIRST PART TO  
SON. IX.

A Mong thy sheepe ô Lord I seemd to feed,  
By Sacraments receiu'd into thy flocke;  
By preached word I watrede was indeed,  
And works with fleece did seeme intritch my stoeke:  
But at my doore true faith did never knocke,  
(Which shoulde shew me of my soules defence)  
But (thiefelike) fond affections reason mocke,  
And by the window of my wilfull sende  
Do enter to my heart, and steale from thence  
Each motion of amendment which doth rise,  
And shew me no lese of grace, transported hence  
By Sathan(rau'ning woulfe) in fearefull wise,  
I call to thee(sweet Sauiour) shew me true,  
Teach me to know thy voice and thee in sue.

SONET. X.

B Ehold ô Lord the Citie thou hast built,  
Ierusalem this fleshly frame of mine,  
By sin(Assyrians sword) is almost spilt,  
And like to yeeld to Rabsake in fine:  
Yet lo (alas) my soule doth much repine,  
To see proud Satan so blasphemeth thy name,  
To threaten ruine to this temple thine,  
Since thou art prayed and honord in the same:  
Thou able art the rage of lust to tame,  
The force of pride and furie to subdue;  
Against Senacherib thy Angell came,  
And all his host in one night ouerthrew:  
So let thy holie spirit me defend,  
And to my plaints and praieres comfort send.

Since

# OF CHRISTIAN PASSIONS.

7

## S Q N. XI.

**S**ince with Goliah I am now to fight,  
And lacke the slight of holie Davids sling,  
Arme thou me Lord with heauenly armor bright,  
Which power of flesh & world to foile may bring:  
Thy righteous brest-plate gird on me with truth,  
Preparē my feet with Gospel of thy peace,  
The shield of faith (which firie darteres beare forth,  
Of wicked Satan, whose assaults not sease)  
The helmet of saluation, and the sword  
Of spirit, which is founded on thy law;  
All these my praiers are, that thou afford,  
To make me stedfast, spight of lyons claw,  
Who roaring, daily seekes as wished pray,  
My silly soule from thee to take away.

## S Q N. XII.

**N**ow that thou hast prepard me to confessē,  
Thy seruice Lord the which I vndertake,  
I thee beseech, my purpose so to blesse,  
That I a good account to thee may make:  
**A** Nazarit I am, who do forsake  
The delicacies of the worlds delight,  
Whose thirst thy purest fountaine still shall slake,  
With faith and truthe, the which with sin shall fight:  
**I** will not tast the wine of Satans slight,  
Which doth confound all reason and all sence,  
My vow shall be to serue thee day and night,  
And trust in thee shall be my true defence,  
Till death dissolute this promise made to thee,  
Whose strength herein thy heauenly graces bee.

K iiiij

## THE FIRST PART

## SON. XIII.

**I** Seecke ô Lord to shew thy powrefull hand,  
 Which hath conuerted this my sinfull hart,  
 Into a rod of strength, which still might stand  
 Strong in thy truth, who powrefull onely art:  
 But Iannes pride, and Iambres lustfull hart,  
 By slight imposture of sliue Satans might,  
 Two Serpents frame, which will not thence d paeit,  
 But seeke against thy powrefull hand to fight.  
 But let my faith their fury put to flight,  
 And vertue thine, deuour these imps of sin,  
 Let not these fleshly frutes appeare in sight  
 Of truth, which only can the conquest win.  
 Let faith shew forth the finger of thy hand,  
 And cleane consume, ech power doth it withstand.

## SON. XLLL.

**B**E hold ô Lord a tree by high way side,  
 Vnfrutefull yet of any food for thee,  
 In high way side as yet I do abide,  
 Where passers to Ierusalem I see:  
 Though sommer grow, I cannot frutefull be,  
 Vnplanted by thy grace in garden thine:  
 I do confesse I am a wild fig tree,  
 For want of moisture which am like to pine,  
 Vnto my praiers Lord do thou incline,  
 Remoue me home into thy garden faire,  
 Let me behold the face of thy sunne shine,  
 Which may my withered leaues with life repaire:  
 So maist thou tast a frute of wholesome kinde,  
 And leauue a marke of mercy great behinde.

Within

## OF CHRISTIAN PASSIONS.

### SON. XV.

Within thy garden Lord I planted was,  
And watered well with thy most carefull hand,  
But yet vfrutefull I remaind (alas) that by thy  
And these thy blessings did not understand:  
In vaine I did employ possessed land, that I did  
Ten times three yeares thy seruants did replant  
My stocke, and sought to bend my crooked wand,  
And did supply ech aide I seem'd to want.  
At length my frutes which daily grew more scant,  
Wilde thee resolute to haue me weeded out;  
My foule affections were with folly brant, with  
My roote of faith was shakt with feare and doubt,  
And lo I pine, sweet Sauiour water me,  
Paul and Apollos worke, else lost will be.

### SON. XVI.

A Wicked Pharise I long haue bene,  
Whom sight of mercies thine allure to thee,  
A shamed Lord of my faire clothed sinne,  
In secret night I seeke thy face to see:  
That thou art God, thy wortes reueale to me,  
That thou art mine, thy sonne doth me assure,  
Vouchsafe, that I regenerate may be,  
And that my praiers pardon may procure.  
Purge by thy sprite and faith, faire fountaine pure,  
The senses dull that cannot vnderstand,  
The heauenly birth which shall in blisse endure,  
Not subiect vnto Satans sinfull band.  
And with thy sonne let worlds affections die,  
My soule from hell, with him ascend on hie.

20 THE FIRST PART 20  
SON. XVII.

F<sup>i</sup>ue foolish virgins in my sensē dwell,  
And seeke to make me slumber ouer long.  
They dreame, that all my deeds do fall out well,  
Whereas indeed I headlong run to wrong:  
To vanities their humors do belong,  
And sin, who doth their fancie chiefly feed:  
They cheined are to linkes of lust so strong,  
That their best soile, brings forth but bitter weed;  
They lacke the oyle which shoulde be vsde indeed,  
To lead them to the euerlasting light:  
It growes not Lord in frute of humane seed,  
Man sleeps all day and gropes his way at night,  
Vnlesse thou lend thy hand and fill our lampes,  
Our light goes forth with smothering sinful dāps.

SON. XVIII.

O<sup>r</sup>t of the fountaine of eternall life,  
I poore Samaritan here readie stand,  
(To sinfull Iustan old betrothe d wife)  
With pitcher readic in my trembling hand,  
To wraw a draught of liquor most diuine,  
To quench the thirst of my inflamed hart  
With heauenly deaw: ere that my soule do pine,  
And qualifie the rigor of my smart.  
A Prophet true thou art I vnderstand,  
Or rather father of all truth thou art,  
A stranger I from faire Iudæa land,  
With these thy blessings craue for to impart:  
Then guide my hand, and teach my soule to tast  
True faith, the fountaine where all blisse is plast.

A

OF CHRISTIAN PASSIONS. 11

S.O.N. XIX. M. 2

A Wicked soule sold to all fleshly sin,  
Lord here I prostrate at thy feete do lie,  
To gather crummes of grace, soules health to win,  
Which Lord to giue me do thou not denie:  
The precious oyle of penitence will I  
Powre forth with teares, fro out my melting eyes,  
To bath thy feete, and after will I drie them agayn  
Them with my haires (which balms no treasure bles)  
Though worldly loue (when he my fact espies)  
Repine to see my soule so well inclinde,  
To my defence o Lord vouchsafe to rise,  
And fructifie this first frute of my minde;  
Vouchsafe to sup with humble servant thine,  
And that of seruice, better choyse be mine.

S.O.N. XX. M. 2

A Poore Arabian whom base Agar bare,  
First borne of flesh, but last of promist grace,  
Of bastard kind, bred vp with mothers care,  
In wildernes of world for a long space,  
And famishing before my parents face,  
Whose workes vnable were to lend me aide,  
A bondman vnto sin as fleshly race,  
To whom heauens heritage thy lawes denide:  
Amidst my wandring course by thee am staide,  
And haue a promise noo to die but liue,  
Thy couenanthood abundandy is paide,  
If grace (to feed by faith) thou doest me givere,  
My bondage thus release, make thou me free,  
My barren branch shall so bring frute for thee.

## SON. XXI.

A Marchant I, full long abroad haue straide,  
 By sea and land true happiness to gaine,  
 The riches of the earth my eyes haue waide,  
 And see their profit to be light and vaine:  
 Such trifling trash my soule doth now disdaine,  
 And jewels of more value I espye,  
 Among the rest, one doth all other staine,  
 Which with my wealth I wish that I mighte buye,  
 But this rare pearle is of a price so bie,  
 As all the earth cannot esteem the same,  
 Much lesse to purchase it can it come nere,  
 Yet doth the loue thereof my heart enflame:  
 Beithou the pledge (sweet Squier) theri for me,  
 That heauenly blisse shall so my riches be.

## SON. XXII.

A Mong the prease of many that draw neare,  
 Vnto the feast of grace in Temple thine,  
 I silly widow also doe appeare,  
 With humble heart o Lord, who here encline,  
 And vnto thee a mite for offering mine,  
 Present as precious to my poore estate,  
 For heards or flocks for store of corne and wine,  
 Without obediencelord thou aye didst hate,  
 But broken hearts and soules which lye prostrate  
 Before thy throme of grace, and mercy craue,  
 Do mercie finde, thought it be here so late,  
 Thy promise hereof vs assurance gaue,  
 In trust whereof, obeying thy behelf,  
 My prayers to thy praise, o Lord are prest.

Into

# OF CHRISTIAN PASSIONS. 13

## S O N . X X I I .

I Nto thy vineyard Lord (vnworthie) I  
Desire to come, to trauell out the day,  
Thou calledst me thereto, and didst espie  
Me loytring idle, by the worlds high way:  
At first to come my follies did me stay,  
Whom cold and hunger now to worke compell,  
Though halfe my daies be spent, say me not nay,  
The other halfe to trie, employed well.  
I do not hope my paines so deare to sell,  
As they that beare the brunt of heat of day,  
They merit most whose trauels most excell,  
My slender seruice craves but single pay.  
But (if thy bountie giue,) behold me prest,  
With thanks thy grace to taste, amongst the rest.

## S O N . X X I V .

A S thou art pure and iust in all thy waies,  
(O Lord) so should thy offrings also bee:  
The tongue vncleane, cannot set forth thy praise,  
The wanton eye may not thy secrets see:  
The lame of faith, the blind of skill not hee,  
That thou alotst thy sacrifice to slay;  
The heart that is found cleane in each degree,  
Is fittest for thy church, wherein to stay,  
Such is no flesh, o Lord, the truth to say,  
But as thou pleasest them to purifie,  
By faith and by repentance euerie day,  
Who then with Christ, may boldly thee come nere,  
Behold me then, thus thy adopted chyld,  
Let me not from thy temple be exyld.

## THE FIRST PART

## SON. XXV.

I Follow thee ô Lord but far behinde,  
 As Peter did, when he did see thee led  
 To prison, where the traitors did thee binde,  
 Amazed much with worldly feare and dred:  
 When as I saw the world all ouer spred  
 With hatred and disdaine vnto the iust,  
 My courage it was quayld, and quickly fled,  
 And had no liking to thy helpe to trust.  
 But Lord I know perforce I forward must,  
 If I intend to gaine the crowne I craue,  
 I must abandon flesh and fleshly lust,  
 And in thy promise all my hope must haue.  
 Grant thou me boldnesse then and constant will,  
 To perseuere in thy obedience still.

## SON. XXVI.

O F parents first, two brothers borne that were,  
 The bodie and the soule did represent,  
 The elder Cain, who Henocks wals did reare,  
 The yonger Abell dwelt in silly tent:  
 First man with plough the virgins soile he rent,  
 The other seru'd and shoare the silly sheepe:  
 To worldly lustes of flesh the one was bent,  
 Thy heauenly lawes the other sought to keepe.  
 A deadly discord twixt them so did creepe,  
 The elder did the guiltlesse yonger slay;  
 That ancient hatred grounded is so deepe,  
 It striues in me (alas) vnto this day.  
 Accept my sacrifice, Lord me defend,  
 My powres vnto thy holie pleasure bend.

Like

## SON. XXVII.

Like pined chyld ô Lord from nurses brest,  
 Whom churlish stepdame ouer soone doth waine,  
 By wicked will alas I am opprest,  
 And crie to cruell flesh behold in vaine:  
 Who lets me languishing in sin remaine,  
 And sends no comfort to support my need,  
 My faults I know, I do confessè them plaine,  
 That folly doth my weake affections feed:  
 I see my ruine neare at hand in deed,  
 And cannot call for aide whose tong is dum,  
 My feete so feeble cannot helpe at need,  
 Although I see at hand thy vengeance come,  
 Vnlesse thou giue me grace to see and feare,  
 To pray in faith, and thou thy hand forbearc.

## SON. XXVIII.

Polluted with the curelesse leprosie  
 Of sin, which is heritarie now,  
 So lothsome growne, that I dare not come nie  
 Thy holy temple, where my heart doth bow:  
 I craue ô Lord, it please thee to allow  
 The high Priest Christ thy sonne to view my sore,  
 Whose holy hand may guide and teach me how  
 To cure this grieve it may returne no more.  
 I know ô Lord, thou hast of mercy store,  
 And onely thou doest pitie mans estate,  
 Which though my stubburne heart refusde before,  
 Repentance yet and faith coms not too late,  
 Whose sparrowes of repentance I present  
 An offering here through worldly desert sent.

THE FIRST PART  
SON. XXIX.

A Virgine pure ô Lord by birth I was,  
The daughter of thy church adopt by grace:  
But lothsome lust(foule fiend) did me alas  
Pursue, and sought with me his dwelling place.  
As many vertues as did seeke my grace,  
By weddings band to me to be vnight,  
So many did this fiend, first night deface,  
So oft I was depriu'd of my delight.  
Seuen times a widow I with shame and spight  
Am left, and liue now hopelesse of redresse:  
Tillth ou with Raphaell send that medicine bright,  
Of God to giue me grace, to sinne suppresse.  
Thy sonne thus made, my spouse shall soone restore  
Tobias sight, wealth comfort, lost before.

SON. XXX.

O F sinfull race of manis licentious seed,  
Whilst heauenly offspring with faire humane kinde,  
Do ioyne affects, whiere wicked lusts do breed,  
And so pollute the frutes of vertuous minde,  
A bastard brood my selfe alas I finde,  
Whose nature doth in tryannie consist,  
Of grace and reason growne so dull and blinde,  
That I in wrong with stubbornesse persist:  
Who seeing father Nature ere he wist,  
A sleepe with sottish wine of worldly loue,  
To hide his shame by wisdome had no list,  
Vwhich iustly curse of God on me did moue.  
A slauue to sin, therefore I did pursue  
(Like Nymrod) grace of God, which now I ruse.

As

## SON. XXXI.

A S oft as thou by grace wouldest drawe me backe  
From sin, whereto I am by nature thrall,  
So oft alas I finde my will to lacke,  
And power to follow thee when thou doest call,  
From sin to sin, I headlong thus do fall,  
And quench repentance by a peruerse will,  
I see my fall, but haue no feare at all,  
And to my vomit dog-like turne I still.  
My frailtie doth thy wrathfull cup fulfill,  
With flowing measure of reuenge and wo:  
When I returne a litle backe from ill,  
To wallow in the myre againe I go.  
No powre is in me Lord my life to mend,  
Vnlesse thy hand from heau'n me comfort send.

## SON. XXXII.

F Aine would I fence this feeble flesh of mine,  
From Satans furie, who me thus assailes,  
Which doth besiege my soule, and meanes to pine  
My conscience, which my sin so sore bewailes,  
His busie braine to win me neuer failes,  
And leaues no stratagem at all vntride:  
My fainting hope I know not what it ailes,  
But it doth feare the batt'ry to abide.  
The safest way must be (what ere betide)  
To set a watch to looke vnto my waies:  
Lest pride, or lust, or wrath do let him slide  
Into my hart, which yet vnyeelded staies:  
But like a theefe he stealeth me vpon,  
Watch thou me (Lord) ech houre: else I am gon.

MY sinnes behold (o Lord) are manifold,  
 VVhich do incamp my soule each houre about,  
 Still me intrenched with distrust they hold,  
 So that no frutes of faith can issue out:  
 Their fleshly champion is a soldiar stout,  
 VVho is assist by world and Satans aide,  
 And foule affections readie are in rout,  
 To further force to lust, but hardly staide.  
 The earthly treasures haue with pleasure paide,  
 The hatefull Army which doth hast to hell:  
 My natiuue powre their passage not denaide  
 VVhich makes their pride and peruerse wil to swel.  
 I see no way to helpe to shun decaie,  
 But on thy graces rescue Lord to staie.

## S O N. XXXIV.

THE greedinesse of this my corrupt minde,  
 VVhich tasteth not but of the earthly gaine,  
 And in thy glorie can no profit finde,  
 But seekes with symonie my soule to staine:  
 Makes me (alas )for carnall treasor vaine,  
 Like Elizeus seruant to desire,  
 A present of worldes plesure mixt with paine,  
 As recompence of heauenly eomorts hire.  
 I sorcerer like do also oft require,  
 (Like marchandise )thy graces for to buye,  
 Supposing morall vertues may aspire,  
 To saue my soule, and sin to mortifie.  
 But lo I see soules leprosie herein,  
 And craue that praiers may my pardon win.

Voyd

## OF CHRISTIAN PASSIONS. 19.

### SON. XXXV.

Voyd of true life, and buried in the graue  
Of wicked flesh (alas) I long haue bin,  
No earthly comfort can my conscience haue,  
VVhich was corrupted with all lothsome sin.  
My sister (vertues) to despaire begin,  
Of euer seeing once my lifes restore,  
Ne is there any other way to win  
True life indeed, which shall decayno more,  
But prostrate Lord thy helpe for to implore,  
And craue thy gracious presence at the last,  
To aide the soule thy sonne hath lou'd before,  
For time of grace with thee is neuer past.  
Roll backe hard stone from heart, bid him arise,  
VVho slauie to sin, in earthly coffin lies.

### SON. XXXVI.

MY bodie (Lord) the house which hath bene long  
Possest with spirits, to ruine of the same,  
VVhich forst me forward, vnto open wrong  
Of conscience, by defacing of thy name,  
Hath found some comfort, since thy message came  
Vnto my soule, which in thy word was sent,  
VVhose powerfull truth hath bound, & seeks to tame  
The furious lust which to my ruine bent.  
Grant Lord from heart I may indeed repent,  
And therewith chase these fiends fro out of me,  
Sweep cleane my house, fro out of which they went,  
And garnished with graces let it be:  
Let puissant faith henceforth possesse the place,  
Lest sin retурне with legions of disgrace.

## THE FIRST PART

SON. XXXVII.

**A** Midst this famine of Sarepta soile,  
 Where I a widow dwell, poore and abiect,  
 Compeld by sin, with sweat of browes to toile,  
 To gather stickes, from cold me to protect:  
 Behold me Lord, a caitiue thus neglect,  
 Whom sin hath banished thy blessed land:  
 Who yet in heart thy Prophers do affect,  
 And with thy church to life and death wold stand.  
 I offer all my treasures here in hand,  
 That little sparke of grace yet left behinde,  
 Increase it Lord, vnto a great fire-brand  
 Of faith which may a frutefull haruest finde.  
 My meale and Oyle, ô Lord do thou increase,  
 My selfe & sonne, shall praise thee so in peace.

SON. XXXVIII.

**B** Orne blinde I was, through sinfull Adams fall,  
 And never since could see with carnall eyes:  
 Ne know I where or how for helpe to call,  
 From out of sin to holie life to rise.  
 It pleased thee(ô Lord)that in this wise,  
 Thy powre and glorie might to man appeare,  
 Who gracielesse groueling in earths darknesse lies,  
 And wants the eyes of faith his soule to cheare:  
 But since thou sentst thy sonne my Sauiour deare,  
 To shine in light to those in darknesse weare:  
 To dym the worldly wisdome seeming cleare,  
 And sinfull soules frō hell to heauen to reare. (grace,  
 Touch thou my eyes with faith, wash me with  
 In Sylo poole(thy word)which I embrace.

How

OF CHRISTIAN PASSIONS. 21

SON. XXXIX.

H  
ow drunken are my humors all alasse,  
With wine of vanitie and sensuall lust,  
Which from one sin do to an other passe,  
And after euill daily more do thrust.

Offorce my faults (for shame) confesse I must,  
My lauish v<sup>s</sup>age of thy graces sent,  
My soules consent to action so vniust,  
As death of Prophets teaching to repent:  
Like Herod I about the matter went,  
To please the follies of my flesh delight:  
Incest'ous I, to sin so much was bent,  
That offred mercie, pleased not my sight:  
But Lord prepare my heart to see my sin,  
That sorrow may, a way to mends begin.

SON. XL.

T  
hough with thy Saints ô Lord I choise haue made,  
To spend my daies in praising of thy name,  
And in the studie of thy word to wade,  
To feed my faith with portion of the same:  
Yet can I not my choice so rightly frame,  
A mid<sup>s</sup>t the spacious fields where truth doth grow,  
But whilst to gather healthfull herbe I came,  
A bitter bud I found of fearefull show  
Which threatneth me with death and ouerthrow,  
Vnto my soule, which feedeth greedely  
On sin, the weed which Satan did bestow:  
By poisoned tast thereof I pined lie,  
But Christ thy sonne by faith me helth shall bring,  
Discharge the law, and bruse this deadly sting.

## THE FIRST PART

## SON. XL I.

**A**Ccording to the promise of thy word,  
 To give the victorie(ô Lord)to those  
 That fight thy battels with a faithfull sword,  
 Against the world,flesh,diuell and thy foes:  
 I seeke ô Lord proud Iericho t'inclose,  
 Incouragde by thy graces from aboue,  
 My shooes of foule affectes I pray thee lose,  
 Before on holy earth my path I moue;  
 Thy powerfull hand by prayers let me proue,  
 Which daily seu'n times I to thee direct:  
 Shake thou the walles off sin for my behoue,  
 And in this skirmish do thou me protect:  
 The frutes of flesh, pride,lust, and error all  
 So shall be wraet, and sin not raise a wall.

## SON. XL II.

**A**Midst the graues of death this many a yeare,  
 My soule(posseſſed with all sorts of sin)  
 Hath liu'd, and held that frutefull place so deare,  
 That from the same no counsell could me win:  
 To beate my ſelfe my follies neuer lin,  
 No reaſon can with chaines binde ſo my will,  
 But to vnloſe my lust I do begin,  
 With helpe of furious fiend, who aides me ſtill,  
 But ſince thy ſonne appeareth me vntill,  
 I craue I may no more tormented bee,  
 Lest that my soule eternally he kill,  
 But from the force of Satan make me free;  
 These brutiſh ſinnes in ſwine more fit to dwell,  
 Drownē in repentaſt ſeas, of teares which ſwell.

In

OF CHRISTIAN PASSIONS. 23  
SON. XLIII.

IN deadly sleepe ô Lord sin hath me cast,  
Wherin secure I lye, and so remaine,  
Raise me ô Lord out of this dreame at last,  
And let me sight and light of heauen attaine:  
The heauie humors which my iudgment staine,  
And dazell so the reason of my minde,  
Grant that they may their proper vse attaine,  
And comfort in thy grace and promise finde.  
All fleshly wisedome of it selfe is blinde,  
Till thou by knowledge cleare their wandring sight:  
Out of the snare of sin flesh cannot winde,  
Vnlesse by faith they see thy Sonne so bright,  
Him let me still, both see and eke admire,  
And thee in him, ô Lord I thee desire.

SON XLIV.

MY wicked flesh, ô Lord with sin full fraught,  
Whose eye doth lust for euerie earthly thing,  
By couetise allurde hath bit the baight,  
That me to Satans seruitude will bring.  
By violence I vertues right would wring,  
Out of possession of the soule so weake,  
Like vineyard which the wicked Achab king  
Possest by tyrants power, which lawes do breake:  
Let Prophets thine (Lord) to my soule so speake,  
That in repentant sackcloth I may mone,  
The murther of thy grace, which I did wreake,  
Whilst to my natvie strength I trust alone;  
And let my Sauiour so prolong my daies,  
That henceforth I may turne from sinfull waies.

## THE FIRST PART

SON. XLV.

If thou vouchsafdst Lord of thy goodnesse rare,  
 To sanctifie with holie presence thine,  
 The Cana marriage, where thou didst not spare,  
 First miracle of water turnd to wine,  
 Then be thou present at this wedding mine,  
 Which twixt thy Church and me by faith is ment:  
 To see the want in me thy eyes encline,  
 (Whose wine of grace by wanton youth is spent)  
 But (being toucht with viewthereof) repent,  
 And craue that water of earthes healthles well,  
 May issue forth from heart with sorrow rent,  
 And turnd to wine, may so with grace excell,  
 That all that see and tast this change in me,  
 May grant this worke, of thee alone to be.

SON. XLVI.

Since it hath pleased thee (o Lord) to send,  
 Now in my barren age of hope and grace,  
 Repentant childe from ruine to defend,  
 My name and soule to liue before thy face,  
 Thy blessings I do thankfully embrace,  
 And in thy feare will frame his tender yeare,  
 The worlds regard in me shall haue no place,  
 If once thy word and will my heart do heare.  
 And when thou calst, we both will then appeare,  
 Before thy Aulter in Moriath land,  
 To offer vp thy gift my sonne so deare,  
 Obedient childe to faithfull fathers hand:  
 Which sacrifice (not worthie gift for thee,)  
 With Christ my Sauiors suffrings quit let bee.

Of

OF CHRISTIAN PASSIONS. 15

SON. XLVII.

O Feuerie creature vncleane to fore,  
Whereof thy holy people might not tast,  
Thou didst present o Lord to Peter store,  
Which were from heauen in sheet before him plast.  
Which he at first refusde with mind mostchast,  
Not touching things polluted or defilde:  
But afterward thy counsell he embrast,  
And saw himselfe had bene before beguilde,  
To thinke all sinners were for aye exilde  
From presence of thy mercies, which abound,  
Whom oft thou doest receiue as father milde,  
If faith in Christ thy sonne in them be found.  
By praiers faith, by faith, thy grace doth grow,  
Cornelius blessing (Lord) on me bestow.

SON. XLVIII.

H ow hard it is (o Lord) for man to frame  
His minde (corrupt) to be preparede for thee,  
With tongue vncleane to praise thy holie name,  
With fleshly eies thy glorie for to see:  
Homeward I bring thy blessings vnto me,  
And make my soule their dwelling place to rest:  
But so forgetfull of thy lawes we be,  
That this my action Lord I see not blest,  
Pride and contempt the waies haue so opprest,  
That danger is the carriage ouerthrow:  
Grant that thy grace, to staie it may be prest,  
That so my soule thy sauing health may know,  
For to my flesh vnsanctified to trust,  
Were aie to hasten death by judgement iust.

## THE FIRST PART

SON. XLIX.

MY traitorous heart which long time hath rebeld,  
 Against thy spirit, which should feed me still,  
 A secret counsell in it selfe hath held,  
 To contrarie thy knowhe reuealed will:  
 Whose mutinie my fences so do fill  
 With deeds repining to thy holie law,  
 That raging pride and lust lead me to ill,  
 Forgetting tokens of thy wrath they saw;  
 As Dathan and Abyram had no awe  
 Of Moyses and of Aron thine elect,  
 But sought a way thy people how to drawe,  
 And Prophets thine by pride for to reiect:  
 So doth my soule alas thy grace resist,  
 And in the follies of the flesh persist.

SON. L.

ATenant most vntrue ô Lord to thee,  
 In vineyard of my bodie haue I bin:  
 To craue thy rent thy seruants came to me,  
 But nothing but intreatie bad they win:  
 My trauell therein was to nourish sin,  
 And wast the wine of thy abounding plant;  
 The more to call me backe thou didst begin,  
 The more to thee my gratitude did want.  
 Newould my lacke of grace let me recant,  
 When thou thy onely Sonne to me didst send,  
 For sin and Satan did me so supplant,  
 That to his ruine I did also bend:  
 But Lord me lend In time repentant hart,  
 That from this vineyard I may not depart.

Whilst

## SON. LI.

Whilſt in the garden of this earthly ſoile,  
 My ſelue to ſolace and to bath I bend,  
 And fain wold quench ſins heat, which ſeems to boile  
 Amidſt my ſecret thoughts, which shadow lend:  
 My ſence and reaſon which ſhould me defend,  
 As iudges chosen to the common weale,  
 Allur'd by luſt, my ruine do pretend,  
 By force of ſin, which shameleſſe they reueale.  
 They ſecrely on my affections ſteale,  
 When modeſtie (my maides) I ſent away,  
 To whom for helpe I thought I might appeale,  
 But grace yet ſtrengthens me to ſay them nay;  
 Yet they accufe me Lord, and die I ſhall,  
 If Christ my Daniell be not iudge of all.

## SON. LII.

I luſtly am accuſde, and now am brought  
 By law and gilt of conſcience (I confeſſe)  
 Before thy throne, conuiict by deed and thought,  
 Of ſinfull luſt which did me ſo poſſeſſe,  
 That quickning graces thine I did ſuppreſſe  
 By fading loue of world proclive to ill,  
 Whose dome eternall death and nothing leſſe,  
 My ſoule doth ſee, to threaten to me ſtill.  
 But ſince that frailtie ſo the world doth fill,  
 That no one fleſhly wight thereof is free,  
 For mercy Lord to thee repaire I will,  
 Who ſeefte the hart, and canſt best comfort me:  
 Quit me from death, grant I may fall no more,  
 But remnant of my daies thy grace implore.

A Husbandman within thy Church by grace  
 I am ô Lord, and labour at the plough,  
 My hand holds fast, ne will I turne my face  
 From following thee, although the soile be rough:  
 The loue of world doth make it seeme more tough,  
 And burning lust doth scorch in heat of day:  
 Till fainting faith would seeke delightfull bough,  
 To shade my soule from danger of decay.  
 But yet (in hope of grace from thee) I stay,  
 And do not yeeld, although my courage quale;  
 To rescue me be prest, I do thee pray,  
 If sinfull death do seeke me to assaile.  
 Let me runne forth my race vnto the end,  
 Which (by thy helpe ô Lord) I do intend.

A Base borne sonne to sin by kinde I am,  
 From natvie soile by want of grace exilde,  
 Of idle fances captaine I became:  
 Whilst I in Tob, my resting place did bilde,  
 With worldly vanities I was defilde,  
 Till home thou caldst me by thy heauenly word:  
 Who (trusting to my selfe) was soone beguilde,  
 When I sought workes to be a conquering sword,  
 Whose vowes did seeme a present to afford,  
 Offrute of victorie at my returne:  
 Which rashnesse hath a mischiefe great incurd,  
 Compelling me my owne deserts to burne.  
 And now I mourne, and better frute do craue,  
 The bleissing of thy sonne Lord let me haue.

When

OF CHRISTIAN PASSIONS. 29  
SON. LV.

Wher thou vouchsafedst (Lord) to raise my state,  
From base degree of common humane kinde,  
And gau'ſt me knowledge, and a will to hate  
Each wickednesſe contrarie to thy minde,  
By promise thou didſt me most ſtrictly binde,  
To ſlaye each wicked ſeed which doth poſſeſſe,  
My ſinfull flesh (Amalekite moſt blinde)  
Whiſh virtue and thy grace ſeekeſt to ſuppreſſe,  
But wretched I alas I do confeſſe,  
Haue kept a part of that accuſed ſpoile  
Vndaunted, which thou ſeefſt nere the leſſe,  
And therefore wiſt accuſe my ſinfull foile,  
And take from me the kiŋdome thou diſt giue,  
Except thy mercy do my ſoule reliue.

SON. LVI.

The onelie daughter Lord of my delight,  
(Dina the vertue of my iudgment beſt,) VV  
Is rauished alas by Satans might,  
Whilſt I ſecure in Hiuits countrie reſt,  
In worldlie vanities a wandring guest,  
Amongſt the wicked I remainde a while,  
Where (ſillie) ſhe, by foolish will addreſt,  
Gazde on thoſe godleſſe youths which her beguile:  
For luſtfull Sichem ſonne to ſin moſt vile,  
Did lay a traine of lone, which led to shame:  
Whose flattering ſpeech did moſteſie exiſt,  
And left a ſpot of guilt and foule defame.  
But faith & zeale (the firſt frutes of my strength)  
By grace ſhall venge my honour iuſt at length.

THE FIRST PART  
SON. LVII.

**T**He silly babes (the motions of the minde,)  
 Which natiuie vertue seeketh forth to bring,  
 Concupiscence (the midwife most vnkinde)  
 To deadly sin and Satan straight doth fling:  
 The mothers power suffiseth not to wring,  
 Out of this tyrants hands her dying childe,  
 Her mone to see, it is a piteous thing,  
 When reasons lawes so lewdly are defilde.  
 But if thy fauour Lord be reconcilde,  
 By loue vnto thy sonne, by him to mee:  
 Then though my hope of grace be neare exilde,  
 Yet thou a childe Offaith wilt let me see.  
 A coffin Lord of comfort for me make,  
 Where safe I may swim in the words wilde lake.

SON. LVIII.

**V**VHere shall I build ô Lord a quiet rest,  
 To bring forth birds of turtle Pigeons kinde?  
 My wearied wings do wander without rest,  
 And cannot gaine a harbour to my minde.  
 The Swallow Lord a setling place doth finde,  
 Within thy temple, free from Eagles claw,  
 Not moued with tempestuous stormes of winde,  
 Or dangers, which their kind doth stand in awe:  
 A place as fit for me, my faith once saw,  
 VVheras my soule might safely be inclosd,  
 Thy Church inuisible, to which I draw,  
 My life retirde, therein to be reposd.  
 Make frutefull Lord my barren heart therein,  
 Shield me from storne of still assailing sin.

VWhilſt

OF CHRISTIAN PASSIONS. 31  
SON. LIX.

W<sup>H</sup>ilst in the vale of carnall sense I dwell,  
(Foule Sodome sinke off sin and badge of shame)  
Of whose polluted nature I do smel!,  
And aptly bend my selfe to them to frame:  
Sent by thy mercie Lord, thy Angels came,  
And did vouchsafe, a harbor to accept  
Within my soule, which did professe thy name;  
But Satan who a watch on me had kept,  
When as these guests within my conscience slept,  
Inuironed with lust my harbor weake,  
For sorrow of this sin my soule it wept,  
Whilst violently my bodies bands they breake.  
But strike thou blinde their fury, them expell,  
Take me Lord from the flame of burning hell.

SON. LX.

M<sup>Y</sup> bodie Lord infected long with sin,  
Whose running issue is almost past cure,  
Which helpe my humane phisicke cannot win,  
And without comfort cannot long endure,  
By viewing mercies thine becommeth sure,  
If but thy gracious hem, my hand may reach,  
That loue in Christ my pardon shall procure,  
And reunite in strength healths former breach.  
Through presse of worldly lets, faith shall me teach,  
To seeke my safetie in thy promise true,  
Vouchsafe thou eke repentance so to preach,  
That (I no more offending) health insue  
Thy vertue Lord, (which bidding me be cleane)  
To yeeld me health of soule is readie meane.

THE FIRST PART  
SON. LXI.

NOW that I see ô Lord my open shame,  
Conuict of sin and voyd of clothing pure,  
Which couer might my soule which naked came  
Of grace, and me from storne of world assure:  
I do mistrust my selfe long to endure,  
The heat and cold, which feare and frailtie bring,  
And clothing of my owne workes to procure,  
I finde in deed to be a frutelesse thing;  
To hide my selfe vnder thy mercies wing,  
I therefore hasten now, in hope of grace:  
Grant I beseech, the world no more me wring,  
Out of thy hands, but let me see thy face,  
With faith and comfort, clothed by thy hand,  
And Christ thy Sonne in my defence to stand.

SON. LXII.

VVHilst that the chosen chieftaines of thy word,  
Do bend their power, by preaching to subdue  
The fleshly Canaan, and put sin to sword,  
And giue the soule to be possest a new  
With righteous Israel, vnto whom of due,  
Those earthly blessings rather do pertaine:  
They send two spies my secret thoughts to vew,  
The law and Gospell, which discouer plaine,  
My fainting force, in feare for to remaine  
Where yet repentant Rahab readie is  
To lodge them safe, whilst Satan seekes in vaine,  
To sliae these messengers of heauenly blis:  
I craue therefore sweet Sauiour for a sine,  
Faith bearing frutes, as pledge of safetie mine.

How

# OF CHRISTIAN PASSIONS.

33

## SON. LXIII.

How oft ô Lord with more then tender care,  
Hast thou by Prophets cald me to repent?  
How great thy loue by sonne, which didst not spare,  
To staie me backe from hell, whereto I went?  
Who to that end from heauen to earth was sent,  
Whose graces daily preached offred peace,  
And sought to stop my course to ruine bent,  
And me from guilt of death for to release:  
Like as the henne, whose voice doth neuer cease,  
To clocke her tender chickens vnder wings,  
When furious foules on silly pray do prease,  
And would deuour (alas) the helplesse things.  
Such Lord thy care I feele, and loue of me,  
That thrall to Satan wouldst not haue me be.

## SON. LXIII.

VV<sup>H</sup>ilfst with the wholesome food of heauely truth,  
(The Manna which thy written word doth giue)  
Thou soughtst ô Lord to feed my wandring youth,  
That it in plenteous peace by grace might liue,  
By lust lo Satan sought my soule to driue,  
To breake obedient bands vnto thy law,  
Which my offences (I protest) do griue  
My helplesse heart, the which delight did draw:  
The memory of Egypts store I saw,  
Of vanities (which carnall senses feed,)  
Made me to wish, to fill againe my maw  
With dishes such as to destruction lead:  
Wherfore inw Rath with quailes thou cloidst me so,  
That plagu'd with sin, my error now I know.

M

## THE FIRST PART

SON. LXV.

**S**Ince thou hast raysd my poore abieected spright,  
 From threshing floore, where captiue I did stand,  
 And callest me thy battels for to fight,  
 Gaint sin (the Madianite which wasts thy land)  
 Give me a token by thy mightie hand,  
 (O Lord) whereby my faith may be assurde,  
 And be to me a pledge of former band,  
 That victorie by me shall be procurde:  
 Let heauenly deaw by prayer be allurde,  
 To moysten this my freewill fleece of wooll,  
 Then dry the d reggs thereof to sin inurde,  
 Whose heauy waight makes grace and vertue dull;  
 And offring mine (of prayers to thy name)  
 Accept, and with a holy zeale inflame.

SON. LXVI.

**V**Hilst that in wealth and ease I did posseſſe  
 The Empire of thy many blessings ſent,  
 I tooke in hand pure vertue to ſuppreſſe,  
 And pride with luſt my powres they wholly bent,  
 To conquere reaſon, which thy grace had lent,  
 And quite forgetting worlds late floud for ſin  
 To build a tower of truſt, wherein I spent  
 The strength of fleſh & bloud, high heauen to win:  
 As though in natures strength the force had bin,  
 To shield themſelues from floud or heauenly fire;  
 But now conuſion iuſt my ſoule is in,  
 Makes labouring fleſh from folly ſuch retire,  
 And craues alone within thy Churche to dwell,  
 Whose wals of faith & truſt may death expell.

The

## SON. LXVII.

The Temple Lord of this my bodie base,  
Where thou vouchsafdst to place my soule to dwell;  
And promisedst to make thy chosen place,  
Whence sacrifice of praises thou wouldest smell,  
Behold against thy lawes doth now rebell,  
By worldly vanities thereto allurde,  
Where couetise and pride their packe doth sell  
At such a price, as flesh and sin affoord:  
But since ô Lord thy promise hath assurde  
My soule, that thou art alwaies prest to heare  
The plaints of penitents, which hath procurde  
Thy Sonne himselfe in temple this t'appeare,  
Whip forth, fling down, this worldly wicked pack,  
Fro out my soule, repell thou Satan back.

## SON. LXVIII.

Within thy house this bodie base of mine,  
It pleased thee ô Lord my soule to plant,  
A steward of the gifts the which were thine,  
And nature fild with measure nothing scant,  
Of bodie or of mind, no blessings want,  
And fortunes fauours shardewith me no lessē,  
In such proportion Lord I needs must grant,  
As thou doest giue, when thou doest vse to blesse:  
But wantonly I wasted, I confesse,  
Thy treasure put into my hands of trust,  
And now alas (though late) I seeke redresse,  
Wise steward-like to liue, when dye I must:  
I cast my count, by Christ, my debt to pay,  
And frutes of faith from hell my soule shall stay.

M ij

## THE FIRST PART

## SON. LXIX.

**N**ow that it pleaseth thee Lord of thy grace,  
 To plucke me forth of sinfull Sodoms lake,  
 Where I haue dwelt alas this life long space,  
 Since I of holie Abram leauue did take;  
 Vouchsafe I pray thee for thy mercies sake,  
 To graunt thy Church be refuge for my life,  
 The Zoar where I may my dwelling make,  
 Safe from reuenging Angels bloudie knife;  
 And though the fraultie o f Lots slingring wife  
 Looke back,with loue, on sinfull worlds delight,  
 (Which common weaknesse to all flesh is rife)  
 Yet keepe me constant by thy heavenly might,  
 And let me not grow drunke with blessings thine,  
 To procreate sin on lustfull daughters mine.

## SON. LXX.

**W**Hilst in this worldly wildernesse about,  
 For want of faith I backe am forst to go,  
 (Affraid of finnes which Giant-like are stout,  
 And foule affections,which like cruell foe  
 Of Esawes race,their might and powre bestow,  
 To stop my passage to the promist land)  
 I gin to faint, and to repine also,  
 Against the powre of thy most mighty hand,  
 For which the Serpent Satan now doth stand  
 In readinesse,my silly soule to sting,  
 And close me vp in deaths eternall band,  
 Vnlesse to me thy mercie succour bring.  
 That brasen Serpent Christ nayld on the tree,  
 Whose sight by faith alone is cure to mee.

## SON. LXXI.

**W**HAT am I else Lord but a sinfull wretch,  
 In sin and in iniquitie begot,  
 In conscience guiltie of the common breach,  
 Of euerie law, that may my honor spot:  
 Thy blessings giu'n me, I regarded not:  
 Thy threatned iudgments I did not esteeme,  
 My vowes to thee I almost had forgot,  
 My sinnes no sinnes to hardned heart do seeme;  
 Like to my selfe I did thy power deeeme,  
 Because thou didst forbear thy rod a while,  
 I sought by Idols ayd to heauen to clime,  
 Whilst worlds delight my fences did beguile:  
 But helplesse now, alas I turne to thee,  
 To stay my race, let grace Lord succour mee.

## SON. LXXII.

**T**HOU formedst me at first out of the clay,  
 Vnto the image of thy glorious frame,  
 (O Lord of might) thou shewdst to me the way,  
 To magnifie thy pure and holie name:  
 Like Potters vessell first my modell came,  
 Out of a rude vnsformed lumpe of earth,  
 To holy vse it pleaseid thee me reclaime,  
 Before my life tooke vse of carnall breath;  
 Thou fedst me in the common humane deirth  
 Of knowledge of thy will, with such a tast  
 Of pleasing frute, as fild my soule with mirth,  
 And readie makes me now, no more to waft  
 Thy offred mercies, which so blesse in me,  
 Of glorie that I may a vessell be.

A Seruant Lord euen from my day of byrth,  
 I vowed was by parents vnto thee,  
 A Nazarit I liued on the earth,  
 And kept thy vowes as grace did strengthen mee,  
 Till Satan made me worlds deceipt to see,  
 And trapt my senses with forbiden lust,  
 As Eue did tast of the restrained tree,  
 So fond affections did me forward thrust,  
 A sinfull Philistine (of faith vniust)  
 To like, to loue, to craue, to wed, to wife,  
 Thy grace my strength to her reueale I must,  
 Till she to Satan sell my slumbring life:  
 A prisoner I, thus scornd and voyd of sight,  
 Sinnes house to ouerthrow, craue heauely might.

SON. LXXXIV.

Whilſt in the plentie of thy blessings ſent,  
 I ſought to ſolace Lord my ſelfe ſecure,  
 And gazing on worlds beautie long I went,  
 (In pridefull tower which did proſpect procure)  
 I ſaw the baytes of ſin, which did allure  
 My idle thoughts to follow wicked luſt,  
 My kindled paſſions could not long endure,  
 But vnto furious flames breake forth they muſt,  
 I did pollute my ſoule, by fraude vniuft,  
 And reſt thy grace from his true wedded wife,  
 And that I might away all mendment thrust,  
 I did bereave my knowledge of this life:  
 Whose baſtard frutes ſlaie Lord, but let her liue,  
 That penitent we may thee prayſes giue.

A

OF CHRISTIAN PASSIONS. 39

SON. LXXV.

A Seruant sold to sin ô Lord I am,  
Whom Satan(Syrian proud)doth sore assaile,  
Nine hundted Chariors of desire there came,  
Armed with lust, which sought for to preuaile  
And to subdue by strength they cannot faile,  
Vnlesse thou raise my fainting strength by grace,  
Let constant faith the flying furie naile  
To ground, where groueling is his resting place:  
Then shall my soule with Debora imbrace,  
In thankfull wise thy mercies I receiuie,  
And so pursue the fleshly Canaans race,  
Till I the furie of the same bereave.  
And with my song thy seruants shall accord,  
To yeeld due praise to thee the living Lord.

SON. LXXVI.

MY soule like silly Ioseph Lord was sold,  
By fleshly brethren his,(vnkind alas,) A  
To vanities(the merchants)which behold  
From far they saw to Egipt,which do passe.  
A seruant vnto Ismacls seed it was,  
And sold from sin to death, and so to hell,  
Of humane frailtie Lord a looking glasse,  
In which all foule affe ctions long did dwell,  
Yet lo alas when sin seekes most t' excell,  
And haue my mind consent to traitrous lust,  
With grace ô Lord,that enemy repell,  
And heare my praiers,who in thee do trust;  
Who though a space in bodies prison staies,  
Yet Lord at length vouchsafe to heauen to raiſe.

M iiii

## THE FIRST PART

SON. XXVII.

**S**O blinde ô Lord haue my affections bin,  
 And so deceitfull hath bin Satans slight,  
 That to giue credit I did first begin,  
 To pride, and lust, as heauenly powers of might:  
 I offred all my fences with delight,  
 A sacrifice to feed those Idols vaine,  
 Of all the presents proffred day and night,  
 Nought ynconsumde I saw there did remaine;  
 Till that thy Prophets by thy word made plaine  
 The falsehood, by the which I was deceiuied,  
 How Satans kingdome made hereof a gaine,  
 And wickednesse my hope and faith bereaued;  
 But now the sifted ashes of thy word,  
 Bewraies Bels Prists:slaies dragon without sword.

SON. LXXVIII.

**A**Wicked theefe that oft haue rob'd and slaine,  
 Thy graces of their frute, my selfe of blisse,  
 Now on the crosse of conscience I remaine,  
 To die the death the which eternall is:  
 I see no way to quit my selfe of this,  
 Vnlesse thou Lord whose kingdome is aboue,  
 Rememb're me, and cansell life amisse  
 Out of thy memorie, through Christ thy loue:  
 VWho in my flesh with me like death did proue,  
 That guiltleſſe he, might guilties ransome bee,  
 Loue to my soule it was, that did him moue,  
 The bands of death to bide to make vs free:  
 Bleſſe thou my tong, increase thou faith in mee,  
 This night to be in paradise with thee.

In

OF CHRISTIAN PASSIONS. 41

SON. LXXIX.

IN bondage long to Satan haue I bin,  
A maker of the bricke of Babylon towre,  
By birth, a thrall to grosse and filthie sin,  
Whom lusts taskmasters doth attend ech houre,  
Affection to the flesh doth cleane defloure  
The memorie and loue of promist lands:  
The fiend(euen Pharo) seeketh to devoure  
My soule, and chaine me to his dreadfull bands:  
But Lord receiue me safe into thy hands,  
Protect me from the rigor of his might,  
Quench thou the force of lusts inflamed brands,  
In my defence give me true faith to fight:  
Send Moyses Lord, with powre of heauenly sword,  
And Aaron to direct me by thy word.

SON. LXXX.

AMOabit I was of cursed kinde,  
Vnkinde vnto thy Church Lord, and to thee,  
Who sought by ayde of foolish Balaam blinde,  
To captiuate the soule that shoulde be free,  
Incestuous frutes of that high climbing tree,  
Whiche doth subdue all reason and all grace,  
A carnall kinsman by a neare degree  
Vnto the soule, the which I haue in chase.  
Whom I with lothsome sin sought to deface,  
And bastardise with carnall fond affect,  
Whose offspring thou vnto the tenth mans race,  
Didst once out of thy sanctuary reiect.  
Yet now by faith made free of Iury land,  
A suter here before thy throne do stand.

## THE FIRST PART

SON. LXXXI.

**L**o how I groueling vnder burden lie,  
 Of sin, of shame, of feare Lord of thy sight,  
 My guilt so manifold dare not come nie  
 Thy thronē of mercy, mirror of thy might:  
 With hidden and with ignorant sinnes I fight,  
 Dispairing and presumptuous faults also,  
 All fleshly frailtie on my backe doth light,  
 Originall and actuall with me go.  
 Against a stremē of lusts my will would roe  
 To gaine the shoare of grace, the port of peace,  
 But flouds of foule affections overfloe,  
 And sinke I must, I see now no release:  
 Vnlesse my Sauior deare this burden take,  
 And faiſt a ſhip of safetie for me make.

SON. LXXXII.

**F**rom Iuda wandring Lord to Iericho,  
 From holie law of thine to carnall luſt,  
 Whilſt midſt the preafe of lewd affects I go,  
 I robbed am, of rayment pure and iuft  
 And wounded lyē Lord groueling in the dust,  
 Not any paſſer by can giue me aide,  
 In fleshly ſtrength, or friendſhip is no truſt,  
 By high way ſeene, to helpe me few haue staide:  
 But ſince my Sauior Christ on crosse hath paide  
 A ransome rich to cure my bleeding ſore,  
 By faith to craue the frutes I am not affraide,  
 In hope my health thereby for to reſtore:  
 Bind vp my wounds with balme, leade me to reſt,  
 Give me ſuch giſts of grace as like thee beſt.

This

## SON. LXXXIII.

His slender Citie (Lord) of strength behold,  
 Wherin I dwell, Bethulia my bower  
 Of flesh, whereto sin laies a batty bold,  
 And seeks with sword & dearth my soules deuower:  
 Suppresse thou hellish Holofernes power,  
 Who prides himselfe in praie, of children thine,  
 I haue no trust in mountaines, wals, nor tower,  
 For want of faithes (true fountaine) we shall pine,  
 Raise vp this female couragde heart of mine,  
 Strengthen my hand to reue this monsters hed,  
 Let me not taſt deceiptfull follies wine,  
 Nor be polluted with worlds sinfull bed:  
 But constantly by faith fight in defence,  
 Offeeble flesh, and driue thy enemies thence.

## SON. LXXXIV.

Nor that my faith doth faint a whit is cause,  
 That I so instant am on thee to call,  
 O God of life, but yeelding to thy lawes,  
 Before thy sight, my soule these teares lets fall:  
 Which in thy bottle kept I know are all,  
 And quench the fury of thy burning ire,  
 Which sin enflamde, and qualifie it shall  
 The quarrell which hath set thy wrath oir fire,  
 If feruently the childe due food desire  
 Offather, he will not giue him a stome,  
 If of the wicked, iustice man require  
 Importunely, some iustice will be showne:  
 More righteous iudge and father thou to mee,  
 Art Lord indeed, and far more kind wilt be.

**T**He many trials Lord that I haue found,  
 Since out of Egipt darknesse I am brought,  
 Might witnesse well how in thee still abound,  
 Powre, mercy, truth, wherby thy workes are wrought.  
 But foule dispaire against my faith hath fought,  
 Amidst the wildernesse wherein I stay,  
 And daintier food my fond affections sought,  
 Then Manna, which thou sentst me euerie day,  
 The desert Zyn, doth fountaine pure denay,  
 Of grace, wherewith to quench my fainting ghost,  
 Eternall death expects my soule as pray,  
 And lust assaults me with a hideous host. (stone  
 Stretch forth hād Lord, smite thou my hart of  
 With rod of true repentance, griefe and mone.

## SON. LXIII.

**T**Hou hast ô Lord of mercy, me enricht  
 With flocks of fauour, and of graces great,  
 Since I in Bethell first the pillar pitcht,  
 Of praises to thy name and mercies seat,  
 Yet fleshly Esawes foule affections threat,  
 A ruine to the frute faith forth should bring,  
 With pleasing humors him for to intreat,  
 I feare it be to soule a dangerous thing:  
 Shield me Lord vnder thy protecting wing  
 Of mercy, which may saue from Satans rage,  
 My heart and voyce shall still thy prayses sing,  
 If thou the malice of my foes asswage;  
 In Sychem shall my heart an alter reare,  
 The mightie God to loue, to serue, to feare.

The

## SON. LXXXVII.

The talent which thou pleasedst Lord to giue,  
 To me thy seruant that I should bestow,  
 Whilst in thy seruice on the earth I liue,  
 My diligent increase thereofto shew,  
 I haue abused Lord (too long) I know,  
 And feare thy comming to be nigh at hand,  
 I see for breach of dutie what I owe,  
 And of thy iudgments do in terror stand:  
 Thy grace hath left me in a forreine land,  
 Where vnexpert of vertue I do straie,  
 I shall be throwne to Satans thralfull band,  
 Voyd of thy heauenly ioy and blisse for aye,  
 Vnlesse thou helpe, for thou doest yse to giue,  
 Grace vnto grace, and faith from faithlesse drue.

## SON. LXXXVIII.

Since that it pleaseth thee thy selfe to shew,  
 A iust reuenger Lord of Heath'nish sin,  
 And bring the pride of bold Philistines low,  
 Who thee defame, when holy Arke they win;  
 Now that to fetch it home I do begin,  
 And in the temple of my heart to place,  
 Grant so I may thy secrets see therein,  
 That plagues, for my presumption do not chafe  
 It so from me, as they that fled the face  
 Of glorie thine, which therein did appeare:  
 Let faith and loue draw home by trustie trace,  
 The constant cart, whose carriage is so deare;  
 And let me order so this holie worke,  
 That dregs of sin not in my deeds may lurke.

THE FIRST PART  
SON. LXXXIX.

**I**N famine great of grace, and comfortlesse,  
 Thy seruant Lord doth in Samaria dwell,  
 For Lord fierce Aram doth with sin oppresse  
 The citie where my soule to harbour fell:  
**I**want the strength his armes to repell,  
 Of lust and of affections most vncleane,  
 My mind whose loue doth motherlike excell,  
 Her children (thoughts of mendment) sees soleane,  
 That forst by famine, she can find no meane  
 To feed them long, her faith so poore is growne,  
 That natine pitie now secluding cleane,  
 Her greedie nature doth devout her owne.  
 Releue in time this siege, Lord cause a feare  
 Of thee, this camp of cruell sin to reare.

SON. XC.

**O**N sweet and savorie bread of wholesome kinde,  
 Which in thy word thou offrest store to mee,  
 To feed vpon the flesh doth lothing finde,  
 And leaues, to leane (ô Lord) alone on thee:  
 The leauen of the Pharisies will bee  
 The surfeit of my soule, and death in fine,  
 Which coueting to tast for bidden tree,  
 To carnall rules and reasons doth incline:  
 Solauishly my lusts do tast the wine,  
 Which sowrest grapes of sin filles in my cup,  
 That lo my teeth now set on edge, I pine,  
 Not able wholesome food to swallow vp,  
 Vnlesse thou mend my tast, and hart doest frame,  
 To loue thy lawes, and praise thy holy name.

Out

O vt of thy flocke o Lord through my defect,  
 A silly sheepe my selfe (behold) am lost,  
 To seeke me forth in time do not negle<sup>c</sup>t,  
 Since I so precious price to thee haue cost.  
 By many by-paths Lord my feete haue crost,  
 And cannot find the way vnto thy fold,  
 Through many stormes of deep despaire thus tost,  
 To craue thy aide at last I now am bold:  
 If thou of silly groat that count doest hold,  
 That thou doest search the house to find the same,  
 No doubt my soule to sin by nature sold,  
 May mercy find, by calling on thy name:  
 The Saints in heauen convertids gaine reioyce,  
 On earth thy praise is song, in heart and voice.

B Ehold amidst worlds desert all alone,  
 Seduced by the frailtie of the sp[irit],  
 Accompany'd with fleshly comfort none,  
 My soule with sin compelled is to fight  
 Where suddenly alas before my sight,  
 I Satan see, me ready to assaile,  
 By two his seruants which are most of might,  
 Presumption and despaire, which seldome faile,  
 The best perfections of mans strength to quaile,  
 By pride, or want of faith, or couetise,  
 By lust, or gluttony, or fained vaile  
 Of vertue, which doth many sinnes disguise;  
 But chase him Lord away by written word,  
 Which is more sharpe ghen his two edged sword.

## THE FIRST PART

SON. XCIII.

The dreme which thou to Pharo didst reueale,  
 Thou in my selfe hast made me see in deed,  
 The state(alas) of mans weake common weale,  
 Whereas affections of all sorts do feed;  
 The frutefull soyle of grace somewhiles did breed,  
 Full faire effects in truth of heauenly kinde,  
 But many barren thoughts alas succeed,  
 And threaten famine to a vertuous minde.  
 Store of such yeares as yet I feare behinde,  
 Which Lord will starue the comfort of my faith,  
 Vnlesse thy mercy and thy wisedome finde,  
 A store house to laie vp what scripture saith:  
 In hope of which thy goodnesse, lo I liue,  
 Which of thy grace Lord do thou to me giue.

SON. XCIV.

The seed which thou the husbandman hast sowde  
 Within my soule(ō Lord) by Prophets hand,  
 Hath taken roote at last, by deaw bestowd  
 Form heauenly grace, which fructifies my land:  
 But lo I saw the worlds deceipt to stand  
 In readinesse to mingle tares therein,  
 Whilst sleeping, me in vanities he fand,  
 He made my frutes to overflow with sin:  
 But ere thy haruest to approach begin,  
 Vouchsafe to weed these frailties so away,  
 That when thy corne is to be gathered in,  
 I may be cleane, and in thy garner stay.  
 Burne Lord with chastisement my fleshly lust,  
 And clense my life by faith both pure and iust.

What

# OF CHRISTIAN PASSIONS. 49

## SON. XCV.

What strength hath man? wherin may he repose  
A power to stay him in a vertuous way?  
To loue thy flocke thou Lord my soule haft chose,  
Whom to obey my vowes and words did say:  
But in my power alas there is no stay,  
For light temptations made me cleane forget  
My dutie to my Lord, and to denay  
Him who thus long I haue too lightly set:  
But now my heart with teares my cheeke doth wet,  
In sorrow of my so inconstant faith,  
Repentance hath my sin before me set,  
And conscience now my error duly way'th:  
Grant that thy word crow thrise & thrise to mee,  
And warne me of my dutie vnto thee.

## SON. XCVI.

The malice of this monster auncient foe  
Of man, and of the Church which thou didst plant,  
Euen Satan Herod-like about doth goe,  
To make my frutes of faith to grow more scant,  
Whilst yet with weaknesse feeble youth doth pant,  
And wanteth grace to strengthen their estate,  
The motions of the mind doth straight recant,  
To see soules safetie which sin faine would hate;  
The counsels of affections do debate,  
And do conclude to murder vertues breed:  
Lust, pride and envy, open wide the gate,  
To furious flesh, that doth the wicked deed.  
My soule (their mother) mourns o Lord their end,  
My future frutes of grace do thou defend.

N

SO foolish Lord haue my affections bin,  
 So carelesse of the blessing thou doest give,  
 So prone my nature vnto euerie sin,  
 So thanklesse of thy grace by which I liue,  
 That violently thy loue away I driue,  
 And sell the patrimony to ensue,  
 I carry water in an open siue,  
 And change for lentil pottage birth-right due.  
 Too late (alas) my folly I do rue,  
 Who worlds delight preferred haue so long,  
 Reiecting heauenly knowledge treasure true,  
 Vnto my soule imposing open wrong,  
 Yet not so late o Lord I pardon craue,  
 But yet one blessing thou for me wilt haue.

A Sinfull Syrian Lord my father was,  
 Exilde from Paradise by iust desart,  
 I wandred into Egipt, there alas  
 To finde in world some food to please my hart:  
 Where seruile bondage vnto sin and smart,  
 I suffered so long through Satans rage,  
 That heauenly aide I craud thence to depart,  
 Which only able was my grieve t'asswage:  
 From silly seruant and an abiect page,  
 Thou broughtst me forth to knowledge of thy truth  
 (The blessed land) and showdst me on a stage,  
 A patterne how to guide my wandring youth,  
 Such frutes therfore as faithfull soile doth yeeld,  
 I offer here first crop of blessed field.

# OF CHRISTIAN PASSIONS. 51

## SON. XCIX.

I See(alas)proud Satan hath too long  
Defrauded thee, ô Lord, of that is thine,  
And loue of world hath drawne me vnto wrong,  
Whose heart thy offrings to bestow repine:  
My outward knees vnto thee do incline,  
My tong doth promise present of my store,  
I say these gracious gifts are none of mine,  
But will them all thy Aulter laic before;  
But vanities doth press me euermore,  
And want of faith to leaue some part behinde,  
Although I see death readie at the dore,  
My hollow heart and lewd deceipt to finde:  
Grant that I may my soule, my power, my will,  
Present ô Lord to serue thee onely still.

## SON. C.

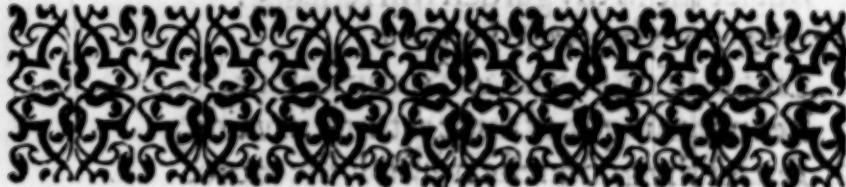
Ince thou by grace out of wilde Oliue stocke,  
Hast pleaseid me Lord within thy Church to plant,  
And reckon me as of thy proper flocke,  
Who else all pleasant frute by nature went,  
Vouchsafe my thankfull frutes be not so scant,  
As cause thee to reiect me backe againe,  
Offormer bountie Lord do not recant,  
But let me in thy garden still remaine:  
By mercy not by merit I attaine,  
This blessing promised so long before,  
Let not this gift of thine returne invaine,  
But let thy goodnessse multiply the more:  
Make sweet the frutes which bitter are by kinde,  
Increase thy grace in bodie and in minde.

N ij

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**CONCLUSION.**

**M**Ourne thou no more my soule, thy plaint is heard,  
The bill is canseld of the debt it owes,  
The vaile is rent, which thee before debard,  
And Christ his righteousness on thee bestowes;  
Thus comfort to the patient alwaies growes,  
If they attend the time God hath affignde,  
Our strength to beare, our maker best he knowes,  
And at a needis readie for to finde,  
Our Sauiour is so mercifull and kinde,  
Vnto our selues he will not leaue vs long,  
He castes our faults through loue his back behinde,  
And turnes our plaints into more pleasant song.  
And when we are even at the gates of hell,  
His glorie, mercie, power, doth most excell.

**THE**



## THE SECOND PART OF CHRISTIAN PAS-

(fions, Containing a hundred Sonets of

comfor, Ioy, and thankes-

giving.

PREFACE.

Some men do mourne for suddeine ioy they say,  
And some likewise in midst of sorrow sing,  
Such diuers frutes do passion often bring,  
As reason cannot course of Nature stay,  
And happie sure he is (I not deny)

That both these motions hath from heart contrit,  
When frailtie of his flesh appeares to fight,  
And mercy calling him backe from decay.

Who can behold the flesh and spirit fight,  
The doubtfull issue and danger of the thing,  
The losse whereto our nature might vs fling,  
And gaine which grace doth giue through Sauiors  
And not delight, To glotifie his name, (might,  
And yet lament his proper natvie shame,

N iii

## THE SECOND PART

## SON. I.

A  
S through a mist, or in a cloud a farre,  
I see a glimse of heauenly grace to shine,  
And to reuiue the fainting faith of mine,  
And spirits which with darknesse shadowed are.  
The fleshly fog of sin did iudgment barre,  
Of proper vse, of power, of reason sound,  
(Which in first parents franckly did abound)  
And better part of natures strength did marre;  
But since my eyes of grace a sight haue found,  
Of that eternall light which doth incline,  
Fro out these fogs of feare I hope t'vnwine,  
And force of fainting faith for to confound,  
And on a ground More firme wil build my trust,  
And that in Christ whose promises are iust.

## SON. II.

C  
Leng'd are the cloudes and darknesse fled away,  
And now in triumph doth my Sauiour ride,  
Sin, hell, nor death, dare not his sight abide,  
The world nor Satan can his progresse stay:  
This piercing light of truth shall so bewray  
Ech stratagem their practise doth devise  
Against my soule, that there shall not arise  
One cloud of care to darken this my day.  
But that my thoughts (like to the Pilate wise)  
Shall looke about, lest that my heart should slide,  
And by this sunne my course so constant guide,  
That all their slightes shall not my soule disguise,  
Which now espies The malice they me owe,  
Which lōg they clothd with shade of plesāt show.

When

## OF CHRISTIAN PASSIONS. 55

### SON. III.

When as my conscience layeth forth before  
My thoughts, the sinnes which daily I commit,  
I thinke my selfe an instrument vnfitt,  
To witnesse forth thy glory any more:  
But when I see that sin was first the dore,  
By which death entred and such hold did take,  
That death did first our want apparant make;  
And want first cause that man did ayd implore,  
That praiers first thy mercies do awake,  
That mercies do renue our dulled wit,  
That ioyed heart should not vnthankfull sit,  
And thanks to thee doth fleshly glory shake,  
It straight doth flake The fear which bad me stay,  
And bids me still proceed to praise and pray.

### SON. IIII.

Since to so holy vsē I consecrate  
The silly talent Lord thou lentst to me,  
That it a trumpe vnto thy praise might be,  
And witnesse of their woe that thou doest hate.  
Doethou ô Lord forget the abiect state  
Of flesh and bloud, base mettle of my frame,  
And since that thou hast sanctified the same,  
Vouchsafe thy grace my weaknesse may abate:  
Thou that my former wandring will didst tame,  
And me prepare in minde to honour thee,  
Canst give me gifts the which thereto agree,  
How ere my proper power be weake and lame,  
So shall thy name Be precious in my sight  
And in thy praise shall be my whole delight.

N iiij

## SON. V.

**W**ould God I were as readie to confess,  
 And yeeld thee praise sweet Salvour day by day,  
 As to craue my wants I am forward ay,  
 And feruently at need to thee to press,  
 To beg of thee alone thou wilst no lesse,  
 Because thou onely able art to give,  
 And with each needfull thing by which we live,  
 Thou promisest our prayers thou wilt blesse,  
 But we with vse of them should not so stay,  
 And onely seeke to thee when need doth drieve,  
 (Whose blessings running through an open stie,  
 No praise for recompence vnto thee pay)  
 But when we pray, We should thee laud also:  
 Our thankfull harts with bountie thine should go.

## SON. VI.

**I**Hauie begun ô Lord to run the race,  
 Where flesh and bloud against the world must fight,  
 On heauenly kingdome gazing with my sight,  
 Where is appointed scope of resting place:  
 Wingd with the will of zeale of heauenly grace,  
 I do indeuor alwayes to proceed,  
 In constant course vnto the arke indeed,  
 Where in thy mercies I behold thy face,  
 A feruent faith it doth my courage feed,  
 And make my heauie limbs become more light,  
 When in thy sonne I see thy glorie bright,  
 The pledge vnto my soule that hope shall speed,  
 This blessed seed Thou hast Lord sowne in me,  
 And all the frutes shal to thee offred be.

Where

OF CHRISTIAN DEDICATIONS. 37

SON. V. M. O.

Wher shall I finde fit words of proper phrase,  
Wherewith to digne all the loue I owe,  
Whose gratefull minde in thankfulness doth grow,  
And to the world thy worthinesse would blate?  
Unfrutefully the greater sort do gase,  
Upon thy workes and blessings they receive,  
And carelesly thy honor they bereave,  
And suffer chance or wit thy fame to rase,  
Whilst vnacknowledged thy loue they leue,  
Forgetting all the gifts thou doest bestow,  
Whose blinded nature so doth overflow,  
That most vnkind to thee, themselves they shew.  
But since I know By grace thy blessing great,  
My pen thy praises alwaies shall repeat.

SON. VIII.

The more I seeke to dedicate thy power,  
In celebrating of thy honour great,  
(Whose throne is fixed in thy mercies seat)  
The more my dutie groweth euerie hower,  
Some times with Eagles flight aloft I tower,  
And seeme to see the glorie of thy sunne,  
But ere my willing wings haue scarce begunne  
To mount, they droop with clog of heauie shower:  
Upon the hill of trutn I footing wonne,  
By faith which laboureth with fervent heat,  
Of worthie praises thine for to intreat,  
But ere I haue begune my worke is donne,  
So farre I runne In seeking to begin,  
I cannot write, such maze my muse is in.

## SON. IX.

**A**S fareth with the man the which hath bin  
I perillbut of late to haue bene drownd,  
Though afterward he do recover ground,  
Knowes not at first the safetie he is in:  
So when I thinke vpon the flouds of sin,  
Wherin I was neare drenched ouer hed,  
What time all hope of comfort cleane was fled,  
And I into dispaire to sinke begin.  
My fainting faith with feare euен well nigh dead,  
My minde amazed it doth so confound,  
That though thy mercies freely do abound,  
In port of peace I am not free from dred,  
But being led Fro out the perils sight,  
I shall enjoy more pleasure and delight.

## SON. X.

**S**Ince thou ô Lord hast giuen to me at last,  
The victorie against the deadly foe,  
Who like a Lyon roaring still doth goe,  
My soule(poore Lot my kinsman deare)to wast  
Since grace at length his pride hath now defast,  
And by the hand of faith he is subdude,  
And that my strength by thee is so renude,  
That his affections almost are displast.  
Since thy high Priest with present me pursude  
Of bread and wine, the which he did bestow,  
And with the same the blessing gaue also,  
Whence life, whence libertie, whence health insude,  
I haue indued As proper vnto thee,  
Thy Church with tyth offaith thou gau'st to me.

If

# OF CHRISTIAN PASSIONS. 59

## SON. X.

If he to whom his Lord did but remit  
A silly debt was thankfull to him found,  
And that the more the sinnes forgiuen abound,  
The more he loues that pardond is of it,  
Then sure it seemes it were good reason fit  
That I whose soule was sold to death and hell,  
Whose sinnes in multitude did so excell,  
With idle braine shouldest not ingratefull sit:  
But as the flowing fauours daily swell,  
So shouldest my voice thy praises euer sound;  
And since thou hast powrde oyle into my wound,  
I shouldest not spare thy mercies forth to tell:  
And (so as well as thou shalt giue me grace)  
I will thee laud, each season, time and place.

## SON. XI.

Now that I haue some safetie Lord attaingd,  
Fro out the labyrinth wherein I was,  
Since grace as guide therein to me did passe,  
And loue was line which me my issue gaind;  
Since that my wandring steps faith hath refraind,  
And that thy word was Sybils braunch to mee,  
Through hell and death away to let me see,  
To Elizian fields where blisse for aye remaind,  
I must not Lord so much vnthankfull bee,  
To breake the vowes which once I made alas,  
But I will shew thy mercies in a glas,  
That by my words men may acknowledge thee,  
The onely hee Hath any power to sauе,  
And raisd my soule fro out the verie graue.

I Shame to see how large my promise are,  
 How slow my deeds that should performe the same,  
 I know the constant meaning whence they came; A  
 But will and power are faine at strife and iarde, adT  
 What soule begins to do, doth hodie marre, i sti uodT  
 What loue wold build, distrust wold ouerthrow, god N  
 A plenteous offring, zeale doth bid beslow, god N  
 But fainting faith likes not to set it farre, sibi ridi N  
 My will at least his good intent shall shew, oR oR as mI  
 Which thou o Lord cause vnto better frame, fioE  
 A free will offring Lord thou wilt not blame, bA  
 Of such weake frutes as are on earth below, god I  
 Which yet shal grow More fruteful by thy grace,  
 And as they be, wilt in thy sonne imbrace,

## SON. XIV.

The end whereto we all created were, Heads wO VI  
 And if this world were plast to liue and dwell,  
 (If we with iudgment do obserue it well)  
 Was nothing else but God to serue and feare,  
 In which we badges of his glorie beare,  
 To yeeld him right the most our weaknesse may,  
 Which (to our strength) we ought not him denay,  
 Who out of earth to heauen this dust shall reare:  
 Which when within my selfe I deeply way, I ion shiul  
 I do condemne the dulnesse which befell  
 To me, whose giftes in nothing do excell, liw I iug  
 By which I might his glorie great display, ydardT  
 On whom do stay, All things that being haue,  
 Who to each creature all things freely gaue.

As

## OF CHRISTIAN PASSIONS. 61

### SON. XV.

A S is the treasure frutelesse which is hid,  
And blisse no blisse a man doth nos enjoy,  
(But rather is a meane to worke annoy,  
To him that carefully preserue it did:)  
So often times the wifest fort haue slid,  
Into like error, whilst they do conseale  
The gifts of grace, which God did them reueale,  
And hide the talent which is them forbid:  
As frutelesse is it to the common weale,  
That men respectiuely become too coy,  
And triflingly their time away do toy,  
And without good to others let it steale,  
I therefore deale To world, and do impart  
These silly frutes, which grow on feeling hart.

### SON. XVI.

T HE pleasures of this new possessed land,  
Fore-promised long since to children thine,  
Whereto I haue arriued safe in fine,  
And to enjoy the same assured stand,  
To paint with praises I would take in hand,  
That so I might incourage many more,  
To follow forth the conquest where is store  
Of corne, of wine, and oyle, for faithfull band:  
Our Iesus Christ himselfe is gone before,  
And showes the clusters of the healthfull wine,  
Whereof who tafts, shall not with famine pine,  
Nor starue, when plentie is at Citie dore:  
Ne need deplore The strength of Anaks race,  
For he the power of hell will cleane deface.

B  
E twixt two strong extreames my thoughts do flie,  
Twixt heat and cold, twixt heighth and depth below,  
And both of them from one desire do flow,  
The surest way to sauing health to trie,  
Faith bids me mount vnto the heauens hie,  
Vpon the merits of my sauior deare,  
A guiltie conscience bids me not come neare,  
Left in consuming Iealousie I die;  
A heart contrite doth will me to appeare,  
With works of righteousnesse, true faith which shew  
Faith saies, that god my streghth & power doth know,  
And that I cannot finde saluation here,  
But bids me cheere My soule, & nothing feare,  
Loue in his sonne will make him me forbeare.

## S.O.N. XVIII.

F  
ROM far I see the stars which guide the way,  
From East to West, to finde my sauiour out,  
I well might wander all the world about,  
To seeke saluation and in one place stay:  
I shining truth did not his house bewray,  
Vwhich in his word points forth his dwelling place,  
By which directed, I will walke a pace,  
Whilst yet I do enjoy the light of day;  
And when I come before his blessed face,  
To offer vp my presents will not doubt,  
Although their basenesse all the world should flout,  
So that my faith I may him once imbrace,  
Which giueth grace And makes accepted well,  
Mean works, as much as those which more excell.

Now

## OF CHRISTIAN PASSIONS. 63

### SON. XIX.

Now will I daunce ô Lord before the traine,  
Of those which following thee seeke home to draw  
Thy holy Arke, the treasur of thy law,  
That it with vs may pledge of peace remaine,  
I care not though the world my deede disdaine,  
And thinke it not beseeming thing for me,  
In such a worke an instrument to be,  
Whose yeares they deeme more fit for other vaine:  
For so I Lord thy sauing heath may see,  
And scape the harme of cruell Satans paw,  
Though all the scorners of the world me saw,  
Yet would I not ashamed be of thee,  
For being free, O holie promist land,  
I care nothow my state on earth do stand.

### SON. XX.

NO recompence ô Lord is fit for thee,  
If duly thy desert we do regard,  
Ne hast thou want or need of mans reward,  
At whose command all creatures readie bee:  
Yet if our thankfull minds thy goodness see,  
Confessing whence to vs these blessings flow,  
And in the vse of them obedience show,  
Although alas it be in meane degree,  
Thou yet doest frame thy loue to ours below,  
And as thou findst the giuers heart prearde,  
(Who to his power his present hath sparde)  
So doest thou cansell debt which he did owe,  
And doest bestow More graces then we craue,  
For which naught els but thāks thou lokst to haue.

How precious are the praiers of thy Saints,  
 Which able were thy threatned wrath to stay,  
 And make the sunne retурне in pride of day,  
 When as Iosias heart for feare it faints,  
 Thy fauour vnto Abram vs aquaints,  
 Of how great force repentant heart is found,  
 When(hauing vowed vile Sodom to confound)  
 To staie at seruants sute thy wrath thou daints;  
 By prayer man hath powre euen death to wound,  
 By praiser he may moue a mount away,  
 A faithfull seruent prayer finds no nay,  
 If that the thing we craue be pure and sound,  
 Yea God hath bound Him selfe by them to man,  
 Whose worthie praise no tongue well vtter can.

## S.Q.N. XXII.

Thanks will I alwaies studie Lord to pay,  
 To thee, the giuer of all good and grace,  
 And thankfully thy mercies will imbrace,  
 And witnesse forth thy workes from day to day,  
 My heart, my mouth, my pen they neuer stay,  
 To take occasion freshly to renue,  
 The memorie of praises to thee due,  
 Lest natures weaknesse let them passe away  
 My frailtie (in this point) indeed I rue,  
 Who till I see new blessings in the place,  
 Forget the fauours late before my face,  
 And mercies thine, from which such bountie grew,  
 For it is true So dull our fences are,  
 That oft thy blessings do our iudgments marre.

Where

OF CHRISTIAN PASSIONS. 65  
SON. XXIII.

WHere so I cast about my wandring eye,  
By chance or choice, by hap, or else by will,  
Before my sight some obiect is there still,  
Wherin thy power and loue I do espye;  
In view whereof, if I my thoughts do trye,  
To raise my heart to Ioy, I matter finde,  
And vnto thee my loue so firme to binde,  
That tongnor pen should neuer idle lye;  
Whose grâce vnto thy creatures is so kinde,  
As patrons of the same the world doth fill,  
Who mad'st not onely, but doest still instill  
Some feeling of the same vnto the minde,  
Which is not blinde, Or too much obstinate,  
Which later nature chiefly thou doest hate.

SON. XXXIV.

Wilst I do studie fitly to begin,  
To vtter forth some part of my intent,  
Which to thy praise with zeale and loue is bent,  
For freeing me from due reward of sin,  
I finde a labyrinth that I am in,  
Of many merits which do me inclose,  
Which as this holie motion in me rose,  
Of diuerse subiects for to treat do win,  
Among the rest my heart hath chiefly chose,  
To giue thee thanks for comfort to me sent,  
In staying me the wandring course I went,  
And feeling faith, with knowledge where it growes,  
And though I lose Therwith the worlds delight,  
Yet will I ioy in hope of heauenly sight.

Ince thou hast Lord vouchsaft to send me ayde,  
 By holie spirit thine in tyme of need,  
 (As Philip to the Eunuch came indeed)  
 Which in my wandring iourny me hath stayde;  
 Since he hath taught me what thy Prophets sayde,  
 And what humilitie was in thy Sonne,  
 (Whose patience like a lambe hath freedom wohnen,  
 Vnto my soule, for which he raunsome payde)  
 I see no earthly things shold stay vndone,  
 The duties which requirede of me I reed,  
 By faith vpon thy promises I feed,  
 And to thy Sacraments for strength I runne,  
 And thus begunna, I will continue still,  
 To learneth thy lawes, and to obey thy will.

## SON. XXVI.

How can I limit well my tong or pen,  
 Within what bounds may I my selfe inclose,  
 Who such a theame towrite vpon haue chose,  
 Whereon the more I muse, more growth it then,  
 It fares with me herein, euен right as when  
 A hastic mind forgetteth what to speake,  
 When stātnering words the perfect sence do breake,  
 And makes vs not be vnderstood of men:  
 Such worthie matter in my mind there growes,  
 So plentifull, and I of skill so weake,  
 So pleasing to me, and so proper eake,  
 That in the choyce of them I judgment lose,  
 And euен as those want matter silent be,  
 So plentie of thy praise confoundeth me.

Now

# OF CHRISTIAN PASSIONS.

67

## SON. XXVII.

**N**ow that thy mercies do so much abound,  
As thou vouchsafest Lord with me to dwell,  
And glorious Arke of hope which doth excell,  
Drawne home by hungry faith my heart hath found,  
Since power thereof, did sinfull Dagon wound,  
And yet disdaineth not my humble state,  
I freely open Lord, my lowly gate  
Of lips and tong, which may thy praises sound,  
Thy blessings seeme to flow to me of late,  
Since in my soule thy word I did embrace,  
My zeale refreshed is with heauenly grace,  
My comfort, wealth that hell cannot robate,  
In such a rate Thy fauour do I finde,  
As bindes me loue a father found so kinde.

## SON. XXVIII.

**W**Hat should I render thee my Sauour deare,  
For all the gifts thou doest on me bestowe?  
Whose gracious measure so doth ouerflow,  
As power of recompence cannot appeare,  
I do imbrace thy gifts with ioyfull cheare,  
And to thy alter speedily do runne,  
To follow forth thy praise (but new begunne)  
Till all thy people may thy mercies heare:  
Thy glorious image shineth in thy Sonne,  
Thy loue to man did his obedience shew,  
His loue and mercy vnto man hath wonne  
The gifts of grace, whence faith and comfort grow,  
VWhere through we know That we are thy elect,  
And these our feeble frutes wilt not reiect.

O ij

## SONN XXX.

The powerfull pen the which records thy praise,  
 O Lord of life, hath many volumes made,  
 Thy wondrous works each leafe doth overlaide,  
 Which aye increase as growing are my dayes,  
 Vnsearchable indeed are all thy wayes,  
 In multitude they number do exceed,  
 In glorie they do admiration breed,  
 Their goodnessse power of recompence denayes.  
 The hungry thou with plenteous hand doest feed,  
 Thy fauour to thy creatures doth not fade.  
 The more in view of all thy works I wade,  
 The more I finde my sense confound indeed,  
 But yet in stede Of Eccho to thy fame,  
 I will give thanks and laud vnto thy name.

## SON. XXX.

This stately stage wherin we players stande,  
 To represent the part to vs assigne,  
 Was built by God, that he might pleasure finde,  
 In beautie of the works of his owne hand,  
 All creatures of the ayre, the sea and land,  
 Are players at his appointment of some thing,  
 Which to the world a proper vse may bring,  
 And may not breake assigned boundes or band:  
 Some do in ioy still forth his praises sing,  
 Some mourne & make their moane with healy mind,  
 Some shew the frutes of nature weake and blind,  
 Some shew how grace base sin away doth fling,  
 God (like a King) Beholds, Christ doth attire  
 The plaiers with the shape, their states require.

Who

# OF CHRISTIAN PASSIONS. 89

SON. XXXI. Q 2.

W<sup>H</sup>o so beholds with constant fixed eye,  
The fauour and perfection of my choyce,  
He cannot chuse but must in heart rejoyce,  
That mortall sight may heauenly blisse espie,  
All earthly beautie he will straight defie,  
As thing too base to occupie his braine,  
Whose fading pleasures so are payd with paine,  
That they true tast of pleasure do denie:  
But who so can this perfect sight attaine,  
Cannot containe, but yeeld with cheerfull voyce,  
An Echo to the Angels heauenly noyse,  
Who to his praise do singing still remaine:  
They then are vaine Who fix their sight so low,  
That such a glorious God they will not know.

SON. XXXII.

O<sup>H</sup>euvenly beautie of loue the fountaine true,  
Whose shining beames do penetrate my soule,  
With such a zeale as former thoughts controll,  
And drawes heart, powre, and will thee to insue,  
Thou mak'st my fainting sight for to renue,  
And dazeling eyes new strength thus to attaine,  
To whom alone perfection faire is due,  
Thou mak'st earths bewteous shadow seeme but vain,  
Thy works of glorie, and of powre remain,  
In grauen in thankfull hearts which them infold,  
Thy loue and mercy made thee pay the toll,  
Which to our dying soules true life did gain,  
Thy loue doth wain, My thoughts frō baser loue,  
And mak'st my heart and mind to seare aboue.

O iii

## SON. XXXVII.

If beautie be as men on earth suppose,  
 The comely shape and colours which agree,  
 In true proportion to the thing we see,  
 Which grace and fauour both do neuer lose,  
 If white and red be borrowd from the Rose,  
 If bright and shining to the sunne compar'd,  
 If high and straight to goodlinesse w'award,  
 And beautie haue such base descriptions chose,  
 Then let the wise this beautie true regard,  
 Where all perfections in one subiect be,  
 Surpassing frute of the forbidden tree,  
 Which (but to cast) man suffred death's reward,  
 Which is prepared, And offred to our sight,  
 In Christ to loue and feed vs day and night.

## SON. XXXVIII.

How may this be, that men of searching mind,  
 Whose curious eyes in beautie do delight,  
 (The pleasing object of their fancies sight)  
 In outward shape and colour comfort find:  
 And yet the better beautie leauē behind,  
 Vsought, or ynregarded of at all,  
 Compard to which, none can it beautie call,  
 Unless a buzzard whom affections blind,  
 This earthly forme of flesh it is so small  
 Of worth to charme the sence of noble spright,  
 As is a starre before faire Phoebus bright,  
 Whose glory idt their borrowed beauti apall:  
 Thus wise men fall, Whom camall cies do guide,  
 Whose iudgement may not vertues sight abide.

OF CHRISTIAN PASSIONS. 71

SON. XXXVI.

O Heauenly loue, with God thou dwelst for aye,  
Thou passest faith and hope in dignitie,  
Thou keepest the law, thy feet step not awrie,  
In all mens danger, thou the surest stay,  
To our request, thou neuer sayest nay,  
Ne wrath, ne enuy, move thee ere a whit:  
Thou multitude of saines in man doest quit,  
Thou law and Gospell both dost ouer sway:  
Thou doest with God aloft in heauens sit,  
With God in counsell thou art alwaies by,  
Thou caufest Christ mans weaknesse to supply,  
And makest vs receiuie the frute of it,  
And every whit Of goodnesse that we haue,  
Loue made him send, who loue therfore doth

SON. XXXVII. (craue.

The shining face of my faire Phœbus deare,  
Whose glorie doth eclipse each other light,  
Presents himselfe vntoworlds open sight,  
Their blinded eyes with ioyfull view to cheare:  
But sluggish so the greater sort appeare,  
That (sleeping in selfe-loue and mind secure)  
The cleare aspect of truth they not indure,  
Nor of their blindnesse willingly would heare;  
But so my fences do his beautie allure,  
To gaze vpon his louely fauour bright,  
That therein onely haue I may delight,  
Where is all happiness, I do assure,  
He doth procure A plentifull increase,  
Vnto my soule, of perfect loue and peace.

O iiiij

72. THE SECOND PART 40  
SON. XXXVII.

A Vaine base thoughts, incomber me no more,  
By laying forth these earthly wants of mine,  
As though thou wouldest perswade me to repine,  
Because of wealth I haue not needlesse store:  
If thou didst know thy nakednesse before,  
He cloth'd thy soule, and fed thy fainting minde,  
(With righteousnesse and faith in Sauiour kinde)  
Thou wouldest that former state much more deplore;  
And then confess, the comfort thou doest finde,  
By peace of conscience, in this flesh of thine,  
Is greatest riches truly to define,  
(So that contentment be not left behinde)  
These gifts me binde To praise his holy name,  
And place chief wealth in knowledge of the same.

SON. XXXVIII.

I Will not feare with seruency of zeale,  
To follow forth this faire affect of mine,  
(To loue of thee which doth my soule incline)  
O Sauiour deare, who sure my griefe wilt heale:  
Vnto thy proffred kindnesse I appeale,  
Who of thy selfe didst call me vnto thee,  
And promisedst I shold thy darling bee,  
Made free within thy Church and common weale,  
Disparagement there is not now in mee,  
Ne shall distrust forbid me to be thine;  
But faith shall flie aloft to thee in fine,  
Where all thy treasures safely I may see,  
And happie hee Bestows his loue so well,  
Whose hope is payd with pleasures that excell.

Loue

## SON. XXXIX.

L Oue then I will, and loue thee Lord alone,  
 For fellowship in loue there may not bee,  
 Loue for thy loue (o Lord) shall be thy fee,  
 For other recompence thou crauest none;  
 My vowes and deeds they shall be alwaies one,  
 All dedicated to adorne thy name;  
 My heart, my soule, my strength shall do the same;  
 Thy loue shall be my faiths true corner stoneye,  
 The loue of thee shall my affections frame,  
 To follow that may pleasing be to thee,  
 My eyes no beautie but in thee shall see,  
 And thy regard my wandring will shall tame,  
 Yea I will blame, And scorne each other thing,  
 Saue what shall me vnto thy fauour bring.

## SON. XL.

F Aine would I praise thee Lord with such a zeale,  
 And seruencie, as might my loue expresse;  
 Faine would my loue yeeld vnto thee no lesse  
 Due praise, then thou didst loue to me reueale,  
 But wanting power thereto, I yet appeale  
 To that thy goodnessse, which thee first did moue,  
 In fragill flesh of mine the strength to proue,  
 Whose weaknes thou by heauely powre didst heale:  
 Mans wit in words comes short in this behoue,  
 To recompence(nay onely to confessse)  
 The many waies thou doest our bodies blesse,  
 Much more our soules, which freely thou didst loue,  
 Thy trutchie done, Thy holy spright of grace,  
 Makes yet our weakness stand before thy face.

O Perfect Sunne, whereof this shadow is  
 A slender light, though it some beautie show,  
 On whom thy influence thou dost bestow; T  
 Whose constant course still shines in endlesse blisse;  
 To scan thy glorie, wit of man doth misse; A  
 How far thy mercies beames abroad extend,  
 Tong cannot speake, nor wit can comprehend,  
 And humane frailtie is bewrayd in this; C  
 The fire, ayre, water, earth they wholly bend, T  
 The host of heauen, and creatures belowe, A  
 To pay their dutie vnto thee they owe, M  
 Which didst their being and their vertue send,  
 And I intend With them (in what I may) A  
 To witnesse forth thy laud and praise for aye.

## SON. XLII. 02

What present should I bring of worthie pris,  
 To witnesse well the loue to thee I owe, B  
 I nothing haue but what thou didst bestow, C  
 Ne likest thou the toyes of mans devise,  
 I would not spare my powre in anywise,  
 No treasure seemes to me for thee too deare:  
 The pleasures of the world the which are here,  
 Too base they are, how ere wit them disguise:  
 To yeeld thee faith, it doth the best appeare,  
 But mine is very weake (alas) I know,  
 To yeeld thee praise, doth make a decent shew; T  
 But to thy merit neither doth bothe neare, C  
 With garment cleare; Yet clothid of righteous  
 My selfe to offer vnto thee, Jesus. A

VWho

## OF CHRISTIAN PASSIONS. 75

SON. X LIV. 2.

**V**WHO so beholds the works (o Lord) of thine, (dwell  
The stretched heaues, the seat where thou doest  
The earth thy footstooke, which dater not rebell,  
Which all vnto thy will do still incline, i b o d i  
The Sunne and Moone by day and night which shine,  
The changing clouds, the firme and fruful land,  
The Planets which do firme for euer stand,  
All which aginst thy behest dare not repine:  
The host of Angels in thy heavenly band,  
Th' infernall fiends with Lucifer which fell,  
The fish, the soule, the beast agreeing well,  
And all obedient to thy heavenly hand,  
May understand, Thy glorie, loue, and powre,  
Without whose help, ma could no man howre.

SON. X LIV. 2.

**A**S doth the Moone by daily change of heuynge,  
By growing, or decreasing, beautie shewing,  
The influence, the greater lights bestowing,  
Whose absence, or whose presence, her renue:  
So must all flesh confesse, and thinke most true,  
The faith or feare they haue for to prodded,  
From heavenly grace, which heatiely gifts doth feed,  
Without whose face, blinde darcknesse doth infuse;  
Mans proper powre is so obscure indeede,  
With shades which rise frō earthly thoughts below,  
That nothing but blinde ignorance would grove,  
Vale sic this lumen did shining comfort feed,  
Which serues in steed Of fire vnto the same,  
Fro whence this light of faith receiueth his flame.

76. THE ASECOND PART 10  
SON. XLV.

**I**F Saba Queene, a journey tooke in hand,  
From South to North, wise Salomon to heare;  
If humane wisedome was to her so deare,  
That she did visit thus his holy land,  
Then do I muse why men do idle stand,  
In pride of youth, when wit and meanes abound,  
Their tender braines to feed with wisedome sound,  
Far passing that this Queene for trauell found.  
This error is the scarre of Adams wound,  
Who sought his knowledge not in fountain cleare,  
To whom forbidden skill did best appeare,  
Neglecting graces him inclosing round,  
But on the sound And written word I build,  
Not Salomon such Oracles could yeeld.

SON. XLVI.

**H**ow fond a thing it is which men do vse,  
To beat their braines, and so torment their hart,  
In compassing the thing which breeds their smart,  
And do not know what is the thing they chuse:  
They childishly the name of loue abuse,  
And would define the nature of the same,  
By passions which belong to hatreds name,  
Wherein to pine with pleasure they do chuse.  
Who euer saw that figs on thorne-tree came,  
Or thistels roses beare by any art?  
With pain, with grief, with shame, with losse impart  
Their passions, which they for their loue do frame,  
With iudgment lame; Loue is a heauenly thing,  
Where being plast, it perfect loue doth bring.

Let

# OF CHRISTIAN PASSIONS. xxvii

S O N . X L V I I .

**L**et earthly things in earth their loue repose,  
For flesh and bloud on faith thou canst not feed,  
It is a frute indeed of heauenly feed,  
Which who disgesteth well life cannot lose,  
The soule fro out of other matter growes,  
And vnto other matter turnes againe,  
Immortally to live in ioy or paine,  
As grace to sundry vises it hath chose.  
Then is it time my thoughts at length to waine,  
From laying vp my treasure for my need,  
Where mothes and canker do so common breed,  
As in the world whose wealth is mereley vaine,  
If I attaine, But faith layd vp in store,  
In Christ my Sauious, I desire no more.

S O N . X L V I I I .

**F**Ye fainting faith dissuade me not so much,  
From following of my louely heauenly chayce,  
To thinke on whom, I cannot but rejoyce,  
Whose name or memorie my heart doth touch,  
What trauell ere befall, I will not grutch,  
Through fire and water I will him pursue,  
Whose sight my fainting soule doth straight renite,  
His loue and mercy both to me are such:  
If I should dye for him it were but due,  
By him I liue, and follow will his voyce,  
Regarding lightly farre or common annoy,  
Which threaten paine and distresse to insue,  
There are but fewe That passe the narrow way,  
But crowne of honor doth their trauell pay.

78 THE SECOND PART 50  
SON. XLIX.

I find my heart is bent for to amend,  
And follow thee forsaking wicked way,  
From wickednesse my footsteps for to stay,  
And to thy will my works henceforth to bend:  
But yet the cause which makes me this intend,  
I finde is rather feare, then loue of right.  
Yet free-will offrings do thee more delight,  
And to such works thou doest thy blessing send.  
It is not ill to set before thy sight,  
Thy heauie plagues for sin from day to day,  
But I had rather forth thy fauours lay,  
And for their loue in quarrell thine to fight,  
Which if I might By seruent zeale attaine,  
Then should I hope the victorie to gaine.

SON. L.

NO sooper loue intirely me possessest,  
But see how iealousie doth me affaile,  
She seekes with deepe distrust my faith to quaille,  
And to remoue from conscience quiet guest,  
She telleth me my Lord doth sin detest,  
And that my deeds they too vnworthie are,  
That from his fauour they will me debarre,  
Whose loue is fixed only on the best:  
Feare had begun to worke in me so farre,  
That to amaze my minde it could not faile,  
Till to my loue my state I did bewaile,  
Who shining sweetly like the morning starre,  
Did stay their iarde, And bid my soule to rest  
In Christ, by whom I surely shall be blest.

He

OF CHRISTIAN PASSIONS. 79

S O N. L I.

H E is vnworthie to receive a gift  
From any man, that him mistrusts before; A  
I will not ought of thee Lord doubt therefore,  
Although no reason can my hope up lifte,  
I know in deed it is slye Satans drift,  
To laie before me this my vyle estate,  
Which (being sinfull) thou of force must have,  
And I rejected be without all shift,  
But when I with my selfe thy works debate,  
Which haue examples of thy mercies store,  
His reasons are of force with me no more,  
Because that faith sets open wide the gate  
To me of late, Which leades to treasure thine,  
Where (in thy sonne) thou doest in mercy shine.

S O N. L II.

F Aine would I follow thee through sea and land, A  
My louely Saviour whom farre off I see, C  
Zeale makes my mind with speed to hast so thee, I  
But natvie weakness makes me doubtfull stand, V  
If to my ayde thou gaue it not forth thy hands, I  
And by thy word incouragedst me to grow, B  
I shoule so shun afflictions which do flow, V  
That feare shoule bend my faith like feeble wands, A  
But by thy offred grace now strong I grow, A  
And through the troubles of the world will be, C  
Bold to proceed and faith shall succour me, I bna  
To witnesse forth the thankfulness Lowe, A  
Thou doest bestow On me both power & will,  
And with them both I will the chonour still.

L II.

82. ANOTHER SECONDPART  
SON. LIII.

A S do the starres amidst the firmament,  
With borrowed light beare record vnto thce,  
(O Lord of might) in whiche we men do see,  
The image of thy power to them but lent,  
So when our weake indeuors Lord are bent,  
To publish forth thy pralles, which excell;  
These lilly sparkes of light which in vs dwell,  
Do shew thy grace which vs this motion sent,  
Although therefore no speech or tong can tell,  
How infinite thy glorie ought to bee,  
(Whiche passeth humane sence by high degreee,  
As wisest men to grant, they do compell)  
Yet thou likst well, We shew herein our will,  
Which I haue vowed vnto thy seruice still.

SON. LIV.

C All me & Lord, for lo I do attend  
To follow thee where so thou doest direct,  
I know thou wilt not my intent reiect,  
Who gladly would proceed where so thou send,  
I doubtfull stand, which way my course to bend,  
Because I finde such ignorance of skill,  
To follow forth according to my will,  
A frutefull course the which I did intend,  
As thou with forward zeale my minde didst fill,  
So shew me Lord whereto I am select,  
And I shall carefullly the same effect,  
And feruently thereto go forward still,  
Depend I will, Vpon occasion fit,  
That faithfully I may accomplish it.

Like

Like silly babes, such must thy seruants bee,  
In innocencie and obedience still,  
Vnto thy holy lawes (o Lord) and will,  
From wrath, pride, malice, lust, and enuy free:  
With Serpents eyes of wisedome must they see,  
And stop their eares, which Sathan would deceave,  
With charmes of pleasure, which a scar do leave,  
And onely lend obedient eare to thee:  
Yet with simplicitie of due receave  
The yoke of law, whose rule they must fulfill,  
And suffer patiently, the word to kill  
The force of sin, which would soules health bereave,  
Such thou wilt heave, And hold in heauely arme,  
And with protecting hand, defend from harme.

Who so could like to Steu'n behold and see,  
The thron triumphant where our Sauiour sits  
In Maiestie aloft, as best him fits,  
A Judge and Sauiour to his Saints to be,  
Coēquall with his father in degree,  
Possessor of the place for vs prepard:  
Who readie stands our weake works to reward,  
And from the fury of the world to free;  
He were but base, if ought he did regard  
This transitorie honour, which so flits,  
Which to attraine so much doth tyre our wits,  
And yet so niggardly to man is shard,  
And afterward Doth leave a sting behinde,  
Of care of conscience, and of griefe of minde.

THE SECOND PART  
SON. LVII.

**W**Ho seeketh not with all his powre and might,  
To eternize vnto himself his state?  
That chance or time may not his blisse rebate,  
Or death it selfe may not dissolute it quight?  
Thus some therefore for honour fiercely fight,  
And some for wealth do trauell far and nigh,  
Some worldly wisedome with great studie buy,  
To make them famous seeme in vaine worlds fight:  
Which is the readiest way they do espye,  
To keep their name from death, which so they hate,  
Yea all suppose, posteritie the gate,  
Timmortalize this flesh, whose floure must dye:  
But all go wry, wealth, honor, wit haue end,  
And children passe, faith onely life doth lend.

SON. LVIII.

**V**Vhat wealth may be to this alone comparde,  
To be co-heire with Christ offathers loue?  
To haue our earthly thoughts so rayld aboue,  
That world and worldly things we not regard?  
To see by faith a kingdome rich prepare  
For vs, which shall eternally remaine,  
(Made free from worldly cares and troubles vaine)  
Which is for children his, a due reward?  
Who can discouragde be with earthly paine,  
Or tedious combats which the flesh doth proue?  
Since care of vs our Partner Christ did moue,  
To share our grieves, his ioy for vs to gaine:  
Which thoughts shoulde waine Our wils frō base  
And vs incourage higher to aspire. (desire,  
If

OF CHRISTIAN PASSIONS. 85

SON. LIX.

If Paradise were such a pleasant soyle,  
Where all things flourisht first and prosperd aye,  
Wherein who liued, neuer could decaye,  
Till sin by Satans slight gaue man the foyle:  
Which blessings afterward did cleane recoyle,  
And left man naked in reproach and shame,  
To dust to turne againe from whence he came,  
On baren earth to liue with sweat and toyle;  
Then is our state much better then that same,  
Our Paradise a place of blisse to staye;  
Our Sauiour (Abrams bosome) doth displaye,  
Wherien our soules shall rest most free from blame,  
Where he our name Hath writ in booke of life,  
To be exempt from feare of care, or strife.

SON. LX.

What is felicitie whereof men wright?  
Which to attaine, our studies still are bent,  
Vvhich to procure, such time & paine is spent,  
By endlesse trauell there in day and night:  
Sure if it be nougnt else but firme delight,  
And that delight consist in peace of minde,  
Then here on earth this treasure none shall finde,  
Vvhose pleasures quickly vanish out of sight:  
The earth doth chaunge, as seas do rise with tyde,  
And stormes insue the calme before that went:  
This happinesse but for a time is lent,  
And payd oft times with penance more vnkinde  
By fortune blinde. True blisse consists herein,  
To loue the Lord, and to abandon sin.

## THE SECOND PART

## SON. LXI.

**H**ow many priuiledges great and rare,  
Do we enjoy, that do thy name profess?  
Euen many more by far (I do confesse)  
Then we obserue, or how to vse be ware:  
To giue thy onely Sonne thou didst not spare,  
Vs to redeeme from deaths eternall wound;  
The sting of hell and sin he did confound,  
And way to heauen for vs he did prepare.  
Yea so his mercies do to ys abound,  
That all the worldly creatures more and leſſe,  
Yea heauenly Angels do themſelues addrefſe,  
To ſerue mans needfull vſe are readie found:  
He doth propound, In Christ all these to man,  
And hauing him, no want annoy vs can.

## SON. LXII.

**B**y many gifts (o Lord) thou doest declare  
Thy mercies vnto man, whom thou wilt ſaue,  
The vſe of all the which in Christ we haue,  
By hand of faith, that precious bleffing rare,  
That doth his right eouenesſe for vs prepare,  
Our ſtubbornneſſe with his obedience hide,  
His patience doth our groſſe impatiencie guide,  
His temperance with our intemperance ſhare,  
His continence our frailtie lets not ſlide:  
(For changing nature ours, his strength it gaue)  
Our pride it hides, and hopes which faithleſſe waue,  
And shades our hart with loue, which ſtill ſhall bide;  
Thus every tide, It readie is at hand,  
For our defence a buckler ſafe to stand.

How

# OF CHRISTIAN PASSIONS. 87

## SON. LXII.

**H**OW should the quiet mind in peace and rest,  
Possessed of the thing it most desireth,  
(A thing so precious, none durst haue asp' irde  
To gaine, vnlesse the giuer had him blest)  
How may it morne, how may she be opprest,  
Who hath the bridegrome alwaies in her sight:  
Who in her loue doth take so great delight,  
As by his bountie hourely is exprest?  
The dolefull darknesse fitteth blinded night,  
The shining Sunne hath cloudes of care retirde;  
With heauenly heate my heart it hath inspirde,  
Since in thy sunne I saw thy fauour bright,  
The which did fight, As champion strong for mee,  
From cloudes of darknesse and from sin to free.

## SON. LXIII.

**W**HO so of perfect temprature is framde,  
Must needs delight in heauenly harmony:  
His fences so shall be renewd thereby,  
As sauage beasts by Orpheus harpe were tamde;  
Yong Davids harpe, Sauls furious spirit shamde,  
And Dolfins did Aryons musickheare.  
Such sympathetic in all things doth appeare,  
That never musickhe was by wisedome blamde:  
But he that could conceiue with iudgement cleare,  
The sweet records that heauenly motions cry,  
Their constant course that neuer swarues awry,  
But by discords, whose concords after cheare,  
Would hold so deare; The mouer of the same,  
That loue of him shoulde base affections tame.

## SON. LXV.

**G**reat is thy powre, and more then we conceiue,  
 Thy glorie more then can discerned be;  
 Mans greatest gift is this, that lie may see,  
 Or know, that vertue thine doth his bereave:  
 His dazeling eyes each shadow doth deceave,  
 His iudgement builded on inconstant ground,  
 His strength but weaknesse in it selfe is found,  
 His glorie, greater glorie must receive  
 From thee, in whom all glorie doth abound:  
 What maiestie dare man compare with thee,  
 To whom all creatures bow obedient knee?  
 Whose contemplations thou doest cleane confound,  
 Vpon this ground. True blisse & wisdome stand,  
 To know, our wisedome floweth from thy hand.

## SON. LXVI.

**A**s but vaine hope it is for man to trust,  
 To thing not promised, or not in powre  
 Of speake to performe at pointed howre,  
 Which is the case of flesh and bloud vniust:  
 So call that hope, no wise man can or must,  
 Which is performance of expected thing;  
 When as possession doth assurance bring,  
 Of thing whereafter we tofore did lust:  
 The Saints in heauen in ioyfull rest do sing,  
 Whom hope nor feare do raise or yet deuower,  
 But men on earth haue hope a resting tower,  
 To shield them from despightfull Satans sting:  
 Faith is the wing Makes me to hope ascend,  
 And truth in Christ will make my hope haue end.

## OF CHRISTIAN PASSIONS. 89

### SON. LXVII.

Great are the gifts o' Lord thou doest bestow  
On sinfull man, by thy abounding grace,  
Who when they want, doest never hide thy face,  
But still a patron of thy bountie show:  
Which makes vs both thy powre and mercy know,  
And so with shame and sorow to repent,  
Our thanklesse natures so vnkindly bent,  
So slacke to pay the praises which we owe:  
But when I do consider thou hast sent  
Thy Sonne himselfe for to supply our place,  
Whose patience did the death on crosse imbrace,  
Those to acquite, who did with faith assent:  
All speeches spent, Seeme then to me in vaine,  
And onely I admiring do remaine.

### SON. LXVIII.

I Haue bene blind, and yet I thought I saw,  
And now I see, yet feare that I am blind;  
No blindnesse like to that is of the mind,  
Which doth the soule to deadly danger draw:  
My careless steps did stumble at a straw,  
And yet supposd my walke had bene so ware,  
That to haue err'd had bene a matter rare,  
When euery thought did violate thy law:  
But since to search my felfe I do prepare,  
So darke of sight my soule and sence I find,  
That if thy Christ(my loue) were not more kind,  
Eternall death I see should be my share.  
But now I dare In spight of wicked foe,  
A better course with constant courage goe.

## THE SECOND PART

SON. LXX.

**W**HY should he faint or thinke his burden great,  
 That hath a partner to support the same?  
**V**I by coward-like should he his honour shame,  
 That hath a champion readie at intreat,  
**W**ho can and doth death and confusion threat,  
 To all impediments which stop our way?  
 On whoma repose our trust we boldly may,  
 He being judge, and plastr in mercies seat?  
**H**e sees our thoughts, and knows what we would say,  
 He doth our mouthes to fit petitions frame,  
 He hides our errors if our faith be lame,  
 And he himselfe doth also for vs pray,  
 We need but stay, And trust to his goodwill,  
 And we are sure he will our want fulfill.

SON. LXX.

**A**Lthough the world do seek to stop my way,  
 By many stumbling blocks offeare and doubr,  
 And bid me seeke a farther way about,  
 And on the staffe of carnall strength to stay;  
 Though sin, though hell, though death do me denay,  
 That any powre shall bridle their intent,  
 But would compell me walke as worldlings went,  
 The headlong path of pleasure to decay,  
 Yet will I not this purpose mine repent,  
 So long as faith will be my souldier stout,  
 To ouerthrow this fearefull thronging rout;  
 Whom to subdue, this grace was to me sent,  
 No shall be spent: In vaine this paine of mine,  
 Hope against hope, shall win the field in fine.

It

IT were vnfitt a concubine to keepe,  
 Or that her children shold possession haue,  
 Among the frutes which lawfull wedding gaue,  
 By vertuous spowfe which in the soule doth sleepe;  
 And yet behold how shamefully do creepe,  
 Into possession of my powre and witt,  
 These thoughts and works which motions are to ill,  
 And trench themselves in fleshly fortresse deepe:  
 Whose base societie will with vices fill,  
 The holy brood which grace would spotlesse saue;  
 In such a boubt my yong affections waue,  
 That they consent I shold them foster still,  
 But that would spill More vertuous heritage:  
 Therefore exilde these be, though hell do rage.

SOMETIMES my nature seemeth to repine,  
 To see the pleasure and the plenteous store,  
 The wicked do enioy for euermore,  
 Abounding in their corne, their oyle and wine:  
 But when I see my weake[n]esse so encline,  
 To the abuse of portion I posseſſe,  
 My heart with ioy full often doth confesse,  
 Thy loue doth much in earthly starke fhine;  
 These things are good and bad, as thou doest blesſe,  
 Which I dare not directly craue therefore,  
 Such danger followes them euē at the dore,  
 That plentie lightly doth the soule oppresse;  
 And as I guesſe, Contentednesſe doth grow,  
 In gratesfull mind; though state be neare ſo low.

**I**F he vneworthie be the sweet to tast,  
 That shuns the sowre (as we in prouerbe say)  
 To honor, pleasure, profit, in the way  
 Great perill, paine, and cost, so often plast;  
 If as vnworthie health, he be disgast,  
 That will refuse a bitter purge to take,  
 When he doth know it will his feauer slake:  
 So do temptations proue the mind more chaste,  
 If we with courage do the combat make,  
 And to the end immoueable do stay:  
 The more that Satan doth his spight display,  
 The more the pride and powre of him we shake,  
 And he will quake, And sin shall haue a fall,  
 And faith in Christ shall triumph ouer all.

## SON. LXXIIII.

**T**O shun the rocks of dangers, which ap peare  
 Amidst the troubled waues of worldly life,  
 VWhich in each company are alwaies rife,  
 Which with soules perill most men buy full deare,  
 I feare almost to keep my course so neare,  
 The conuersation of such tickle tides,  
 And thinke him blest, that banished abides  
 In desert, where of sin he may not heare:  
 But when I note where so a man him hides,  
 That still affections breed an inward strife,  
 That nature beares about the bloudie knife,  
 And to the death the proper soule it guides:  
 That fancies slides Away, and I prepare,  
 In combats of the world to fight my share.

VVere

OF CHRISTIAN PASSIONS. 93  
SON. LXXV.

WERE it not straunge, that members of the same  
One liuiug bodie, and one parents childe,  
Should by the other daily be defilde?  
And of vnseemly thing shoulde haue no shame?  
And yet we which of Christ do beare the name,  
And children of his father vs do call,  
At discord with this parent daily fall,  
And Christ our eldest brother do defame;  
It seemeth well we be but bastards all,  
Though stock be true, we be but Oliues wilde,  
Who thinks vs better, he is but beguilde,  
Our frutes are bitter, and increase but small,  
And who so shall Examine well his works,  
Shall see, that gall in purest thoughts there lurks.

SON. LXXVI.

IT is no light or curious conceipt,  
O Lord thou knowst, that maketh me to straine  
My feeble powres, which blindfold did remaine,  
Vpon thy seruice now at length to waight;  
But onely shame to see mans nature fraight,  
So full of pregnant speech to litle vse,  
Or rather oftentimes to thy abuse,  
Whilst to deceiue, they laie a golden baight;  
And do not rather thinke it fit to chuse,  
By praises thine, true praise themselues to gaine,  
And leauie those fond inuentions, which do staine  
Their name, and cause them better works refuse:  
Which doth abuse The gifts thou doest bestow,  
And oftentimes thy high contempt do show.

For common matter common speech may serue,  
 But for this theame both wit and words do want,  
 For he that heauen and earth and all did plant,  
 The frutes of all he iustly doth deserue:  
 No maruell then though oft my pen do swarue,  
 In middle of the matter I intend,  
 Since oft so high my thoughts seeke to ascend,  
 As want of wisedome makes my will to starue:  
 But thou ô Lord who clouen tongis didst send,  
 Vnto thy seruants when their skils were scant,  
 And such a zeale vnto thy praise that brant,  
 As made them fearelesse speake, and never bend,  
 Vnto the end, One iot from thy behest,  
 Shall guid my stile, as fits thy glory best.

## SON. LXXVIII.

How happily my riches haue I found?  
 Which I no sooner sought, but it is wonne,  
 Which to attaine, my will had scarce begunne,  
 But I did finde it readie to abound:  
 The silly faith I had was ferled found  
 In Christ, although for feare it oft did pant,  
 Which I did wish more constantly to plant,  
 That it might all temptations so confound.  
 With seruency this little sparkle brant,  
 Till it inflamed my zeale, and so did runne  
 Vnto the fountaine of true light (the sunne)  
 Whose gracious syole to feed it was not scant  
 Men finde more want, The more they couet still,  
 But more man couets this, it more doth fill.

VVhen

OF CHRISTIAN PASSIONS. 95  
SON. LXXXIX.

When desolate I was of worldly ayde,  
Vnable to releue my selfe at need,  
Thou hadst a care my fainting soule to feed,  
Because my faith vpon thy fauour stayde:  
My dying hope thou hast with mercy payde,  
And as thou didst releue thy seruant deare,  
Elias whom the Rauens in desert cheare;  
So am I comforted, whom sin affrayde.  
The cries of little Rauens thine eare doth heare,  
And slakst their hunger kindly (Lord)indeed,  
When parents do forsake deformed breed,  
That so thy prouidence might more appeare,  
Which shineth cleare, In blessings euery day,  
To me, much more then I can duly way.

SON. LXXX.

Midst this pilgrimage where wandring I,  
Do trace the steps which flesh and bloud doth tred,  
My comfort is, that aye mine eyes are led,  
By gracious obiect which in faith I spy;  
Whose brightness guides my steps, which else awry  
Were like to slide, through Satans subtil flight,  
Gainst whom his holy Angels alwaies fight,  
And suffer not my strength too farre to try:  
By day his word and works are in my sight,  
Like to a cloud to comfort me in dread;  
By fire through deserts, and the sea so red,  
His hand doth gouerne me in dangerous night,  
His fauour bright, Conducting this my way,  
An host of stops shall not my iourney stay.

THE SECOND PART  
SON. LXXXI.

I See a storme me thinks approach a farre,  
 In darkned skie, which threatens woe at hand;  
 Vnto my tackle I had need to stand,  
 Lest sudden puffs my purposd course debarre:  
 These tempting thoughts full oft forerunners are,  
 Of fierce affections, which do moue the minde,  
 VVhich if resistance not in time they finde,  
 The strongest tackling they do stretch or marte;  
 I closely therefore will my conscience binde,  
 And arme my vessell with couragious band,  
 Of skilfull saylers, which do know the land,  
 VVhose harbors for my safetie are most kinde:  
 And in my minde Shall faith the Pylot bee,  
 VVhose skill shall make me wished port to see.

SON. LXXXII.

HOw is it that my course so soone would stay,  
 Before I haue begun the thing I thought?  
 If ease or pleasure I herein had sought,  
 I had not then made choyse of such a way:  
 More facill is the course vnto decay,  
 More fauour with the world it will attaine,  
 But I mislike the ioy requit with paine,  
 And faining words, not meaning as they say:  
 Men breake their sleeps some silly pelfe to gaine,  
 With losse of life small honour some haue bought,  
 Yea Philosophers pleasure set at nought,  
 To win a name of vertue to remaine:  
 Then I will waine My selfe from earthly rest,  
 With heauenly crowne and honour to be blest.  
 VVhen

## SON. LXXXIII.

W  
HEN I begin to faint in my conceipt,  
To see the little powre I haue to good;  
How sin hath vertue in me still withstood,  
And frailtie on my flesh doth alwaies waight;  
I am confounded and amazed straight,  
And readily could turne and flie the field,  
And all my trauell to the tempter yeeld,  
Before I would aduenture more to fight:  
But when I duly note whereon I build,  
My faith, which watered is with Christ his bloud,  
Of force sufficient to withstand the fiend,  
And me from perill and destruction shield,  
I easilly welde Each burden on me layd,  
And of my safetie nothing am affrayd.

## SON. LXXXIII.

T  
HE chaitisements which often do befall,  
Vnto the most belou'd of God, and blest,  
Doth breed vnto their soules both peace and rest,  
And home from wandring thoughts their mind doth  
And sure are tokens not offauour small, (call,  
Who father-like doth vs in time correct,  
Who else the care of him would soone reiect,  
And haue no heed vnto our wayes at all.  
The good Phisition that would life protect,  
Cuts of a limbe sometimes as it seemes best,  
And yet the patient doth the same digest,  
Or any paine that worketh good effect:  
Should God neglect Vs then to exercise  
With rods, wherby to make vs grow more wise.

THE SECOND PART  
SON. LXXXV.

**H**ow should my feare or sorrow long remaine,  
 (Although the world did swell, and overflow  
 With danger, which nought else but death do show)  
 Vhen I by death do finde a present gaine?  
 Faith me assures that all assaults are vaine,  
 That seeke to seuer me from heauenly bliss:  
 The loue of Christ assueth me of this,  
 That I with him shall safely still remaine.  
 What though of earthly pleasures I do misse?  
 And though the care of them vnpleasing grow,  
 Yet this by good experience I do know,  
 All things turne to the best to children his:  
 I therefore kis, The crosse with ioyfull cheare,  
 Because in chauisement doth loue appeare.

SON. LXXXVI.

**A**lthough those Gibeonites, the natvie borne  
 Of sinfull flesh, haue slyly me beguilde,  
 Vhen as I thought all lust to haue exilde,  
 By showing faynd repentance ragged and torne:  
 Though flesh and bloud vnto this league haue sworne,  
 Not asking counsell of the Lord at all,  
 By which into a snare my soule did fall,  
 And deepe hypocrisie my powre did scorne;  
 Yet meane I them vnto account to call,  
 And since they haue my holy thoughts defilde,  
 Accursed I will hold them, and as vilde,  
 Will hate their offsprings all, both great and small,  
 And be they shall, But bondmen to my soule,  
 Who daily may their proud attemps controwle.

When

## OF CHRISTIAN PASSIONS. 99

### SON. LXXXVII.

W  
hen I began a conquest of my will  
To make, and yeeld it vnto reasons law,  
My reason to the rule of God to draw,  
And by that rule to guide my actions still,  
It had bene wisedome first the flesh to kill,  
Who breeds affections, which do still withstand  
The building of the worke I haue in hand,  
And thornes are in my sides to worke me ill,  
But now my error I do vnderstannd,  
And must (by feare of wrath) keepe them in aw,  
And by the chastisements of sinne they saw,  
Make them to yeeld vnto obedient band,  
Then shall my land With fafhfull souldiers be  
Replenished, and armed strengthen me.

### SON. LXXXVIII.

N  
ot euery one that with his lips doth pray,  
Or praise thy name is grateful in thy sight,  
Thy searching eyes haue not so much delight,  
In those that cry, Lord, Lord, each houre of day,  
But such as in thy bounds obedient stay,  
And make thy will a law vnto their mind,  
That in thy promises do comfort find,  
And follow not the worlds deceitfull way,  
To such thou shovest thy selfe a father kind,  
And doest cōtrobol at their heart with might,  
Against all powers wherewith they daily fight,  
Their sores thou tak'st to cure, and doest vp bind,  
Angels assynd, Do them inuiron round,  
And to their comfort, mercies do abound.

100 THE SECOND PART TO  
SON. LXXXIX.

H Ow should I quicken vp my selfe indeed,  
To true and faithfull loue euen as I ought?  
Vnlesse I call to mind whence I was brought,  
And by whose aide, who did this kindnesse breed,  
Which when I only waigh, my heart doth bleed,  
To see that bountie of a God so kind,  
And note the dulnesse of my nature blind,  
That should forget the Lord, who me doth feed.  
W hen I was almost lost, he me did find;  
W hen I forgat him cleane, on me he thought,  
W hen I was sold to sinne then he me bough t,  
W hen I was wounded, he my sores bid binds,  
Y ea when I pind, He gaue me plenteous store,  
Which gifts I will record for euermore.

SON. XC.

V V Hy should I faint or feare, or doubt at all,  
How fierce so euer fleshly combat shal,  
Since I so sure a succour readie know,  
To shield me safe, what euer do befall?  
If he haue such regard of sparrowes small,  
As none of them (till God appoint) do dye,  
If to our haires which fall, he haue an eye,  
That none of them vnumbred perish shall:  
W hy should I thinke him deafe when I do cry?  
As though he had no care of ys below,  
As though he would not needfull things bestow,  
Although our patience he delight to try,  
Who can deny, But flowres that grow in field,  
In glory staine the beautie pride doth yeeld,  
How

## OF CHRISTIAN PASSIONS. 161

### SON. XC1.

H ow do Gods blessings to his Saints abound,  
Whose gifts of grace, although they be but small  
At first, yet more and more increase they shall,  
As seed well watered in a frutefull ground,  
The proofe whereof I (sinfull) wretch haue found,  
Whose faith nigh famished, he now hath fed  
From heaven, with great increase of fish and bread,  
Which strengthen dying soule with comfort sound,  
His word for table he did open spred,  
His seruants for to feed me, he did call,  
Their dole so free, I find more fragments fall,  
Then in my basket, sentes home haue led,  
Yet he hath bed To such more to bestow,  
As greatest store of former treasure shew.

### SON. XCIV.

I know not Lord how to discharge aright,  
The dutie that for graces great I owe,  
No need thou haft of me at all I know,  
Yet in thy seruice shall be my delight,  
To publish forth thy praises day and night,  
To serue thy Saints with gifts I shall possesse,  
Thy wondrouss workes by all meanes to confesse,  
I will employ my substance, wit, and might.  
The remnant of my life shall well expresse,  
That (dead to sin) in Christ to life I grow,  
Which shall to world, my mind regenerate show,  
Although that I, cannot sinne cleane suppressse,  
And will addresse My thoughts to thee alone,  
Because on earth true joy or blisse is none.

192 . THE SECOND PART TO  
SON. XCIII.

IF I did hope by pen to patterne out  
The many merits of thy Majestic,  
(Which of thy mercies we do daily trie)  
And endlesse matter I should go about,  
But I (alas) my strength so much do doubt,  
That nothing less then such a thought I haue,  
To point foorth others to a thought I craue,  
Whose confidence in skill is much more stout.  
Yet dare I say that nature never gaue  
The power to flesh and bloud to looke so hye,  
Nor gifts of grace, full few there are apply,  
To giue him laud aright, that did them saue.  
How to behaue My selfe hetein Hearne,  
And wish my will might others likewise warne.

SON. XCIV.

VVhat tongue or pen can shew it selfe vnkind,  
Vnto a father full of mercy so,  
Who freely doth such benefits besto,  
And of our case hath such a carefull mind?  
Before we were, a way he forth did find,  
Wherby to purchase vs in heauen a place,  
When natuē strength our glory should deface,  
A remedie therefore his loue assynd:  
He giues vs knowledge of the same by grace,  
Which offered is to them the which will go  
Vnto the word where sauing health doth grow,  
And faith through which our Sauour we imbrace,  
And being base By birth, and thrall to hell,  
He vs adopts in childrens roome to dwell.

Why

## OF CHRISTIAN PASSIONS. 103

### SON. XCV.

VVHy should this worldly care haue now such power  
To quench the comfort which the soule shall find  
In this our God, who is to vs so kinde,  
The memorie of which shoulde feare deuoure?  
If faith were watered well with heauenly shower  
Of grace, and knowledge of our happie state,  
It would the force of all assaults abate,  
And be a bulwarke strong, at trials hower.  
If we the world and flesh did truly hate,  
And made his will a law vnto our mind,  
If doubt of power or will, did not vs blind,  
Which to distrust, sets open wide the gate,  
Then would this rate Of worldly care be lesse,  
And he our faith with fauour more would blesse.

### SON. XCVI.

H Ow loath this flesh of mine remaineth still,  
To part from sinne his old companion deare,  
Of death or of a change, he would not heare,  
But would imbrace him aye with his good will,  
The very thought of death his thought doth kill,  
The very feare thereof his sorrow brings,  
So sweet the pleasures seeme of earthly things,  
That nought else can our fond affections fill.  
But who is wise, fro out the snare he wrings,  
Before perforce, death doth approch him neare,  
That abstinence no vertue doth appeare,  
When want of power subdues affections stings,  
But who so flings, From them when they pursue,  
To him pure name of vertue indeed is due.

THE SECOND PART  
SON. XCVII.

VV Ho so would liue, of force he first must die,  
 Death is the doore which leadeth vnto life,  
 Life which shall be deuoyd of change and strife,  
 Whose comfort shall our teares of sorrow drie;  
 The way is straight the which man must go by:  
 If to the heauens he purpose to ascend,  
 His grosse corruption must to graue descend,  
 And dead the power of sinne therein must lye,  
 If he to be regenerate intend,  
 First must he mortifie the motions rife,  
 Of lust, which kill the soule with cruell knife,  
 And eke his ruine presently pretend,  
 For God will send A happie change indeed,  
 As haruest paies with plentie plow-mans seed.

SON. XCVIII.

VV Hen I with griefe sometimes to mind do call,  
 The wofull losse that sinne to man hath brought,  
 And want which to all creatures it hath wrought,  
 By Satans slight, and Adams fearefull fall;  
 I find no comfort in worlds vse at all,  
 But wish to be dissolu'd with Christ to dwell,  
 From whom all blessings flow and do excell,  
 In thought whereof my comfort is not small:  
 Yea I do grow by thinking hereof well,  
 Into a doubt, if that in truth I ought  
 More sorrow parents fall, which death hath brought,  
 Or ioy the life through Christ to me befell;  
 Yet truth to tell, I find the change so good,  
 Our state is better now then when we stood.

If

## SON. XCIX.

If I can speake and like a coward crake,  
 If I can tell the thing the which is best,  
 If I in muster seeme to battell prest,  
 And yet shrinke backe when I should triall make,  
 If I indeuour others to awake,  
 Fro out the deadly slumber they are in,  
 And yet my selfe cannot revolt from sin,  
 But in the pride thereof do pleasure take,  
 By all my trauell I no gaine shall win,  
 Although my paine might proue to others blest,  
 But (as the Symbals sound doth to the rest )  
 I miight haps morne, when others mirth begin,  
 The feast but thin, Would be vnto my share,  
 Though many dishes to the guests I bare.

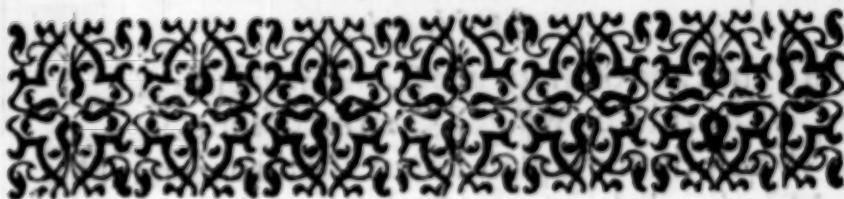
## SON. C.

Fortune and chance, blind guides to blisse farewell,  
 Vpon your leasures I no more attend,  
 I not regard what good or ill you send,  
 Nor in your tents of pleasures wish to dwell,  
 A greater blisse then ere through you befell,  
 Ye made me to negle~~t~~ I now do see,  
 Whose hope from feare could nere continue free,  
 But aye distrust did aginst my faith rebell:  
 The earths delight the which ye promist me,  
 Could not my soule from sorrow ought defend,  
 Your sweete with sower was mixed in the end,  
 So vaine and variable both they be,  
 Then happie he That seeketh blessed rest,  
 In Christ alone, and doth the world detest.

### CONCLUSION.

VV Ords may well want, both inke and paper faile,  
 Wits may grow dull, and will may weary grow,  
 And world's affaires may make my pen more slow,  
 But yet my heart and courage shall not quale,  
 Though cares and troubles do my peace assaile,  
 And driue me to delay thy prayse awhile,  
 Yet all the world shall not from thoughts exile,  
 Thy mercies Lord by which my plaints preuaile.  
 And though the world with face should gratefull smile,  
 And me her pedlers packe of pleasures show,  
 No heartie loue on her I would bestow,  
 Because I know she seekes me to beguile,  
 Ne will defile My happie peace of mind,  
 For all the solace I in earth may find.

### F I N I S.



## SVNDRY AFFECTIONATE SONETS OF A FEELING CONSCIENCE.

### P R E F A C E.

VV Here hast thou rangd my retchles soul so long?  
How too securely hast thou lulld my mind?  
In so long space, no cause or meanes to find,  
To (once againe ) renue thy vowed song.  
Be not too bold, thinke not thy perill past; modell X. 1  
May be, thy iourney is but new begun, modell 1  
Pleasures do vanish, dangers fly as fast modell 2  
To stop thy course, if slowly thou do runne. modell 3  
Thy vowes are made, they may not be vndonne, modell 4  
And cause thou hast ( if blessings not thee blind) modell 5  
To keepe thy promise to a God so kind, modell 6  
By whom alone, thou freedomes rest hast wonne:  
To him (nay to thy selfe) then do not wrong,  
To whom thy hart, powre, will, by vow belong. modell 7

## SON. I.

O F thee and of thy prayse (Lord) will I sing,  
 Who rid'st on winged Chariot of the skie,  
 Whose throne is plaste aboue the thrones most hie,  
 Whose will doth forme & change ech formed thing:  
 To thee the offerings, of thy bounties gift,  
 To thee the due, of my attaynd desire  
 I will present, and with a voice uplift  
 Contend to cause the world thy name admire.  
 Thy prayses do not mortall praise require,  
 For lo (alas) they no way can come nyc  
 Vnto the holy hymnes thy Saints apply,  
 And Angels sing, inflam'd with heauenly fire:  
 Yet shall my soule, such zealous present bring,  
 As shall record my loue to heauens high king.

## SON. II.

E Xild be mortall cares, rayf'd be my song,  
 To treat (with stile condigne) thy honor still,  
 O mighty loue, who heauen and earth dost fill  
 With myrror of thy power: to thee belong  
 All powers and wils, of body and of mind,  
 Thou mak'st and blessest with thy prouidence,  
 Thy bountie to the needy is so kind,  
 As nought but mercie and loue proceedeth thence:  
 At our right hand a readie safe defence,  
 If satans practise once assaile vs will,  
 Thou holy motions dost in vs distill,  
 And dost illuminate our dulled sence:  
 Thou dost redeeme, fro out the enemies throng  
 The innocent, whom worldlings vse to wrong.

Fro

## FEELING CONSCIENCE. 109

### SON. III.

F Ro out what dreame, what sleepe, what charmed rest  
Rouse I my selfe? who too too long haue stayd,  
(With worldly cares and vanities dismayd) body M  
And cleane forgot almost soules solace blest?  
My greedy nature, quaffed ouer much,  
Restrained poysen (potions of delight) body I  
New libertie did former dyet grutch; eschewing  
Though life the one, death other shew'd to sight,  
Nature, aginst grace; prouoketh still this fight,  
World to our wils doth yeeld accursed ayd, body A  
Satan our senses dulles, that not affrayd, body off  
We worke our wracke with greedy force and might:  
But waken me (o Lord) I thee request, body T  
. With pleasure, paine, welth, wo, as likest thee best.

### SON. IIII.

VV Hat is thy measure full? dost thou suppose LI A  
Of strength, of perfectnesse, of plenteous store,  
Of frutes of faith profest; that now no more nato?  
Thou carest, albeit thy tree true beautie lose? and f  
It can not be, whilst life and sap remaine, yet I greate and o  
That barren branch, so holy plant should beare: no  
A faire greene tree of goodly leaues were vaine in I  
Unlesse that kindly frute also there were. and thirv  
Words are but leaues, works fruits that should be there,  
Shew that thou liu'st, by charitie therefore; ano II  
True holinesse doth teach a righteous lotc, of aift  
Whereby to neigbors good, our thoughts we reate;  
Vaine is our knowledge and our holy showes,  
If in our life the fruite of loue not growes. and II

110 AFFECTIONS OF A  
SON. V.

How can I hope for all my forward speed,  
My fresh encounters of the rivals first,  
My bold intent and zeale, which venter dirst  
To runne so hard a race, and long indeed,  
To win the prize? if past the greater paine,  
I faint or do begin, my speed delay,  
Or trusting ouer much the goale to gaine,  
Let every leaden heele, leade me the way.  
In race of soule to heauen, light many a stay,  
And fainting body doth for pleasure thurst:  
The world strowes golden fruits ( of tast accurst)  
Which toucht with loue, we lose to soules decay:  
Then let me still runne on, so haue I need,  
For constancie, stands most the soule in steed.

SON. VI.

All will not serue, the more I would beware,  
The more I headlong fall and drowne in sinne:  
So farre vnlike the victorie to winne,  
That to his building morter I prepare.  
One thing I say, an other thing I do,  
One shew of worke I haue, an other deed:  
I runne cleane from the marke Hooke vnto,  
With one hand quench the fire, with other feed.  
One error doth a hundred errors breed,  
If one I cut, to grow do ten begin.  
This fleshly labyrinth that I am in,  
Is of the finnefull race of Hydras seed,  
But yet my trauell still I will not spare;  
Because I know, God hath on me a care.

Faine

## FEELING CONSCIENCE.

III

## SON. VII.

Faine would I bring some fruit of sauorie taſt,  
For offering of freewill and of my zeale;  
But I do feare my weakenesse to repeale,  
(Like new wine in a crazed vefsell plastr)  
The vefsell yet (not liquor) being mine,  
And it fild in by master of the ſtore,  
I hope he will not at my gift repine,  
But (if it faile) will it repleniſh more.  
My weakenesse, I do oftentimes deplore,  
And for reliefe, to him I do appeale:  
Yet ioy, the bounty, that he daind to deale,  
And halting haſt, to thofe that go before.  
In hope that my (nay his gifts) ſhall be graft,  
Through loue vnto his ſonne, whom he imbradſt.

## SON. VIII.

I Maruell much ſometimes to ſee my will,  
Contraried by my ſelfe with harts conſent;  
To ſee me crosse the course my purpose ment,  
And yet th'euent thereof proue better ſtill.  
I am by nature vnto euill prone,  
And that pursue, with forward fleſhly ayd:  
Straight way my mind is chāgd (by means vñknown)  
And heart conſents, my former will be stayd.  
The cauſe hereof, and iſſues I haue wayd,  
And find them ſtrange, yet bending in intent  
Vnto my good (ſometimes though ill I ment)  
And fayld of plots, my greateſt wiſe dome layd:  
Whiſch doth my ſoule, in fine with comfort fill,  
To ſee Gods prouidence, my purpose spill.

AFFECTIONS OF A  
SON. IX.

I Now begin to doubt my present state,  
 For that I feele no conflict in my mind :  
 A settled concord, needs must be vnkind,  
 Twixt flesh and spright, which shoulde ech other hate,  
 They neere agree, but to their common woe,  
 And that through sin which luld them both a sleepe,  
 A warfare in this bodie would I goe,  
 Lest fraud, or treason in through rest should creepe.  
 The practises of Sathan are so deepe,  
 Armed with flesh and lust (whom prone we find)  
 That hardly can the soule his freedome keepe,  
 But that these fiendes would him with frailty bind.  
 Vnlesse with heauenly weapons at debate,  
 With them we stand, and fight, both rare and late.

SON. X. 02

VV Hen I remember, with what speed in post  
 The lewes (return'd from bondage) tooke in hand  
 Their Temple to restore, and armed stand,  
 In breach of wals to build, what enemies crost.  
 When I their bountie note, in offering store,  
 All freely giuen, and more then they could vse,  
 How true their treasures were that would no more,  
 Their workmens faith (accounts whilst Kings refuse.)  
 How these our latter times (which we accuse  
 Of ignorance, through fraud of Balaams band)  
 Did yet powre forth the plenty of the land,  
 To holy vse, which other did abuse.  
 I sorrow much to see true zeale cleane lost,  
 And pure religion shakt for sauing cost.

What

## FEELING CONSCIENCE. 113

### SON. XI.

VV Hat loue is this whereof the world doth tell,  
Which they to God professe and men admire?  
Loue hath his lawes, and doth effects require  
Of charitie (to neighbour) to excell.  
For as the members of one bodie bee  
Partakers of the passion others haue,  
And speedily concurre to helpe we see,  
Because (thereby) the bodies good they craue.  
So if their loue to God they freely gaue,  
And held him head; their zeale would burne like fire  
To serue his Saints, the needy to attire,  
And home the stray to call, the lost to saue.  
For how can they th'inuisible God loue well,  
Whē they neglect their neighbors,neer that dwel?

### SON. XII.

W Ho so will serue the Lord, he must bestow  
The whole (not part) of body or of mind:  
If in his heart dislike hereof he find,  
His soule not yet, regenerate we may know.  
Betwixt two stooles no sitting safe there is,  
And kingdomes so deuided cannot stand:  
We must imbrace and loue or that, or this;  
And not looke backe, if plough be once in hand.  
If Gods we be, we Beliall must withstand,  
We cannot him well serue and Baall blind,  
To Balak (Balams kindnesse of such kind)  
Did draw him to accurse the blessed land,  
Whereby his Asse, did masters blindnesse shew;  
And still bewrays, weak faith, where this shal grow.

114 AFFECTIONS OF A  
SON. XIII.

G Iue all to him, that all did giue to thee :  
More then his due , thou hast not to bestow :  
By yeelding all, thou thankfulness mayst shew,  
The more thy store, the more his gifts would bee.  
A chearefull giuer God doth best accept,  
Though he doth giue that gift thou dost present ;  
His blessings must be vsde and not be kept,  
(Like fruitlesse tallents) not to profit spent.  
Thy soule and bodie both, since God hath lent,  
The vse of them (entire) to him should grow,  
What is our power and strength, he well doth know:  
And giues the will; which (vsde) he is content.  
But for to share a part, that scorneth hee  
Who knows our thoughts & secret hart doth see.

SON. XIV.

B Ut will you know (indeed) the surest way,  
To make the child of God a loathing fynd  
Offinne (which doth infect both heart and mind)  
And vs the grace of God doth so denay ?  
Let man but see the fierce and angry face,  
Of God for sinne which in his word is found ;  
Let him behold a man deuoid of grace,  
Whom euery thought & deed to death doth wound.  
Let him ( if euer grace did so abound )  
In him, as he found God a father kind  
But call to mind, how much it should him bind,  
And how saluation standeth on that ground.  
Then will he in his conscience surely say,  
I will dwell no more in sinne, nor meyds delay.

Some

## SON. XV.

Sometimes cleane tyr'd, or sham'd of sinne at last,  
 (If not for loue of good, or feare of hell)  
 I seeke to stay affections which rebell,  
 And how to quench their heat my wits I cast:  
 I find eu'en whilst the thought is in my head,  
 A liking thought thereof doth me possesse:  
 From thoughts to liking are my humors led,  
 And liking longs againe to worke no lesse.  
 My labyrinth felt, I seeke in vaine t'expresse,  
 An idle thought can not such thoughts expell:  
 I thinke to exercise my time so well  
 In some good work, as may vaine thoughts supprese;  
 But I do tyre, ere little time be past:  
 Prayer alone withstands the greatest blast.

## SON. XVI.

ME thinkes sometime, I muse and much admire,  
 The dulnesse of the Iewes, who daily saw (draw  
 The powrefull workes of Christ, which well might  
 Astony heart, to loue of him t'aspire:  
 Much more I maruell that the words he spake,  
 Seem'd parables, and darke vnto his owne  
 Disciples; who his scholers he did make,  
 To whom all secrets, should by time be knownes.  
 But when I find the wonders on vs showne,  
 Vnnoted or acknowledged, by awe  
 Vnto his will, or word, or holy law,  
 And common ignorance by most men showne.  
 It makes me feare, we want the holy fire  
 Of faith, loue, zeale, which dutie would require.

116 . AFFECTIONS OF A  
SON. XVII.

VV Hat vaine lip-labour is it men do vse  
To speake of God, his name in word confess?  
When as in life no dutie they expresse  
Of godlinesse, but fleshly freedome chuse:  
Not euery one that cryeth often Lord,  
Shall enter to possesse eternall rest:  
Vaine ostentation was(we see) abhord  
In Pharise, whose speech and shewes were best.  
Hypocrisie the Lord did aye detest,  
And chiefly that in them, his name should blesse,  
As Anany, with Saphira no lesse  
Do witnesse by their death, at hand adrest:  
Let vs therefore this babbling forme refuse,  
Of boasting holinesse, which doth abuse.

SON. XVIII.

I Goe about full oft (like Iewes most blind )  
To offer vp, to God a sacrifice  
Propitiatorie, gratefull to his eies,  
Thereby remission for my sinnes to find:  
But lose my labour whilst I cleane forget,  
First with my neighbour to be reconcild,  
A heape of rankor doth my conscience let,  
From looking for remorse in fater mild.  
The mercies on the which my hopes should build,  
My owne malicious purpose me denies,  
For how should I that grace to gaine devise,  
Which from my neighbours futes I haue exild?  
At Temple dore my offering stayes behind,  
Henceforth therefore,till malice leave my mind.  
O happy

FEELING CONSCIENCE. 117  
SON. XIX.

O Happie Simon of Syren, art thou,  
Who chosen wert that office to supply,  
To beare part of the crosse, on which I should die  
Thy Sauiuour, (worlds new life and comfort true:)  
Not wood I meane so much, which thou didst beare,  
But that remorse, which thereby I suppose,  
(Through shame and sorrow, pittie, care, and feare)  
Which for his innocencie in thee rose.  
Such crosses and full many more then those,  
(Euen for my sinnes and for my selfe) with I  
As many as on fleshly strength might lye,  
Or grace would aide, ere faith did comfort lose:  
That for his seruant so he would me vow,  
And try and vse me as he best knowes how.

S O N. XX.

VV Hat are our senses drownd and past recure?  
Are rest and ease (the needfull aides of man,  
Without vicissitude of which none can  
Continue long) become by peace impure?  
Shall blessings proue our curse, desire our bane?  
Shall wish attaine his will? will worke our wo?  
Shall profit be our losse? losse turne to gaine?  
Shall Gods great goodnesse be requited so?  
Should fathers kindnesse make a child a fo?  
(O God forbid) our vowes were other, whan  
Our tyred soules, our prayers first began  
To send, as suters to our God to go.  
His loue to vs did our desires procure,  
Let our desires his growing loue allure.

R ij

118 . AFFECTIONS OF A  
SON. XXI.

**V**hen I do see the mercies manifold,  
Which God doth vse t'extend to his elect,  
Whose actions alwaies he doth so direct,  
That loue and fauour in him they behold:  
How things restrained vnto them are free,  
And all things holy to the holy are,  
How priuiledgd in euery thing they bee,  
And nothing from his loue can them debarre.  
My mind from common comforts flyeth farre,  
And findes (on earth) no true ioy in effect;  
On God alone, I place my harts affect:  
Where peace is perfect, without strife or iarre,  
And through these worldly cares I wander (bold,  
Secure) in courage, more then can be told.

SON. XXII.

**C**ome to the Councell of your common weale,  
Ye sensess mine (which haue confederate bin  
With world and Satan to infect with sin  
My soule, whose harbour in your house befell)  
Thinke ye your safety great, when he is thrall?  
That ye can scape, if soule once captiue bee?  
That plagues she feeles, shall not on ye befall?  
And ye with her, bring endlesse woe to mee?  
What earthly beauty can eyes brightnesse see?  
What melodie heare eares? what liked smell?  
What vnloathd tast, or feelings please so well,  
That are not often noysome vnto yee?  
Then (since such hazard great, short ioy ye win)  
To watch with me, gainst common foes begin.

In

## SON. XXIII.

In midſt of plentie, and of happiest ſtate,  
Wherein by nature all men do delight,  
Me thinkes I ſee, moft cauſe of feare and fright,  
Moft perils, and moft dangerous growne debate:  
A masking rout of treacherous bayted hookes,  
Caſt forth by Sathan for to choke the mind,  
By euery ſenſe, where ſo the thought but lookeſ,  
To draw vs to deſtruſion wretches blind:  
It was graue prouidence of Job I find,  
(Fearing the charmes and dangers like to light  
On eaſting children) praying day and night,  
To mollifie the wrath of God moft kind.  
Which would to God were vſd by vs likewiſe,  
So ſhould leſſe euill of our mirth arife.

## SON. XXIV.

How little comfort do I find (alas)  
In theſe vaine pleaſures, which my fleſh defireth?  
The uſe of them full ſoone me cloyes and tireth,  
And ſolace gone as thing that neuer was:  
I ſtrive ſometimes to taſt the ſame content,  
In mirth and company that others find;  
Yet ſeldome taſt the bliſſe I not repente,  
And leaues no bitter ſting or griefe behind:  
In fine I find the bodie is too blind  
To iudge of happiness, ſince it admireth  
A shadow, which from memory retyreth,  
And therefore chufe henceforth to feed my mind,  
With ſome ſuch ſolace, as that will not paſſe,  
And I with comfort ſee, in faithfull glaſſe.

R iiij

AFFECTIONS OF A  
SON. XXV.

VV Ell, if I find no greater be my powre,  
 But yeeld and recle with euery puffe that blo'wth,  
 And that my nature still such frailtie shew'th,  
 As that my constant purpose fayles each howre :  
 If I can not approch, or see the tree  
 Of fruit forbid, but needes I must it tast ;  
 If lust vnlawfull so abound in mee,  
 That headlong I must needs to ruine hast :  
 The readiest way to keepe my conscience chaste,  
 Must be to shun occasions, where do grow  
 The roots, whence fruits of deadly poysone flow,  
 And therein only thinke my safegard plast :  
 For (if I see) I hunger to deuowre  
 The bayt (soules bane) and dwell in sinfull bowre.

SON. XXVI.

VV Ho toucheth pitch shall therewith be defilde,  
 (The prouerbe faith, and practise sheweth plaine)  
 The purest conscience custome soone will staine,  
 And wisest wits, by boldnesse be beguilde :  
 We therefore warily had need to walke,  
 And stop temptations when they first do rise ;  
 For euill deedes issue of euill talke,  
 And euill company pollutes the wifc.  
 We know that Sathan alwayes watchfull lies,  
 By many meanes, vs to his will to gaine ;  
 If we a little yeeld, it is in vaine  
 For safe retreat to hope, or to devise :  
 Vnlesse Gods grace the bulwarke stronger build,  
 By which heis powre is quencht, and he exilde.

## SON. XXVII.

**H**E that to do no euill doth intend,  
He must do nought that may thereto belong;  
He that is purpoled to do no wrong,  
To thought our speech of ill hemust not bend:  
Sinne is a theefe, and searcheth every part,  
And powre of man, to find a harbor fit;  
He can disguise his purpose well by art,  
And in a trap vs vnaware can git.  
If we but kindly talke (to practise wit)  
He soone can frame the mind to pleasing song:  
The mind, the bodie soone can draw along,  
To yeeld consent vnto, and practise it:  
In fine he can vs teach sinne to defend,  
And (noozeld once therein) to find no end.

## SON. XXVIII.

**V**V Hen I looke backe vpon the slipperie way,  
Wherein my youth with other worldlings past,  
I halfe amazed do remaine, agast  
To see the ruine whereunto it lay:  
So many by-pathes, crooked and vniuft,  
So many stops and stayes, and wayes impure;  
So little hold of helpe whereto to trust,  
So many blockes my perill to procure:  
Such flattering traines to ruine to allure,  
As had not grace the gracelesse stayd at last,  
I had my selfe to hell, euen headlong cast,  
There to remaine without remed or cure:  
I then (compeld) with thankes to God do say,  
That in mans proper strength there is no stay.

AFFECTIONS OF A  
SON. XXIX.

**A**MONG the many fierce assaults we haue,  
To me impatience seemes most strong of all,  
Which makes vs from our best defence to fall,  
Of wisedome, reason, faith, which all do waue:  
Our temp'rance thereby we do quickly loose,  
Humilitie and loue we oft do shake,  
From law and reason we our eares do close,  
And bit in teeth (like stubborne coltes) we take:  
Of heauenly promist aide, no count we make:  
Of our deserts, we take no heed at all;  
For vengeance we with fury only call,  
Or with dispaire, we comfortlesse do quake,  
When we (like Dauid) should lewd Simei saue,  
In feare least God, forth his commision gaue.

SON. XXX.

**V**V HO seeketh ayde his frailties to withstand,  
He may be sure he shall not deadly fall;  
Who but for grace, to God doth truly call,  
He shall find comfort doubtlesse out of hand:  
To see his sinnes, to feare their vengeance due,  
To call for grace, to seeke the same amends,  
Of Gods elections, tokens are so true,  
That such (as his) he doubtlesse will defend.  
If that his humbled heart, his soule do bend  
To will of good, though fruit there be but small;  
He cannot fruitlesse said to be at all,  
Because his merits Christ to him doth lend:  
And he as free shall be of promist land,  
As chose in wh<sup>o</sup> more righteous worke he fand.

It

## SON. XXXI.

IT is not causelesse, Christ did vs compare  
Mans mind vnto the soile that tilled is ;  
They both fulwell indeed agree in this,  
Vntilled, they vnfruitfull are and bare :  
Such seede as is bestow'd, they do receaue,  
And both yeeld fruit as God doth giue increase ;  
Some seed is spilt, some Sathan doth bereaue,  
Some prosper, and produce a plentious peace :  
And as deuouring fowles do neuer cease,  
Ne wormes, ne swine, to seeke do neuer mis ,  
Each one to spoyle a part, whilst plow-man his  
Due recompence of paines cannot posseesse ;  
So doth the soule, though tild with studious care,  
Gret store of weeds bring forth, goodfruits ful rare.

## SON. XXXII.

IT wo there was by Christ pronounst indeed,  
Against Corasin and Bethsaida,  
Because vnpentitent they sluggish lay,  
And to his preaching gaue not carefull heed ;  
Then woe and double woe I feare (alas)  
Belongs to vs, who scornefully reiect  
The same word preached, which vnheard doth pas,  
Or vnobayd (at least) through foule neglect :  
Our liues, our double hearts doth well detrect,  
Our want of charitie, selfe loue bewray ;  
Our pride, our lust, our couetous denay,  
That eares haue heard, or hart doth grace affect :  
Then woe is me that woe our selues we breed,  
And that for feare of woe, or harts not bleed.

AFFECTIONS OF A  
SON. XXXIII.

I T should not seeme, that we do sinne detest,  
 As we professe, and make the world to thinke;  
 When we not only at foule faults do winke,  
 But rather at the doers make a iest:  
 How could a thing displeasing, mirth produce?  
 Or heartie laughter grow, by hearts displeasure?  
 To laugh at others fall, doth shew an vse  
 Of our like guilt, who sinne so slightly measure,  
 The mouth doth speake from harts abounding treasure,  
 The heart delights, when mind consent doth bring;  
 The mind (polluted once by bodies sting)  
 Infects whole man, on whom sinne then hath seasure,  
 And when (thus)sinne hath built a place of rest,  
 He makes vs euery euill to digest.

SON. XXXIV.

T He fatall haps, and iudgements which befall  
 On others and on vs, remorse should breed,  
 For warnings of our selues they stand in steed,  
 And vs vnto repentant feare do call:  
 They are not alwayes worst, who do sustaine  
 The greatest plagues, ne yet the others free  
 Of guilt (howbe it vnpunisht they remaine)  
 But rather for the more part worse they bee:  
 Christys holy iudgement teacheth this to mee,  
 By fall of Sylo towre (the which indeed)  
 Slue not the worst; and euuen the best had need,  
 Their due deserts in others doome to see.  
 Let one mans wo, be warning then to all,  
 And life reformed, amend, sinnes great and small.

I often

## SON. XXXV.

I Often times endeuour to prepare  
My mind, to beare with patience natures due,  
Death which (though fearefull) must perforce insue,  
And which no humane flesh did euer spare:

I therefore when I see the many woes  
That others do sustaine by liuing long;  
The sicknesse, want, dishonor, spight of foes,  
Which most men must sustaine by right or wrong.  
The hazards which on earth to vs belong,  
The doubtfull hopes and feares which aye renue;  
Ten thousand fained pleasures (for one true)  
And care to compasse them we haue among:  
I grow to graunt, that life is but a snare,  
Death, way to life, a life deuoyd of care.

## SON. XXXVI.

VV Ho sees the seed that in the ground is cast,  
Cleane frō all weeds, without both chaffe & straw,  
Yet afterward when haruest neare doth draw,  
Shall see the weeds increase therein so fast:  
Who sees the trauell to receiue againe,  
The corne from chaffe, and stubble cleansed made,  
May see corruption in the soule remaine,  
Which so with drosse, the slender crop doth lade.  
And in the soule may see like daily trade,  
(By natures weakenesse, which vs keepes in awe)  
So much, that though we heare and feare the law  
And Gospell, and in them a while do wade:  
We bring few fruits (and them most bad) at last,  
Which Sathan, world, & flesh, with sin haue blast.

**T**Hough lawfull many things indeed I find,  
To such as do them with a conscience pure;  
Yet like I not my selfe, for to inure  
To things, not pleasing to the weaker mind;  
And many lawfull things there are beside,  
Which be not yet expedient to be done;  
A Christians actions, must the tutch abide  
Of such, as by example will be wonne.  
For why, the ignorant do blindfold runne  
The trade that others tread, as way most sure,  
And memory of ill, doth more indure  
Then good, wherefore we warily should shunne  
The action which may chance infare the blind,  
Although the wise from hazard safely wind.

## SON. XXXVIII.

**V**AINE are the brags, and faith but fruitlesse is,  
Of such who boſt of vertue and holinesse,  
When as profaned speech doth yet exprefſe  
A hollow heart, by tongue that talkes amifſe.  
The tongue declares th'abundance of the hart,  
And by our ſpeech we vſe t'exprefſe our mind,  
A truly touched ſoule, with wound doth ſinart,  
When vaine or fruitlesſe ſpeech to riſe they find:  
But nature (forſt) will foone returne to kind,  
And who his ſeemeleſſe ſpeech will not ſuppreſſe,  
Vaine and deceiptfull muſt his brags confeſſe,  
And that delight in ſinne is yet behind:  
Who therefore hath no care at all of this,  
His knowledge, zeale, and life receiuſe no bliſſe.

I often

FEELING CONSCIENCE. 127  
SON. XXXIX.

I Often others heare lament, and say  
They cannot see, the fruit they do expect  
By prayer; and my selfe feele like effect,  
Because indeed, I vnpreserved pray.  
Not that my knees with reverence do not bow,  
Or that my tongue, it doth not craue relief,  
Or that my heart, my words doth not allow;  
But charitie doth want, and firme beliefe,  
Which to true praiers are assistants chiefe,  
Both which (for most part) man doth vse neglect,  
For want of either of which we are reiect,  
And to our weaknesse addeth double griefe:  
Who doth till reconcilement, offring stay,  
His faithfull lawfull prayers find no nay.

SON. XL.

T He season of the yeare, the natvie kind  
Of euery creature to produce some thing,  
Into my conscience doth this motion bring,  
To God and nature not to be vnkind:  
Two soyles I haue, and both vnfruitfull be,  
Through weedes (off sin) which both them ouer grow:  
The body barren and the soule I see,  
Of vertuous fruits, which God and world I owe.  
Vouchsafe yet Lord (Phauonean breath) to blow,  
With heauenly grace inspiring so my mind,  
That soule regenerate, in body find  
Reformed life, true life in me to shew:  
For fleshly fruits (too rife) to hell do fling,  
Soules blessed seed, ascends on Angels wing.

**A**ll men by nature greedy are to know,  
 And (knowing much) the more they do contend;  
 (To draw vnto true knowledge perfect end)  
 By practise to the world, some fruits to show:  
 What knowledge is there then in heauen or earth,  
 (For one of wisedome great) so high and fit,  
 To trauell in, euен from the day of birth,  
 As that is gathered out of holy writ?  
 Therein is matter for each kind of wit,  
 Strange, ancient, pleasing, subtle, for to spend  
 The finest wits, and make them stoope and bend,  
 Whilst weakest braines, find skill and ioy in it.  
 Though high it reach, it beareth fruit below,  
 Which (tasted once) makes stomach stroger grow.

## SON. XLII.

**S**trange are (in truth) the fruits that man doth win,  
 And plentifull by vse of studie indeed,  
 Which appetite and matter still doth breed,  
 If but to gather them we do begin:  
 But heauenly studie much more copious is,  
 Contayning all that humane art doth teach:  
 And (not alone it feeds our minds with this)  
 But soules true solace it doth farther reach:  
 It doctrine supernaturall doth preach,  
 And doth diuinely sow the sacred seed  
 Which shall our soules with lasting comfort feed,  
 And worldly skill, of ignorance appeach:  
 That is the studie we should neuer lin  
 To spell, reade, conster, and to practise in.

Downe

## SON. XLII.

D<sup>O</sup>wn let vs fling these battlements begonne  
 Of sinne, which in our soules so fast are built,  
 At first, or not at all it must be spilt,  
 Or else his fort (once made) the field is wonne.  
 If we negle<sup>c</sup>t our watch, and not preuent  
 His practises, but euен a little while:  
 Our trauell afterward is vainely spent,  
 And he our best attempts will soone beguile:  
 If we at lusts assaults but seeme to smile,  
 (Though lowly first he creepe, yet straight on stilt)  
 He will vpstart, and make vs yeeld to gilt,  
 And we our selues soules slaughter be the while,  
 Because we stay not sinne till it be donne,  
 But (rather) after it do fondly runne.

## SON. XLIII.

T<sup>H</sup>ere is great ods we see and must confess,  
 Betwixt the speakers and the doers faith,  
 Words well, but deeds much better man bewraith,  
 And both conioynd, do dutie best expresse.  
 One promiseth to come (as was requir'd)  
 To feast; the other it denyeth, but went:  
 The first he did negle<sup>c</sup>t what was desir'd,  
 The latters deedes, do shew he did relent:  
 He had the prayse and feast, who did repent,  
 His words, his blame, who breaking promise stayth  
 Whose life doth not confirme what tongue it sayth,  
 (For all his brags) in end shall sure be shent,  
 But who doth tongue and hart to God addresse,  
 His deeds (be sure) with grace he still will blesse.

H Aue we not cause to blush full oft for shame,  
 To see how we neglect our neighbours need?  
 How slow to helpe, where we might stand in steed,  
 How slight excuses we do yse to frame:  
 When yet our Saviour seemeth to respect,  
 The silly Ox which in the ditch doth lye,  
 Whose aide a stranger ought not to neglect,  
 If (but by chance) he saw it passing by:  
 But if our brother readie were to dye,  
 (For very want necessities to feed)  
 We let him sterue, and take of him no need,  
 Yea (though he craue) we sticke not to deny,  
 As though it vs suffisid, to beare the name  
 Of Christians, yet in life deny the same.

## S O N. XLVI.

N Or onely doth the Lord, repute as good,  
 The deedes which he in vs himselfe hath wrought;  
 (Yea though our wils against him in the haue fought,  
 And he perforce (by grace)our powers withstood,)  
 But if we euill do, by stubborne will,  
 And seeke indeed no good at all thereby;  
 But euen our lewd affections to fulfill,  
 (So that all grace in vs do seeme to dye)  
 Yet euen in them, this good we shall espy,  
 (If we his children be whom Christ hath bought)  
 That he permits vs not to fall for noughtr,  
 But that our frailtie and our wits ~~we try~~  
 And so more earnestly vnto him pray,  
 And find that pretious fruit a Christian may.

VVe

## SON. XLVII.

VV E had not need in idlenesse to spend  
 The dayes (both few and euill) which we haue;  
 The reason, powre, strenght, helth which God vs gaue,  
 To some good end (no doubt) he did vs lend.  
 Full many busynesses shall we find,  
 Enuironing our life on every fide,  
 Which if they were retayned still in mind,  
 In watch and trauell they should cause vs bide.  
 The worldly cares of all men well are tride,  
 The daunger of the soule I seeke to saue,  
 A world of lusts attend vs to the graue,  
 And Sathan lyes in waite to leade vs wide  
 From heauen, wherto true wisedome wils vs bend;  
 Thinke then if man haue need watch to the end.

## SON. XLVIII.

S Ince it hath pleasd the Lord to send such store  
 Of blessings to the bodie, that it may,  
 In peace and plentie spendone ioyfull day,  
 (Which many want, and it long'd for before:)  
 I not repin'd that it the same shoulde vse,  
 But feared the frailty of the flesh (alas)  
 Which made my soule, for safest way to chuse,  
 (With Job) in feare and care my time to pas:  
 For sacrifice, my soule there offered was,  
 Thy holy spirit, the Priest, my will did slay;  
 His zeale inflam'd the thoughts which prostrate lay,  
 And quencht thy wrath with teares like fluent glas,  
 So that (though Sathan readie was at dore  
 Me to accuse, and try) I feare no more.

132 . AFFECTIONS OF A  
SON. XLIX.

VV Hat miracle so great hath euer bin  
So farre from reasons, or from natures bounds?  
What thing Gods glory and his prayse resounds,  
More then his mercie in forgiuing sinne?  
If things contrary to their natvie kind,  
(To ioyne accord, producing strange effects)  
Do admiration breed in euery mind,  
What thing so much Gods glory then detectes,  
As this, to see, how daily he protects  
And blesseth vs in whom all vice abounds?  
How he doth hide our faults which so him wounds,  
Supplies the want which proper powre neglectes.  
Then(since distrust his miracles keepe backe)  
Let vs be sure, that we true faith not lacke.

SON. L.

A S those whose skill with colours life-like draw  
The portraiture of men, with shadowes rare,  
Yet shapes deformed, they ne will nor dare  
To shew to others, as themselves them saw:  
So when I make suruay (by rule of truth)  
Of all my actions, and my soules estate,  
I am ashamed to see the scapes of youth,  
And feare to looke on that I lou'd of late:  
And as I do my selfe eu'en for them hate,  
So feare I others could no more me spare,  
If I should shew my selfe naked and bare,  
Who with these fowle affects held no debate;  
Yet since they are but breaches of the law,  
The Gospell will me shrowd from Sathan's paw.  
Among

A Mong the many trauels of the iust,  
 The last, which holy Job (alas) sustaintd;  
 I thinke his soule and bodie most it paind,  
 And like thereto, vs likewise martyr must,  
 When we (vpon vs) feele Gods heauy curse  
 For sinne, from which no one of vs is free;  
 That comforters should seeke to make vs worse,  
 And friends like foes, shoulde our tormenters bee.  
 To hud-blind vs, when most we need to see,  
 By colouring sinne, which ought to be explaинд,  
 Or amplifying errors which are faind,  
 To make our soules and bodies disagree:  
 All these he felt by friends he most should trust,  
 To hell by pride, or by dispaire to thrust.

S Low is our God (indeed) and very slo  
 To wrath, and that the wicked dearly find;  
 His children sooner feele correction kind,  
 And so repent; whilst sinfull forward go.  
 Slow though he be, yet sure his iudgements are:  
 They are deferd, they are not cleane forgot;  
 He tries our natures, letting raines so farre  
 Lose to our wils, till we regard him not:  
 But when we furiously to hell do trot,  
 He stayes our steps, and wils doth gently bind,  
 Whiles he the reprobates the more doth blind,  
 Till they (through sinne) do fall to Sathans lot:  
 By Gods correcting hand and patience so,  
 The one to sinne inclines, the other fro.

VV Hen I consider of the holy band,  
 Of loue and mercie with the Iewes was made,  
 The heauenly and earthly blessings which did lacke,  
 Their soules and bodies, whilst in grace they stand.  
 When I examine cause of this their change,  
 And note in soule and bodie wofull fall;  
 How exiles (comfortlesse) the earth they range  
 Depriu'd of knowledge, glory, hope and all:  
 When I (as cause hereof) to mind do call,  
 Their stubborne, faithlesse, and ingratefull trade,  
 (With which the Prophets did them oft vpbrayd,  
 And causes were of wrath from heauen not small)  
 Me thinkes I see like iudgement neare at hand,  
 For trespassse like to punish this our land.

## S.O.N. LIII.

O That we could be rauished awhile,  
 Fro out these fleshly fogs, and seas of sin,  
 Which grosse affections daily drench vs in,  
 And do the tast of perfect sense beguile:  
 That so whilst selfe-loue slept, true loue might shew;  
 That pride might soput on an humble mind,  
 That patience might in steed of rankor grow,  
 And naked truth, from craft might freedome find:  
 That vertue had some harbor safe assynd,  
 And reason had his scope, and did begin  
 (Of these fowle fiends) a victorie to win,  
 And them in bondage to the soule to bind:  
 Then should we see how farre they do exile  
 Our perfect blisse, whilst thus they vs defile.

Like

## SON. LV. 2

**L**ike master like the seruants proue (say we)  
 We therefore are (of like) of Sathan's traine,  
 His auncient lesson which did parents staine,  
 We leatne as yet, and lie as fast as he.  
 False are his rules, himselfe an old deceiuer,  
 Vntrue he is, vntruth he first did teach;  
 God being truth, nought can so soone disceuer,  
 And no one sin to more offence doth reach:  
 Sathan himselfe can not Gods lawes appeach  
 To be vniust, nor say, we iust remaine,  
 But by new names doth his fraile scholers gaine,  
 To follow follies which affections preach,  
 Lust,wrath,& couetise, pride cald we see,  
 Loue,value, thrift, and clenlinesse to bee.

## SON. LVI.

**V**VE may reioyce, but yet in Christ alone;  
 Alone in him, is cause of true ioy found,  
 All other ioy is but indeed vnsound,  
 Perfection or continuance elsewhere none:  
 If man with Salomon the hap might haue  
 To tast each earthly pleasure he desir'd,  
 He would but give that prayse the other gaue,  
 That (once possest)their pleasure straight retir'd:  
 From earth to heauenly knowledge he aspir'd,  
 And humaine wisedome he did throughly sound,  
 In which he saw calamities abound,  
 And did neglect as vaine, things most admir'd.  
 In this alone, contented ioy is showne,  
 To loue, feare, scrue, this Christ our corner stone.

VV Ise Moses and graue Talions law seuerē,  
 Dowell agree to reason naturall:  
 And God in like sort, let his iudgements fall,  
 So that our sinnes their proper vengeance beare,  
 As eye for eye, and tooth for tooth was due:  
 So nature doth our faults for most part pay,  
 With penitence by it selfe which doth insue,  
 As we shall find if we our actions way:  
 And God himselfe doth on th' adulterer lay,  
 On wrathfull, couetous, and proud men all,  
 Shame, bloud, want, scorne, vnlesse in time they call  
 For grace, whiche onely can their ruine stay:  
 Whereby we see, whome men keepe not in feare,  
 God makes (by nature) badge of trespass weare.

## SON. LVIII.

I T seemeth strange sincke deach so common is,  
 That daily we experience thereof haue;  
 By rich, and poore, wise, foolis, that go to graue,  
 That we so little heed do take of this:  
 Since nought so much contrarie to our will,  
 Doth flesh bēfall; or art doth seeke to shun;  
 That yet we headlong hast to ruine still,  
 Of soule and bodie, which to hell would run.  
 Scarce we so soone to live haue but begun,  
 But (drenched in affections fearefull wate)  
 We seeke to slay the soule, we wish to slay;  
 And no outrage in bodie leauie vndone:  
 So that if God did not (of mercie his)  
 Perforce our wils restraine, we heauen should mis.

## SON. L IX.

VV Ho would not craue to haue his wounds be heald?  
 Who can be heald that will not shew his griefe?  
 Who (senslesse of his paine) would know relief?  
 Who can giue cure, whilste trach is not reuealed?  
 Who can be iudge of ill, that knowes no good?  
 Who can know good, that shuns to learne the same?  
 Who can it learne, that selfe-loue hath withstood?  
 Who can condemne himself, that knowes no blamte?  
 Knowledge must first our minds more lowly frame;  
 Through lowlinesse will feare and sorrow grow,  
 Feare will seeke forth a pledge for debt we owe,  
 And pledge and portion find in Christ his name:  
 Thus knowledge of our state, and pride repealde,  
 Is way to sauing health, by Scripture scald.

## SON. L X.

T He weapon which I did vnwieldy find,  
 Of native strength, and powre of flesh and bloud,  
 (With like whereof Goliah me withstood)  
 And I for changed sling (left once behind)  
 By Gods good grace (who courage gaue and strength)  
 Is now become a sword more fit for mee,  
 Who (practisid in his battels now at length)  
 The vse thereof, find not vnfitt to bee!  
 For since to him it dedicate I see,  
 And I refreshed am with holy food,  
 My courage makes me hope I weare it shood,  
 And cause my soules great foe therewith to flee.  
 For humane arts and knowledge of the mind,  
 Do serue the Saints, though worldlings they do  
 S iiiij (blind.)

**I**T is not rest from trauell and from paine  
 Alone, that in the Sabbath is requir'd,  
 Not abstinence from meat, that was desir'd  
 So much, when Ionas did his fast ordaine.  
 As rest from sinne and inward meditation  
 Of Gods great workes, and mercies which abound;  
 As feeding of our soules with recreation  
 Of heauenly doctrine, in the scriptures found:  
 As by prostrating humbly on the ground,  
 Our stubborne hearts, pufte vp and almost fir'd  
 With wicked lusts, (with vanitie attir'd)  
 Festerd with all affections most vnsound;  
 A Sabbath or a fast so spent, is gaine,  
 Whē flesh beat down, the sprite doth raisd remaine.

## S O N. LXII.

**V**V Hat is the cause that men so much eschue  
 The reading of the sacred written word?  
 For nought else sure but that (like two edg'd sword)  
 It separates and shewes the faults from true:  
 No sentence in it read or truly wayd,  
 (Or by the preacher vtterd) turnes in vaine,  
 But woundes the soule with sorrow; which affrayd,  
 (If Gods it be) to grace it cals againe:  
 But such as Sathan's be, to heare refraine,  
 The heauy iudgements that they haue incur'd;  
 And (faithlesse) thinke, God can ne will afford  
 To them, the blisse that children his attaine.  
 It is a signe therefore, grace never grew,  
 In such as shun to heare, and leare new.

When

FEELING CONSCIENCE. 139  
SON. LXIII.

W Hen I do heare sweet musicks pleasant sound,  
By which the Angels records are exprest,  
(Who sing to God due prayses without rest)  
Me thinkes to pray with them my selfe am bound.

When I the concord sounds of true consent  
Do note, which by their different voice is bred,  
It makes my hart to melt to see man bent,  
By discord to dissolute the blisse, that led  
To heauenly comfort, which the Angels sod;  
And is of Christian loue perfection best;  
Whose vnitie in Christ hath made them blest,  
To liue in him when law had left vs dead:  
The Saints therfore on earth should aye be found,  
With thankfull, ioyfull, hearts of loue t'abound.

SON. LXIII.

A S doth the fire, with imbers ouer-spred,  
And powder in the Cannon rammed hard,  
(By which his furies but awhile debard,  
When they breake forth) procure more feare & dred:  
As aire in cloud, or earth restrained long,  
Doth by his nature in the end preuaile:  
And (in reuenge of his so suffered wrong)  
Doth earth-quake breed, or thûdring firebolts haile:  
So when increasing sins, afresh assaile  
Our God of mercie, then is he prepard,  
Our insolencies fiercely to reward  
With double ruine, which he will not faile  
To terrifie those that in sinne are dead,  
Whilst his to liue (reseru'd) thereby are lead.

**V**V Hen I do see a man of loftie minde,  
 Delighting in the pompe he doth possesse;  
 A ruine or a shame at hand I gesse,  
 For which effect God doth his iudgement blind:  
 For as most daintily we vse to feed,  
 The beasts to slaughter that we haue ordaind:  
 So surfeſt of delights, a feare ſhould breed,  
 Leaſt ſowrer penance afterward remaind:  
 The prooſe hereof hath ſtill the godly waynd,  
 From pride or too much truſt in happieneſſe;  
 Which do not ſtill Gods fauour firme expreſſe,  
 But vſd as triaſes are, of conſcience faynd,  
 We therefore cauſe of care in plenty find,  
 To moue vs pray, and watch the end behind.

## SON. LXVI.

**A**S doth the morning conforſt to vs bring,  
 By giuing light to guide vs in our wayes,  
 As ſun-shine beames his beautie then displayes,  
 To ſolace, feed, refresh each earthly thing:  
 So ſhould (me thinkes) a thankfull heart thereby,  
 Be mou'd, to waigh the fruits by them we haue,  
 And by that light a greater light eſpy,  
 Who theſe (for bodies good) vnto vs gaue.  
 Like light vnto his ſoule forthwith to craue,  
 Whereby it ſleeping (void of holy rayes  
 Of grace) in finne doth ſpend away the dayes,  
 Which Christ our Sauiour died, the ſame to ſauē,  
 Vnto thee Lord, (Creator, powrefull king)  
 With birds by break of day they prayſe ſhould ſing.

I lift

## FEELING & CONSCIENCE.

141

### S O N . L X V I I .

I List not iudge nor censure other men;  
As I do iudge, so iudge me others will,  
And God himselfe that part can best fulfill:  
With others faults I will not meddle then,  
Vnlesse so farre as dutie doth desire,  
Which is with loue to warne them of the way,  
Whose weaknesse doth our loving aide require,  
To stay their steps wherein they are astray:  
But I must iudge my selfe (doth scripture say)  
And that I will, but not by natvie skill:  
The law and Gospell they shall try me still,  
And their true touch shall my estate bewray:  
My conscience witnesse more then thousands ten,  
My hart confesse my faults with tongue and pen.

### S O N . L X V I I I .

I See sometimes a mischefe me beset,  
Which doth amaze me much, and griefe procure:  
I haue a hope or hap I wish t'endure,  
But it doth vanish straight, and I do fret.  
I craue sometimes of God with seruencie,  
A thing (me thinkes) which might worke to my joy,  
My prayers yet he seemeth to denie,  
And by the contrary doth worke my annoy:  
I find at length the thing I scorn'd (as coy)  
Fall to my profit, and doth me assure,  
That God by this his goodnesse, doth allure  
Me to depend on him, and not to soy,  
(By natvie reason guided,) but to let  
His prouidence haue praise, and honor get.

coric

142 AFFECTIONS OF A  
SON. LXIX.

H Ow should I vse my time henceforth the best?  
The little that remaines ought well be spent:  
Too much lost time, cause haue I to repent,  
Best mends must be, well to imploy the rest.  
To pray and prayse the Lord, is fit for me,  
To craue things needfull, and his mercies tell;  
My spirituall wants and carriall plenties be,  
As many yet his blessings which excell:  
but multitude of words please not so well,  
He knowes the heart which righteously is bent,  
All holy actions are as prayers ment,  
And he is praysd, when sinne we do repell:  
Then if my life, the world and fletch detest,  
I pray and prayse, and shall find actions blest.

SON. LXX.

G ood words are praisd, but deeds are much more rare!  
One shadow is, the other substance right,  
Of Christian faith (which God and man delight)  
Without which fruits our barren tree is bare:  
Once well done, is more comfort to the soule,  
More profit to the world, to God more prayse,  
Then many learned words which sinne controule,  
Or all lip-labour that vaine glorie sayes.  
Who in a holy life doth spend his dayes,  
And still maintaine against sinne a valiant fight,  
He preacheth best, his words are most of might,  
He shall conuert men most from sinfull wayes:  
Such shall haue honor most (affirme I dare)  
With God and man, and lesse of worldly care.

Since

FEELING CONSCIENCE. 143.  
SON. LXXI.

Since we by baptisme, seruants are profest  
To Christ, whose name we (as an honor) beare,  
It is good reason, we his liuery weare,  
And not go ranging wainely with the rest:  
Since we do feed (by bountie of his hand )  
On precious food, which he doth giue and dresse,  
(Who at the well of life doth ready stand  
Vs to refresh, if thirst do vs oppresse.)  
We are too slow our selues to him t'addresse,  
To craue and vse these gifts in loue and feare:  
His righteous liuery we do rather teare,  
Then whom we serue by vse thereof expresse:  
Little he got that was such bidden guest,  
And how can thanklesse seruants then be blest?

SON. LXXII.

Since shame of men much more then godly feare,  
Restraineth vs from sinne, as proofe doth preach;  
Since more we after name of vertue reach,  
Then to the truth thereof we loue do beare:  
It were a part of wisedome to deuise,  
To vse our nature (of it selfe so vaine )  
From so base custome (euen for shame) to rise  
To actions good, which might true honor gaine.  
The best remede I therefore find remaine,  
To purchase prayse, and vertues habit teach,  
Is to professe in speech the same, whose breach  
In life we should refraine, least we should staine  
Our name, which would at length our liking reare,  
To loue of God indeed, and sinnes forbear.

A F F E C T I O N S   O F   A  
S O N .   L X X I I I .

T He difference is right great ( a man may see )  
 Twixt heauen and earth, twixt soule and body ours,  
 Twixt God & man, heauens powre & earthly towres;  
 As great the difference, in their vse must bee,  
 By high, ambitious, and by wrathfull fword,  
 Are earthly, transitory kingdomes gaynd ;  
 Humilitie with patient deed and word,  
 To heauenly crowne and honour doth attaine :  
 Man will his conquest with vaine glory staine ;  
 Heauens kingdom former pride forthwith deuours,  
 It equals all estates, sects, skils, and powres,  
 And makes the bodie well vnite remaine,  
 Wherof the head is Christ, the members we,  
 And held coheires of heauen with him we be.

S O N .   L X X I V .

F Or vs who do by nature still incline  
 Vnto the worst, and do the best forget,  
 Who do all passed benefits lightly set,  
 And so vnthankfully gainst God repine :  
 It were great wisedome dayly to obserue,  
 Such sundry haps as do to vs befall,  
 By which to learne, how much God doth deserue ;  
 Who those, and passed benefits gaue vs all.  
 And since there is not any blisse so small,  
 But for the which, we ought acknowledge debt,  
 On each occasion we should gladly get,  
 A meanes our minds to thankfulness to call.  
 For nought God craues, newe can giue in fine,  
 But drinke with thankes his cup of sauing wine.

The

## FEELING CONSCIENCE. 145

S O N. LXXV.

The parable of seed well sowne on ground,  
Which did according (as the soyle did safue)  
Some neuer bud, some bloome, some straightway  
Some grow, & in his crop so much abound: (starue,  
Doth well describe (as Christ full well applyes)  
The nature of the word, the which is sent  
By written Gospell and by preachers cryes,  
Into the heart, which (hearing) it doth rent:  
And (as well tild) sometimes begins relent,  
And yeeldeth blessed fruit and prayse desafue;  
As God the shewres of grace doth freely carue,  
And diligence in weeding it is spent:  
For many times such sinfull tares are found,  
As good had bin the seed in sea had drownd.

S O N. LXXVI.

I Cannot chuse (but yet deuoyd of pride)  
To note the happie and the glorious time  
Wherein we liue, and flourish in the prime  
Of knowledge, which those former dayes not tride:  
For all preheminences which are read,  
(Forespoken of latter age by Prophets all)  
As happily were perform'd, as promised,  
When Christ those mysteries did on earth vnsold,  
And those accomplish which were long foretold:  
The same, yea more by farre (we dust and slime  
Vnworthy wayers of thee, high we clime)  
Enioy, through preached truth more worth thē gold.  
But woe is me, this grace is vs denyde,  
We (to our selues) haue not the same applyde.

A F F E C T I O N S   O F   A  
S O N .   L X X V I I .

I F thou do feele thy fleshly thoughts repine,  
 When thou doest beare the crosses God doth send,  
 And that thou vnder burden of them bend,  
 And out of due obedience wouldest vntwine:  
 Remember when as yet a child thou wast,  
 Thou sufferedst patiently thy parents rod,  
 Because thou knewst his hatred could not last,  
 Though he thee punisht, doing thing forbod:  
 And wilt not thou much more yeeld vnto God  
 Obedience, who thy good doth still intend?  
 Whose fatherly protection doth defend  
 Thee from his wrath, when sinne had made thee od:  
 The father to thy soule he is in fine,  
 His wrath asswag'd, his loue doth soone incline.

S O N .   L X X V I I I .

T Rue is it sure, and none will it denay,  
 That faith inableth man to be more fit  
 For heauenly knowledge, then a humane wit:  
 To which, hid secrets God will not bewray.  
 But what is faith, and how it may be knowne,  
 How best attaynd; in that most men mistake:  
 In iudgement of the same would care be showne,  
 And of true faith from false, this difference make;  
 If worldly strength and wisedome man forsake,  
 If he by humble prayers seeke for it,  
 If of Gods promises he doubt no whit  
 In Christ, but for his strength that rocke he take,  
 It builded is on ground which still shall stay,  
 From fleshly bondage free, at latter day.

What

VV Hat high presumption is there growne of late,  
 In abiect shrubs of Sathan's darnell seed?  
 That (bramble-like) sinne thus aspires indeed,  
 To top the Cedar, that his pride doth hate?  
 I graunt the fault, in suffering him so long,  
 In humble shape to creepe and clime so hie;  
 Sinne (poyson-like) with age becomes more strong,  
 And Crocadell-like doth slay with teares in eie:  
 But since therefore no other shift I spy,  
 I like and will my loftie top abate,  
 My prostate soule, may so restraine the state  
 Of his increasing powre, whereby that I,  
 In building of Gods house may serue some steed,  
 And sinne confounded lie, like lothsome weed.

## S.O.N. LXXX.

VV Ho sees in common view of humaine kind,  
 The exild captive-state of sinfull man,  
 Sold vnto death (which only ransome can,  
 Appearse the wrath for fall of parents blind)  
 May (if he be of faithfull sumber) proue  
 A greater comfort then he can exprefie,  
 To see himselfe, whose sinnes these plagues do moue,  
 Freed from th'eternall death, whilst neretheleſſe,  
 The wicked reprobate, who not confesse  
 Their fall, nor feele the fauours Christians wan,  
 Headlong proceed, in path first parents ran,  
 And to the double death, themſelues addrefſe:  
 But happier he ten thousand times shall find,  
 His weakest ſtate, then their great gifts of mind.

Who giues may take, we ought not to repine,  
 Both wealth, and ease, yea life also by right,  
 God giueth all, all things are in his might,  
 And he can send and will, good end in fine:

Why should we then grudge any thing to beare,  
 That he doth send? or niggardly bestow  
 Our liues or goods? since to that vse they were  
 Given vs, as nature teacheth vs to know.

The great increase offruite the same doth show,  
 Which from one graine produced is in sight,  
 (Which as thing cast away appeares to light,  
 Till he (by blessing his) doe make it grow)  
 Which should our hearts to faith in him incline,  
 And not distrusting seeke for farther signe.

## SON. LXXXII.

Ov'rblinded natures that cannot foresee  
 Th'effect of nature, or what may succeed  
 Of actionsours, this error forth doth breed,  
 That we th'event, by chance suppose to bee:  
 To vs they may indeed by hap befall,  
 (As things beyond our skill or powre to stay)  
 But (as Gods works) chance can we not then call,  
 Or fortunes deed, or hap as we vse say:  
 God doth foresee, and guide each thing the way  
 It shall proceede, and he doth give the speed,  
 That doth issue, and present are indeed,  
 Things past and future, as they stand or stray:  
 Him as true cause of all things wee agree  
 To be, and from all chance or fortune free.

It

## FEELING CONSCIENCE.

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## SON. LXXXIII.

**I**T is a thing we lightly do neglect,  
 And yet a thing (me thinkes) we most should feare,  
   As which within our conscience still doth beare  
   A witnesse of our guilt, and foule infect:  
 When we by fame do find our spotted name,  
   (The greatest plague a man on earth may find,  
   The hardest witnesse of our worthy shame,  
   And foreft censurer of deed or mind)  
 Yet so selfe-loue doth iudgement often blind,  
   Or ignorance our natuie reason bleare,  
   That what is said or thought, by whom or where,  
   We little care, but let it passe as wind;  
   Though prouerbe truely say, by fames affect,  
   Gods iudgement lightly doth a truth detect.

## SON. LXXXIII.

**I**F common fame be lightly, likely found,  
 And fame for ill be such vnhappinesse,  
   Then this (me thinkes) a man must needs confesse,  
   That ill report (from persons good) doth wound.  
 If by report, much more if poore opprest,  
   If innocents, if they to God complaine,  
   If vengeance they do call, to haue redrest,  
   The grieves and agonies they do sustaine :  
 If God (as so he hath) hath witnest plaine,  
   That he will heare their cries whom men oppresse,  
   And will his care of them herein expresse,  
   That their complaints and cryes turne not in vaine;  
   What yron age is this, that such a sound  
   Of cryes against oppression doth abound?

T ij

**M**Y younger thoughts do wish me to withstand  
 The gracie aduise, which grace with loue doth lend  
 Their rash decrees to tyranny do bend:  
 These wish me (wisely) note the cause in hand;  
 The safe possession of a crowne in peace,  
 By abstinence a while, and patience vsd:  
 Sinnes power to shew, the others vrge, ne cease  
 To say, that pleasures should not be refusd:  
 The worser part my soule had almostchusd,  
 And for the pleasures which an houre doth send,  
 (And to eternall bondage after tend)  
 I bin by law and reason both accusd:  
 But since thy goodnesse Lord gaue blessed land,  
 Keepe in thy lawes my fleshly subiects band.

## S O N. LXXXVI.

**A**Las, how watchfull and how diligent  
 We are to further euery fond desire:  
 How slow againe to thing God doth require,  
 And how against the haire, good motions went.  
 Full many more solicitors we find,  
 To satisfie each triffe flesh doth craue,  
 Then to the things good conscience would vs bind,  
 And which (as duties) God in lawe vs gaue:  
 The wit, will, memorie we readie haue  
 To blow the bellowes of affections fire;  
 The soule may drenched perish in the inire  
 Of fleshly thoughts, ere any feeke to saue,  
 Or spare one minute (which is fondly spent)  
 To succour it, though it to good were bent.

We

## SON. LXXXVII.

WE haue bene babes, babes yet by nature we,  
Vnskilfull, ignorant of heauenly law,  
And babe-like shoulde be then in feare and awe  
To God, by whom create and rulde we be:  
Weake food best fits weake stomacks (as is sayd)  
And charitie would wish true weaknesse beare;  
Like strength to all Gods wisedome hath denayd,  
But by long sucking twere fit we stronger weare:  
Nothing to beare away, though much we heare,  
To speake of faith, which forth no fruities can draw,  
To feed with greedinesse the bodies maw,  
And yet no spirituall strength to let appeare,  
Is signe the soule is dead, in thee or mee:  
For liuing trees, by kindly fruit we see.

## SON. LXXXVIII.

NOT euery action which to happie end  
A man doth bring, is token as I find  
Of goodnesse in the doer, though our mind  
And common sense some reason so pretend:  
The deed which meriteth (for vertue) prayse,  
Must be premeditate in will before,  
Indeuour'd lawfully, and which bewrayes,  
No priuate obiect or respect we bore;  
And God himself things iudgeth euer more,  
Not by effects, as men of wisedome blind,  
But by intentions faithfull, honest, kind,  
Of such as doing them his aide implore:  
He issue doth to actions different send,  
As he to greater good (euer ill) will bend.

AFFECTIONS OF A  
SON. XCIX.

IF God should measure vs as we deserue,  
 (For each offence, requiting equally)  
 His iustice we, with horror should espie,  
 From which excuse (to shield vs) could not serue :  
 But iustice his by holy bound restraint,  
 Of mercie, which doth waighour weake estate,  
 A proper counterpoise for vs hath gaint,  
 Whilst iustis wrath, Christys mercy doth abate;  
 His Sonne our Sauiour, doth set ope a gate  
 To safetie, by the pardon he did bye,  
 With bloud most innocent, lest we should die,  
 Guilty of sin, which iustice needs must hate.  
 Thus we (by faith) cannot be sayd to swarue,  
 Our faults are his, of merits his we carue.

SON. XC.

IT is a custome that deserueth blame,  
 And ouer common with vs now adayes,  
 That euery man his fault on other layes,  
 And some excuse for euery euill frame,  
 And rather then we will the burden beare:  
 We lay on God (whose prouidence rules all)  
 The cause of what, our wicked natures were  
 Producers of, with wilfull bitter gall.  
 Thus from one sin to other we do fall,  
 And haires herein our nature vs bewrayes,  
 Of parent first, who his offence deniales,  
 And rather God, wife, serpent guilty call,  
 Then to confess his proper free will lame,  
 And by repentance praise Gods holy name.

How

## SON. XC I.

How can he be the author held of ill,  
Who goodnesse is it selfe, and onely true?  
To whom alone perfection still is due,  
And all the world, with goodly workes doth fill?  
It is not God, it is our selues alas,  
That doth produce these foule affects of sin,  
Our sickly nature, first infected was,  
And lacking tast of truth, delights therein:  
Our deeds in vs, how fowle so'ere they haue bin,  
What good soeuer of them doth insue,  
That part is Gods, our corrupt nature drue,  
The worser part; and flesh, death snares did spin,  
And eu'en our deeds, the which our soules do kill,  
Are good to God, and worke his glorie still.

## SON. XC II.

Doth any man desire his life to mend,  
And that of sin he might a lothing finde?  
Let him but on his actions looke behinde  
Forepast, and see where to they most did bende:  
Lethim on others looke with equall view,  
And note deformitie of lothfull sin,  
Let reason (not affections) tell him true,  
The brickle state himselfe to fore was in;  
As doctrine, that to penitence doth win,  
And true repentance, one of honest mind,  
When he in other sees affects so blind,  
As he in reason thinks could not haue bin  
Such as him selfe ashame to defend,  
And to be guiltlesse off, he would pretend.

AFFECTIONS OF A  
SON. XCIII.

I Haue desir'd, and held as chiefe delight,  
 To lead my life, where mirth did alwaies dwell,  
 From soule, so sorrow thinking to repell,  
 In feast and sport so past I day and night:  
 But if (as oft there did) a dismal chance  
 Befall, whereby I found some cause of griefe,  
 I was amaz'd, dispair'd, and as in trance,  
 No comfort found, or meanes to giue reliefe:  
 My former ioyes prouoked sorrow chiefe,  
 I loathd the thoughts before did please so well,  
 My meditations then of death befell,  
 And of worlds pleasures, which were vaine & chiefe,  
 Which made me chāge my former humor quight,  
 For teares, cares, sorrows, still to be in sight.

SON. XCIV.

SInce we are found (if we our selues do know)  
 To be a barren ground and good for nought,  
 Vnlesse by husbandrie we will be brought,  
 To aptnesse for some good whereon to growe:  
 Since preachers are the husbandmen ordaind,  
 And p reaching of the Prophets is the seed,  
 By whose indeuors onely frute is gaind,  
 Of holy life, the which our faith doth feed;  
 Me thiukes it shoulde a greater aptnesse breed,  
 In tennants to this soule, which Christ hath bought,  
 To haue it so manurde and daily wrought,  
 As it might grow to betterd state indeed, (show  
 And yeeld some crop of goodnessse, which might  
 The thankfull hearts, which we to God do owe.

VWhen

When I behold the trauell and the payne,  
 Which wicked men in euill actions bide,  
 What hazards they assay to goe aside,  
 When with more ease, they vertue might attaine:  
 How theeues and murtherers such boldnesse vse,  
 Such watchfull painefull meanes their wills to win,  
 As euen religious men do oft refuse,  
 To tast of like, though they would faine begin.  
 I finde too true, that we are sold to sin,  
 And that the bodie doth the spirit guide,  
 That reason yeelds to sense, and sense doth hide  
 Lust in his liking, which doth forward slide  
 From ill to worse and neuer doth refraine (gain).  
 Sin, which may sin; nor paine, which paine may

Since nothing is more certaine then to dye,  
 Nor more vncertaine, then the time and howre,  
 Which how to know, is not in Phisickes powre:  
 Yet nature teacheth it, to be but nie;  
 For that death stealeth on vs like a thiefe,  
 And nothing liuing is exempt therrefro,  
 His malice to preuent, is wisedome chiefe,  
 That vnprouided he not take vs so:  
 As that on sodaine he appeare a foe,  
 And vs compulsiuely he do deuowre,  
 That God by him in wrath doe seeme to lowre,  
 And that to death, (not life) we seeme to goe;  
 Soe let vs liue that death we dare defie,  
 Since heauens eternall life, we gaine thereby.

156 AFFECTIONS OF A  
SON. XCVII.

Great are the graces God in man doth shew,  
All tending chiefly to soules proper gaine,  
That by some meanes at length he might attaine  
To higher thoughts, from earthly base and low:  
Yet since no benefits we do receaue,  
Can so assure vs of his loue indeed,  
That loue of world, and earth they can bereaue,  
And make our minds on heauenly ioy to feed;  
Much lesse a new desire in vs can breed,  
To win the heauiens by losse of life so vaine,  
This common way by death he made remaine,  
Inevitable to all humane seed;  
By force those heauenly ioyes to make vs know,  
Which after death in lasting life shall grow.

SON. XCVIII.

Might Elizeus wish allow'd be,  
And prayer blest, which Salomon did make,  
And canst thou then thy trauell vndertake,  
For worthier prize then they haue showne to thee?  
Sure heauenly wisedome earthly wisedome teacheth;  
Such wisedome findeth grace with God and man,  
Who seeks these first, God plenteously him reacheth  
All other earthly gifts, he wisht or can:  
That will I seeke, that will I studie than,  
No plenty shall my thirst therafter flake,  
With Elizeus will I alwayes wake,  
And watch the Prophets wayes, and manner whan  
My Sauiour doth ascend, that I may see  
His glory, and he his grace redouble in mee.

Long

## SON. XCIX.

Long do the wicked runne a lawlesse race,  
Vncontrolled in their will;  
Their appetites at pleasure they do fill,  
And thinke themselves to be in happie case:  
But stay awhile, and let me see the end,  
(Which crowneth euery good and perfect deed)  
And you shall find their slipperie way to bend  
To ruine, if in time they take not heed:  
For earthly ease securitie doth breed,  
Securitie, the soule doth lightly kill,  
It breeds forgetfulnesse of God, and still  
Doth quench the spright and body pampering feeds;  
Who therefore doth delights too much imbrace,  
Among the blest, may hap to lose his place.

## SON. C.

Like as the sunne whose heat so needfull is,  
Produceth daily different effects,  
According to the nature of obiects,  
Which hardneth that, yet molifieth this:  
So doth the Gospell preached, eu'en the same;  
It makes some to repent and melt in teares,  
Some stubborne hearts repine, and cauls frame  
To quarrell at, and scorne such needless feares:  
The lowly heart, in ioy and hope it reares,  
The haughty mind, as low assoone deiects,  
In zealous hearts it neighbour-loue reflects,  
Whiles other conscience, spight and rankor beares:  
The natvie powre it keepes of perfect blisse,  
And holy heat confirming all amisse.

## E P I L.

**T**empt me no more to dwell in Cedar tents,  
Pauilions of Princes and of pride,  
My tickle strength is dayly like to slide,  
And makes my bodie do what soule repents:  
My yeares forwarne me to forbear annoy,  
In liked things which do the senses feed,  
In costly colours, gems, or games to ioy,  
Or stately troopes, or honors fruitlesse seed.  
For passed vanities my heart doth bleed,  
And vowed hath the resting time I bide,  
(If God in constancie my heart shall guide )  
Some ryper fruits on former soyle to breed;  
Which graunt me Lord, that so thy seruant I,  
May in thy Courts remaine, and flesh defye.



## AN INTRODUCTION TO PECULIAR PRAYERS.

To thee (o Lord) who only knowst my sin,  
And only able art, my state redresse,  
To thee alone my plaints directed bin,  
To thee my guilt alone I do confesse:  
In hope thy gracious aide at need to win,  
Who giuest me grace, these prayers to addresse:  
My words can not expresse, My inward griefe,  
My deedes declare too well my true disease,  
Yet doubt I not to craue of thee relief,  
Because thy Sonne did first thy wrath appease:  
These are my wants, and many more then these,  
But of them all, vnfaithfulnesse is chiefe:  
Yet as repentant thiefe, On crosse found grace,  
Vouchsafe my plaints with mercie to imbrace.

## P R A Y E R S.

*S O N . C I . Craves grace to pray.*

O Powrefull God in Christ our father deare,  
Who mad'st and rul'st all things euen by thy will  
Whose truth and loue, the heauens and earth do fill,  
Vouchsafe my will to frame, and prayers heare,  
Touch thou my heart, my blinded iudgement cleare,  
That sorrow for my sinnes may teares distill:

Let true repentance kill All carnall lust,  
Let purpose to amend , my soule direct,  
To craue thy aide, who only canst protect (vniust:  
Mans feeble strength from thoughts, words, deeds  
Fraile is mans powre and will,his substance dust,  
His purest actions, hourely it detect;  
Yet do thou not reiect, Thy worke in me,  
Who craue a will to pray, and faithfull be.

*S O N . C I I . Salutation of the Church.*

H Aile sacred seat of Gods eternall peace,  
Where all his blessings kept in treasure are,  
Twixt soule and bodie, which accords the iarre,  
And causest cumbers of discord to cease;  
From wandring worldly thoughts, thou doest release  
My doubtfull hope, which sought for help from farre;  
In Sathan's fiercest warre A bulwarke strong,  
In natures hote assault a sure defence,  
An Arke of safety for our feeble sence,  
A watchmans towre to those to thee belong,  
A harmony of heauenly musicks song:  
Kind shepherd to the soule, which strayes not thence,  
For still with sweet incense Thy lights do flame,  
And Christ thy Priest & Captaine gards the same.

Alas

## S O N . C I I I . For constancie.

**A** Las o Lord, how fraile the fletch I find; two 91  
**H**ow readie to reuolt vnto distrust; viii or viii  
**H**ow willing to seeke helpe in flesh vniust; ix or vii  
**V**ngratefull fruit of gracelesse humane kind; ix  
**W**hich harboreth such monsters in the mind; ix or vii  
**A**s soule and bodie both needs ruine must; ix or vii  
**L**ike wauering sand or dust, With winds which moue,  
 From good to ill, from ill to worse we fall,  
 We haue not sooner grace for helpe to call,  
 And budding faith thy mercies for to prove,  
 But weary long to seeke our ioyes aboue,  
 We quench this spright, and haue no helpe at all:  
 The perill is not small, (Lord) I am in,  
 Inflame the faith, and zeale thou didst begin.

## S O N . C I I I . For faith.

**S**Ince thus my selfe I find to be vncleane; xi or xii  
**V**nfit to bide before Gods justice throne; xi or xii  
**W**ho recompence for sinne accepteth none; xvi  
 But to the rigor of desert doth leane, xi or xii  
 To fly to thee my Sauiour Christ I meane, xi or xii  
 Who paydst my debt sufficiently alone:  
 I need but make my mone To thee I know,  
 For thou art readie to relieue my want, xi or xii  
 Thy fathers loue, and thy obedience brant xi or xii  
 With zeale, thy mercies on vs to bestow: xi or xii  
 Whereof since faith the vse to vs must shew, xi or xii  
 And as it is more feruent or more scant, xi or xii  
 More powrefull isto daunger Deaths bitter sting,  
 Graunt faith may prayers frame, & comfort bring.

## S O N. C V . For graces to judge of good &amp; euill.

**A** Midst these dangerous dayes wherein I liue,  
 Poore silly Orphane distitute of skill,  
 By parents fall forlorne, by nature ill,  
 Craue grace of thee o Lord : and therwith giue,  
 Powre to my weaknesse sin away to drue,  
 That so I may thee serue and honour still:  
 Reforme my feeble will, And it incline,  
 To haue henceforth a wise and solide rast,  
 Of truth and falshod; let my choyse be plasid  
 On perfect patterne drawne with vertuous line:  
 With serpents wisedome let my iudgement shine,  
 To shun the snares whereto my lust would haft:  
 Vouchsafe my sute be graft, With help from thee,  
 Thy word the lampe of light vnto me bee.

## S O N. C VI . For innocencie in euill.

**S**Ince so simplicitie, thy word doth prayse  
 (O Lord) as that thy Sonne example gaue  
 By all his life, and workes that he did craue,  
 His seruants wherein to direct their wayes,  
 Like to the babe on mothers breast that stayes,  
 And sylly Lambes, and doves which no guile haue.  
 Since he is prest to faue, And to imbrace  
 The lame, blind, naked, leaporous, reiect;  
 Since to yeeld health to all, and stach protect  
 As simply do with faith approach the place,  
 When he in mercies seat doth shew his face,  
 And prayers heare, and needfull suites effect:  
 Lord doe me not neglect, Poore, silly, blind,  
 Who meritelesse, yet mercy hope to find.

How

S O N . C V I I . *Shame of sinnes.*

H ow could I Lord but be ashain'd indeed,  
To lift my eyes to thee, to craue for ayde;  
When I of thought, word, deed, haue sins displayd,  
With multitude of monstrous ofsprings breed,  
The true portrait of Adams carnall seed,  
Which made him hide himselfe when he it wayd:  
I therefore am affrayd, And shun to show  
Vnto the world, the shamefull broodl beare,  
Which thoughts do hatch, and vile affections reare;  
Too hatefull for a Christian soule to know,  
And do so hastily to hugenesse grow,  
As vaine it is a figge-tree leafe to weare:  
I know no other where My shame to hide,  
But with thy merits; or thy wrath to bide.

S O N . C V I I I . *Against defection.*

V V Hen I (O Lord) vnto my mind do call,  
The fearefull records of the Patriarkes best,  
In whom great gifts of grace did seeme to rest,  
And yet to soule and fearefull sinnes did fall;  
I do deplore the frailty of vs all,  
And feare defection eu'en in those are blest.  
And since I am the least, O Lord (alas)  
Of many, that in word professe thy name,  
And I some feeling tast haue of the same,  
Which doth not forward to perfection pas;  
It makes me see (as in a looking glasse)  
The feeble strength of this my present frame,  
Which clogd with sin is lame, And wold look back  
To hell (from which I fly) if grace should lack.

*SONGS & X. Not to trust in flesh.*

**W**HAT trust may I, o Lord, oh flesh repose? (dust,  
Whose mould is earth, whose substance is but  
His thoughts vncleane, his actions all vniust,  
As is the stocke of parents, whence it growes;  
Whome fraud, vptruth, pride, lust, distrust inclose,  
By which (by nature) rul'd wee are and must:  
I know the feble trust, I may expect,  
And safety which on such a frame is found;  
Where weake foundation is the sand vnsound,  
Which may... abyde the brunt of stormie day,  
When as temptation's shall their powre display,  
Or yet afflictions vs eniron round:  
Vpon a surer ground, Faith must me build,  
And Christ my saviour so my soule may shield.

*SONG. XI. Praye for humilitie.*

**S**INCE thou o Lord and Saviour doest confesse  
Thy selfe a true Phisition, vnto those  
Who with humilitie their grieves disclose,  
And vnto thee for ayd, by prayers presse;  
Vouchsafe thou so my heart to thee addresse,  
That on thy helpe alone my faith repose.  
Vouchsafe my sight vilose, Make me to see  
The naked shew of natures powre and shaine;  
Let me behold my workes, weake, lewd, and lame;  
And let my heart with sorrow pierced be,  
And pressed downe, procure such mone in me,  
As may infine repentance truely frame:  
That humbly so thy name, I may adore,  
And faithfully in fine thy helpe implore;

Leue

SON. CXL. *For Comfort in affliction.*

L eave me not Lord, most humbly I thicke craue,  
 In this distresse, whereto my sins me bring,  
 VWhich headlong vnto hell, my soule would fling,  
 And make me thinke, there were no powre could faine  
 My wretched state, from deahts eternall grane,  
 Which poysoned is by Satans deadly stangere orde,  
 But teach thou me to sing, O Lord thy praise,  
 Amids thy saints which see thy mercies still,  
 With ioy and comfort da my couragē fill:  
 Once Lord my soule, which yet in terror states,  
 Make me to bend vnto thy will my waies,  
 And frame my powers vnto thy holy will:  
 The powre of Satan kill, And so increase  
 My soule with comfort of thy lasting peace.

SON. CXLI. *In prosperity, ne to forfiske God.*

T He more o Lord I see before my face,  
 The daily blessings, which shew doest bestow  
 On me vnworthie wretch, who well do know,  
 How farre affections vile in me haue place:  
 The more I see, iust cause to call for grace,  
 Lest for abuse of them thou vengeance shew:  
 For then most soone we grow, For to forget  
 The giuer, when the gifte we once haue gained,  
 Ingratitude our natures so hath staind,  
 Thy greatest blessing we most lightly set,  
 So far we are from paying praise for debt,  
 VVe do forget the nurse vs fed and waine:  
 As Israel not restraint, Thee most offend,  
 VWhen most thou them didst feed & comfort send.

SON. CXII. *Mans Sorrow for sin.*

I Must commend the thing the world doth hate,  
 And like the thing that flesh and bloud detest;  
 The cares and griefes by which I was opprest,  
 Which made me see and know my wretched state:  
 Wisdome is dearely bought, but not too late;  
 Who tastes true frute of care, knowes comfort best  
 Make me then Lord digest each bitter pill,  
 Which for correction of my sin is sent:  
 Purge thou thereby, my drosse, make me repent  
 Each lewd affect offensie to thy will:  
 A new and better nature Lord in still,  
 Which to thy seruice alwaies may be bent:  
 With sorrow often rent, My hardened heart,  
 And let repentance purchase cure of smart.

SON. CXIII. *For true feare.*

F Eare is a fraikie knowne to humane kind,  
 Which witnesseth a guilt where it doth dwell:  
 Since Adams fall, his offspring knew it well,  
 And euery man in conscience doth it find;  
 It takes possession in a troubled mind,  
 And (if grace want) dilpaire drives downe to hell:  
 Yet these thy praises tell, O Lord they shall,  
 Who danted for their fraikies, do require  
 Grace to resist their lustes, and doe asprie  
 For strength of true perfection so to call,  
 And haue a feare of sin (though neare so small)  
 For loue of right, as well as shunning ire,  
 Kindle their loue with fire, Sprinkle it with feare,  
 That incense of obedient smoke it reare.

SON. CXV. *Sorrow for coldnesse of compassion.*

I  
Feele ô Lord, and sorrow for the same,  
The slender feeling, and compassion small,  
The which I haue of neighbours case at all;  
Which to assist their states my heart should frame,  
VVho with my lips, professe a Christian name,  
But stop my eares when they for help do call,  
So easily we fall. And do forgett,  
The lesson which our Maister Christ vs gaue,  
VVho vs with mourners to lament would haue,  
And on our brothers good, chiefe care should set:  
But selfe-loue and cold charitie, doth let  
No frute of faith proceed, though neighbour craue:  
Yet thou didst freely saue Me wretch cleane lost,  
Whose life the blud of thy deare Sonne hath cost.

SON. CXVI. *For Patience.*

W  
Hen I ô Lord in troubles sore opprest,  
My heauie state with carefull thoughts do way,  
Which hope of happie issue doth denay,  
And frailtie of the flesh can scarce digest;  
I onely find herein at length some rest,  
When on thy mercy promised I stay;  
And when from day to day, I see with shame,  
My new offences, which do trespass thee,  
And note how long thy iudgements spared me,  
Which iustly might burst forth in vengeance flame;  
Ye when my Sauiours sufferings show the same,  
Which ought a rule to his elect to be:  
I craue that I might see, Like frutes of grace,  
So that impatience hold in me no place.

168 AFFECTIONS OF A  
SON. CXVII. *For continuance of Gods word.*

T He greatest plague that I see cause to feare,  
To such as I, who haue so carelesse bin,  
By reading and by preaching, for to win  
True knowledg, which our harts to thee might reare  
Is, lest thy Prophets sound should so forbearre  
To preach thy word, that we should dwell in sin:  
And wallowing therein, We should delight  
In ignorance (the headlong path to hell)  
And wickedly in carnall tents to dwell;  
And so surcease with sinne, or lust to fight:  
Grant therfore (Lord) thy sword may alwaies smite  
My soule, till sinne it from me cleane expell:  
Let Prophets alwaies tell To vs thy will,  
And keepe vs vnder thy obedience still.

SON. CXVIII. *For grace to bring forth fruits.*

A lthough (o Lord) I do as truth confesse,  
No powre in humane art that can thee please;  
That all polluted are with first disease  
Of sinne originall, which did transgresse  
By parents fall, and workes in vs no lesse,  
On whom by iust succession sindoth cease:  
Yet since Christ doth appease The penance due,  
By bearing burden on his backe for me,  
And faith herein sufficeth me to free;  
Which faith must fruitfull be if it be true,  
And workes of grace regenerate issue,  
Which perfect pledge of safetie ought to bee;  
I craue (o Lord) of thee, From day to day,  
To guide my steps vnto a righteous way.

Weake

## FEELING CONSCIENCE. 169

SON. CXIX. *Aide in conflict with sin.*

VV Eake are my Chāpions Lord which fight with sin;  
I meane my will, and powre which take in hand,  
The furie of their assaults for to withstand,  
And victory of him do hope to win:  
Some signe it is of courage, to begin  
To fight, but cowards part to leaue the land.

I faine would come in band, And leige would make  
With thee my Sauiour, ere I be assayld:  
No other comfort euer man auayld,  
But trust in thee, when troubles them did take;  
Thou helpst thy flocke, thou doſt not them forsake,  
If so their faith in thee be nothing quayld:  
No ſillable is fayld Of all thy word,  
Tby truth ſubdues the force of wrathfull ſword.

SON. CXX. *Comfort in affliction.*

VV Hy do we not reioyce, whilſt Christ we haue  
Our bridgrome, wedded ſure to faithfull band?  
His owne free liking made our merit stand,  
And by his word, his louet to vs he gaue;  
First pledge wherof was Baptisme, which forth draue  
Our feare, and lent a gracious helping hand.  
And that in ſacred land We might be free,  
And there poſſeſſion haue of endleſſe rest,  
His Testament he made, and with the bleſſt,  
Our heritage (by faith) he made vs ſee:  
He ſignd the writ with his assurance beſt,  
Of bread and wine, which might a Simboll bee,  
His corps nayld on the tree, For our diſcharge  
From ſin, hell, death, which ſets our ſoule at large.

## CONCLVSION.

Though long (my soule) thou banished hast bin,  
 From place of thy repose, by tyrants might;  
 By world and worldly cares, by flesh, wherein  
 Thy wandring thoghts haue dazeld iudgements sight:  
 Learne yet at length to guide thy course aright,  
 Vnto that end which must begin thy rest;  
 Learne once for shame, so constantly to fight  
 Against affections, which please fancie best,  
 That all vnfruitfull thoughts thou maist detest,  
 And hold those common pleasures, combers great,  
 Whose issue, age and time with ruine threat,  
 VVhen death vnlookt for, seemes a fearefull guest,  
 Retire thy selfe, as wise Barzilla did,  
 From worldly cares, thy purer thoughts to rid.

# A TABLE DIRECTING BY PART

of the first verse of each, to the

A	Booke.Sonet.	B	Booke.Sonet.
A Base borne	1. 54	Faine would I prayse	2. 40
According to thy	2. 41	Fyne foolish virgins	1. 17
A husband man	1. 53	Fie fainting faith	2. 48
Although the world	2. 70	For common matter	2. 77
Although these	2. 86	Fortune and chaunce	2. 106
Amidst the graues	2. 43	For out of darknesse	2. 103
A marchant	1. 21	From lida wandering	2. 84
Among the prease	1. 23	From farre I see	2. 118
Among thy sheepe	1. 9	G	
Amidst this famine	1. 37	Great are the	2. 67
A Moabite	2. 80	Great is thy	2. 65
Amidst this pilgrimage	2. 80	H	
A poore Arabian	1. 20	E is vnworthy	2. 22
A tenant	1. 50	How should my	1. 1
As thou art pure	1. 24	How hard it is	2. 48
As oft as thou	1. 31	How oft ô Lord	1. 63
A sinfull Syrian	1. 98	How drunken are	1. 39
A seruant Lord	2. 73	How precious	2. 21
A seruant sold	1. 75	How can I limit	2. 26
As through a mist	2. 1	How may this be	2. 34
As fareth with	2. 9	How fond a thing	2. 46
As is the treasure	2. 15	How many priuiledges	2. 61
As bur vaine	2. 66	How should the quiet	2. 63
As doth the starres	2. 53	How happily	2. 78
As doth the Moone	2. 44	How is it that	2. 82
A virgin pure	1. 29	How loth this	2. 96
Auant base thoughts	2. 37	How should my	2. 85
A wicked Pharisie	1. 16	How should I	2. 89
A wicked theefe	1. 78	How do Gods blessings	2. 91
A wicked soule	B 19	I	
B Behold ô Lord the city	1. 10	Follow thee	2. 25
B Behold ô Lord a tree	1. 14	I seeke ô Lord	2. 13
Behold amidst worlds	1. 92	I will not feare	2. 38
Berwixt two strong	2. 17	I iustly am	2. 52
By many gifts	2. 62	I see alas	2. 99
Borne blind I was	1. 38	I finde my heart	2. 49
C		I haue bene blind	2. 68
C All me ô Lord	2. 58	I haue begun	2. 6
C Cleansd are the	2. 2	I see a storme	2. 81
F		I shame to see	2. 13
F Aine would I fence	B 32	I know not	2. 93
F Faine would follow	2. 52	In humble wife	2. 4

A TABLE.

	B. Son.		B. Son.
Into thy vineyard	2. 23	O perfect sonne	2. 41
labondage long	1. 79	Of sinfull race	1. 30
In famine great	1. 89	Of every creature	1. 47
In deadly sleepe	1. 43	Of parents first	1. 26
In pride of youth	1. 6	Of sweet and sauorie	1. 90
If thou vouchsafeſt	1. 45	Out of the fountaine	1. 18
If he to whom	2. 11	Out of thy P	1. 92
If Saba Queene	2. 43	Polluted with	1. 28
If beautie be	2. 33	S	
If Paradise	2. 59	Since it hath	1. 46
If he vnworthie be	2. 73	Since with Goliath	1. 11
If I did hope	2. 93	Since thou haſt raiſd	1. 65
If I can ſpeakē	2. 99	Since thou by grace	1. 100
It is not Lord	1. Pref.	Since that it pleafeth	1. 88
It were vniſt	2. 71	Since to ſo holy	2. 3
It is no light L	2. 76	Since thou o Lord	2. 10
Lame of my limbs	1. 7	Since hou haſt	2. 25
Let earthly things	2. 47	So blind o Lord,	1. 77
Like pined child	1. 27	So foolish Lord	1. 97
Like ſilly babes	2. 55	Some men do mourne	2. Pref.
Lo how I groueling	1. 81	Sometimes my nature	2. 72
Loue then I will	2. 39	T	
M		The temple Lord	1. 67
My body Lord the house	1. 36	The ſelly babes	1. 57
My body Lord infect	1. 60	The greedineſſe	1. 34
My ſoule like	1. 76	The many triaſ	1. 85
My finnes beholde	1. 33	The dreame which thou	1. 93
My wicked fleſh	1. 44	The ſeede which thou	1. 94
Mourne thou no more	1. 101	The malice of	1. 96
My traiterous heart	1. 49	The talents which	1. 87
N		The onely daughter	1. 56
No recompence	2. 20	The more I ſeeke	2. 8
No sooner loue	2. 50	The end whereto	2. 34
Not that my faith	1. 84	The pleasures of	2. 16
Not every one	2. 88	The powerfull pen	2. 29
Now that thou haſt	1. 11	The ſhining face	2. 36
Now that I ſee	1. 61	The chaſtifeſmts	2. 84
Now that it pleafeth	1. 69	The thundring voyce	1. 8
Now that I haue	2. 11	The slender Citie	1. 83
Now will I daunce	2. 19	This ſtately ſtage	2. 30
Now that thy mercies	2. 37	Thou formeft me	1. 71
O		Though with thy Saints	1. 40
O Heauenly beautie	2. 31	Thou haſt o Lord	1. 86
O heauenly loue	2. 35	Thankes will I	2. 22
		To	

### A TABLE.

B. Son.		B. Son.	
To shun the rockes	agad ill. 10	What present	1. 43
V		What weakh	1. 57
Nto thy Princely	1. 5	What is felicitie	2. 60
Voide of true life	1. 35	When I began	2. 87
W		When I with griefe	2. 95
VV Ere it not straunge	2. 75	When desolate I was	2. 79
Where shall I build	1. 58	Who so beholds	2. 43
Where shall I finde	2. 9	Whilist in the plentie	2. 74
What am I else	1. 71	Whilist I do studie	2. 34
Whilist in this world	1. 70	Why should he faint	2. 69
Whilist with the wholesome	1. 64	Why should this	2. 95
Whilist in the garden	1. 31	Why should I	2. 90
Where so I cast about	2. 23	Within this Arke	1. 3
When thou vouchsafest	1. 55	Within thy garden	1. 15
Whilist in the vaile	1. 59	Within thy house	1. 68
Whilist that the chosen	1. 62	Who so behold	2. 31
Whilist that in wealth	1. 66	Who so could	2. 56
What strength hath	1. 55	Who seeketh not	2. 57
When I begin	2. 83	Who so of perfect	2. 64
When as my	2. 3	Who so wouldlie	2. 97
What tounge or pen	2. 94	Would God	2. 5
What should I render	2. 28	Words may well want	2. Conclus.

### A TABLE OF FEELING AFFEC-

tions, being the third Centenarie of Sonets.

Sonet.	
A ll will not serue	6 Fro out what dreame
All men by na ure	41 Feare is a frailtie
Alas how watchfull	86 Give all to him
Alas ô Lord	103 Good wordes are praysd
Although ô Lord	118 Great are the graces
Amidst the daungerous dayes	5 Great are the graces
Among the many fires	129 Heale sacred seate
Among the many trials	51 Haue we not cause
As thos: with skill	50 He that to do no quill
As doth the fire	64 How can I hope
As doth the morning sunne	66 How little comfort
But will you know	14 How should I vse my time
Come to the counsell	23 How can he be
Doth any man desire	93 How could I Lord
Downe let vs fling	43 I cannot chuse
Exilde be mortall cares	2 If woe there was
Faine would I b'ing	43 I feele ô Lord
For vs who do	2 I go about
	2 I list not judge
	74 If thou do feede

A TABLE.

Sonet.	Sonet.
If common fame	184
If God should measure vs	89
I haue desyred	93
I maruell much	8
I must commend	113
I now begin	4
In mid of plechtie	23
I oftentimes	53
I often heate	93
I see sometimes	68
It is not causelesse	31
I shold not seeme	33
It seemeth straunge	58
It is not rest	64
It is a thing	83
It is a custome	90
Leaue me not Lord	121
Like maister like	55
Kike as the sunne	100
Long do the wicked run	99
Me thinkes sometimes	16
My yonger thoughts	85
Might Elizeus wifh	98
Not onely doth the Lord	46
Not euery action	88
Of thee and of thy prayse	1
O happie Symon of Syren	19
O that we could	54
O powerfull God	101
Our blinded natures	82
Since it hath pleased the Lord	48
Since we by Baptisme	71
Since shame of men	72
Since we are found	94
Since thus my selfe	104
Since nothing else	96
Since thou o Lord	110
Since so simplicitie	106
Slow is our God indeed	52
Straunge are in truth	42
Sometimes cleane tired	19
Tempt me no more	Epilogue
of feeling affections.	
To thee o Lord who	Introdu-
ction to Prayer.	Where haft Preface to affections.
	F I N I S.

*Sonnets of the Author to divers, collected by the Printer.*

And first to the Lords of her Maiesties privie counsell.

*To the right Ho. and most reverend father in God, my Lord*  
*Archbishop of Canterbury his grace.*

I F Dauid did in passion iust arise,  
When he recorded his exiled state,  
Compar'd with happier Swallowes, which devise  
To build their nests so neare the Temple gate;  
May I not mourne, to see the world alate,  
So swarne with booke, which euery where do fly,  
Whose subiects as most base i might merit hate,  
(Though curious braynes their wits therein apply)  
When better matters buried long do ly,  
For lacke of sauourers or protectors grace?  
May I not take occasion thus to try  
My pen, and craue that you the same imbrace?  
Yes sure, worldknowes, you can, and will protect  
The cause, why God and Prince did you erect.

*To the Right Ho. Knight, Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Keeper  
of the great Scale of England.*

VV Hat fame reports (by mouth of good and wise)  
It is not flattery to record the same:  
The publike echo of your prayse doth rise,  
That you by iustice ballance iudgement frame:  
Then may you not, my pen of boldnesse blame,  
If it present to your impartiall eye,  
This holy worke, to shield it with your name,  
Which may among prophane in daunger ly.  
Wise Salomon, childs parent true did try,  
And Daniell false accusers fraud bewray,  
By searching hearts affects, and words, whereby  
Ones fained loue, the others guilt to way:  
So judge this worke, and him shall it deprauie;  
So I desire, you iustice prayse shall haue.

To the right Hon. the Lord Burghley, Lord high Treasurer  
of England, one of the most Noble order of the Garter, &c.

**I**n Romaines held Sibillaes workes so deare,  
Because they from Deuining spright did grow;  
More precious present then, receiue you here,  
Which God on king, king did on world bestow.  
Our Sibill you, our Salomon we know,  
And is your words and workes the world doth prize:  
To vertue you, your selfe a fater shew;  
Hence honor yours, hence countries good dothrise:  
Then this (no fiction that man doth devise,  
But built on best experiance life can bring)  
With patience reade, and do it not despise;  
Your wise experiance can confirme each thing:  
It is not rated as Sibillaes were,  
But (priz'd by you) it will the value reare.

To the Ri. Ho. the Earle of Essex, Great Master of the Horse  
to her Highnesse, and one of the most Noble order of the &c.

**N**ot Neptunes child, or Triton I you name,  
Not Mars, not Perseus, though a Pere to all;  
Such word I would find out or newly frame,  
By sea and land might you triumphant call.  
Yet were such word for your desert too small:  
You Englands ioy, you ea'mies terror are,  
You vices scourge, you vertues fenced wall;  
To Church a shield, to Antichrist a barre.  
I need not feare my words should stretch to farre,  
Your deedes out-fly the swiftest soaring pen,  
You praise of peace, th'undaunted powre of warre,  
Of heauens elect, the happieloue of men:  
Not knowing then, How to expresse my mind;  
Let silence craue, this gift may fauour fiad.

When

To the R. i. Ho. the Lord Charles Howard of Effingham,  
Admirall of England, one of the most Noble order of the garter, &c.

VV Hen as wise Salomons most happie raigne,  
Is registered in booke of holy writ; I  
His greatnessse seemes increase of honour gaine,  
By store of worthy Peeres his state which fit,  
Whose excellencye of courage and of wit,  
His Impery'causd with wealth and peace abound,  
Whose heads and hands, did neuer idle sit,  
But seeking commons good, through world around,  
Which subiects safetie bred, and feare to foyce,  
Like fame vnto our Prince, you cause to sound;  
Both farre and neare, whilst your victorious goe:  
For which her trust, our loue to you is due,  
. As pledge whereof, I this present to you.

To the Right Ho. the Lord Cobham, Lord Chamberlaine of her  
Maiesties household, Lord Warden of the Sink ports, and of the  
Noble order of the Garter, &c.

G Iftes are not measur'd by the outward show,  
Nor by the price, of Peeres of Noble kinds:  
They shadowes are, the harts intent to know,  
And simple figures of a faithfull mind:  
Then since your vertues high, all hearts do bind,  
To striue to testifie their grate intent,  
Vouchsafe suppose, my powre cannot yet find  
A present fit as will and heart was bent:  
That reade you once, as thing of some regard:  
His mind ment well, that it vnto you sent,  
Time not spent ill, in view thereof is spåtd:  
(3) If it more worth, I more loue could expresse,  
My due regard of you shold yeld no lesse!

*To the Right Ho. the Lord North, Treasurer of her  
Majesties housshould.*

I May not say, I shun to shew my want  
Before your selfe, whom I true noble hold,  
Since I to others haue not made them scant,  
And may of meaner men be well controld:  
This common guilt of mine, makes me more bold  
To prosecute the error I begunne,  
Who craue your fauour not my faults vnfold,  
Although my folly ouer-rashly runne:  
If with the best they haue a pardon wonne,  
They may the boldlier passe the common view:  
What Princes like, the people hold well done,  
And fame in passage doth her force renew:  
Which good or bad, your censure is to make,  
When now first flight it in the world doth take.

*To the Right Honorable the Lord of Buckhurst.*

A S you of right impart, with Peeres in sway  
Of common weale, wherein by you we rest:  
So hold I fit to yeeld you euery way  
That due, the which my powre affoordeth best.  
But when I call to mind, your pen so blest  
With flowing liquor of the Muses spring;  
I feare your daintie eare can ill digest  
The harsh tun'd notes, which on my pipe I sing.  
Yet since the ditties of so wise a king,  
Can not so lose their grace, by my rude hand,  
But that your wisedome can conforme the thing,  
Vnto the modell doth in margent stand:  
I you beseech, blame not (though you not prayse)  
This worke, my gift; which on your fauour stayes.  
Of

*To the Right Honor. Knight Sir William Knowles, Controller  
of her Maiesties household.*

O F auncient vertues, honor'd ofsprings race  
Of true religions, you blest progeny:  
(On which two pillers vertue built your grace,  
And court by gracing you, is graft thereby)  
Of such (since this worke treates) such worke do I  
Well fitting hold, for you to reade and shew,  
Whose wisedome, honor, vertue, doth apply  
To true religion, on the which you build:  
My selfe too weake so heauy a taske to wield,  
(As was the treating of so high a stile)  
At first attempt began to fly the field,  
Till some (which lik't the theame) bid pause awhile,  
And not dismay, the title would suffise,  
To daunt the vaine, and to allure the wife.

*To the Right honorable knight Sir John Fortescue  
Chauncellor of the Exchequer.*

H E who in dutie much to you doth owe,  
In power is little able to present,  
For pledge of gratefull mind, is forst bestow  
These ill limd lines, best signes of hearts intent:  
The scope whereof by Salomon was bent,  
To teach the way to perfect happiness,  
By me transformed thus, and to you sent,  
To shew that I do wish to you no lesse:  
To wish well, is small cost I do confesse,  
But such a heart as truly it intends,  
Is better worth esteeme, then many gessē;  
And for all other wants makes halfe amends.  
Such is my heart, such be therfore your mind,  
Then shall my mite, a millions welcome find.

*To the Right Honourable Sir Robert Cecil Knight, principall  
Secretary to her Maiestie.*

**T**O you (my hopes sweet life, nurse to my muse,  
Kind foster father of deseruing sprights)  
This Poem comes, which you will not refuse  
(I trust) bec ause of blessednes it wrights:  
Your aged youth so waind from vaine delights,  
Your growing iudgment farre beyond your yeares,  
Your painefull daies, your many watchfull nights,  
Wherein your care of Common good appears,  
**A**ssureth him that of your fame once hears,  
That you some heauenly obiect do aspire;  
The sweet conceit whereof your soule so chears,  
That earths bred vanities, you not admire:  
Such is this theame, such was first writers mind,  
For whose sakes, I do craue, it fauour find.

To other Lords, Ladies, and a proued friends.

*To the Right Honourable, the Earle of Oxford Lord,  
great Chamberlaine of England.*

**I**F Endors widdow-hēd, had powre to raise,  
A perfect bodie of true temperature,  
I would coniure you by your wonted prayse,  
Awhile my song to heare, and trueth indure,  
Your passed noble prooфе doth well assure  
Your blouds, your minds, your bodis excellencē,  
If their due reverence may this paines procure,  
Your pacience (with my boldnesse) will dispence:  
I onely craue high wisdoms true defence,  
Not at my suit, but for works proper sake,  
Which treats of true felicities essence,  
As wisest king most happiest prooфе did make;  
Wherof your owne experience much might say,  
Would you vouchsafe your knowledge to bewray.

Who

*To the right Honorable the Earle of Northumberland.*

VV Ho would intreat of earthly happiness,  
He need but take a patterne of your state,  
Borne noble, learned bred; whose acts expresse,  
That honor cannot vertues force abate,  
In home-kind loue, abroad vnmennast hate,  
In bodies value and in spright of mind:  
You haue no cause to blame your aduerse fate,  
Which such a great aspect, hath you assignd:  
Yet that you yet, more happinesse might find,  
The common loue your countrey you doth owe,  
To offer you, this meanes thereto doth bind  
My will, which in this lowly gift I shew:  
Which yet accept, for worthy Princes sake,  
Who of each point a perfect prooofe did make.

*To the Right Ho. the Earle of Shrewsburie.*

VV Ell placed vertue in high honors seat,  
Well bending honour to a Christians state,  
Vouchsafe my pen your pardon may intreat,  
Who this my vowed seruice offer late:  
Your shining glory did my hope abate,  
When first to seeke your sight my fancie ment;  
Your fame for vertue, yet did animate  
My pen, which vnto you this present sent:  
Your true nobilitie, which seemeth bent  
To foster innocents from powrefull foe,  
Doth promise me, wisht fruit of hearts intent,  
If vnder your protection it doth goe:  
The rather since of honor I do wright,  
And happinesse which is your soules delight.

*To the right Honourable, the Earle of Cumberland.*

**T**He Crowned honor iustly which befell  
To valiant Iosua, and wise Calebs race,  
(Whose faith to fainting people did foretell,  
The fruitfull spoyle of proud resistors place:) A  
B  
C  
D  
E  
F  
G  
H  
I  
J  
K  
L  
M  
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O  
P  
Q  
R  
S  
T  
U  
V  
W  
X  
Y  
Z  
Their native vertues which you haue by grace,  
(Whose sword doth fight the battels of the iust,  
Which makes our Hemis-phere your fame imbrace,  
And feebled hearts on your stout courage trust;) A  
B  
C  
D  
E  
F  
G  
H  
I  
J  
K  
L  
M  
N  
O  
P  
Q  
R  
S  
T  
U  
V  
W  
X  
Y  
Z  
My confidence in you excuse they must,  
Who do my Poems muster in your traine,  
Whose theame hath bin by wifest king discust,  
And in your practise do of prooфе remaine,  
Which leade the way vnto the holy land,  
For which (whilst here you liue) you fighting stand.

*To the Right honorable the Earle of Suffex.*

**T**He skilfull Pilots that the Ocean haunt,  
In stormes are found to be of merry cheare,  
Whom fairest calmes, with feare & dread do daunt,  
Because a signe of change doth seeme appeare.  
The expert souldiers vsed to the warre,  
In time of peace do arme them for the fight,  
And carefull Christians will foresee from farre,  
The fierce temptations may in pleasure light:  
Then since no settled rule there can be here,  
Wherby to know the issues growing are,  
But change of times may comfort, clips, or cleare,  
And so our present state amend or marre:  
Learne here (braue Chāpion, noble, vertuous, wise)  
To beare all brunts that may in life arise.

If

*To the Right Ho. the Earle of Sonsham, son.*

**A**Mongst most noble, noble every way,  
Among the wise, wise in a high degree;  
Among the vertuous, vertuous may I say;  
You worthy seeme, right worthy Lord to mee.  
By bloud, by value, noble we you see,  
By nature, and by learnings trauell wise,  
By loue of good, ils hate, you vertuous bee:  
Hence publike honor, priuate loue doth rise,  
Which hath inuited me thus to devise,  
To shew my selfe not slacke to honour you,  
By this meane gift (since powre more fit denies )  
Which let me craue be read, and held for true:  
Of honor, wisedome, vertue, I delate,  
Which(you pursuing) will aduance your state,

*To the Right Honorable the Lord Zouch.*

**VV**Hat haue I done? that I would take in hand,  
To picke forth Patrons should my work defend,  
When such a Lordly troope of Nobles stand  
As in the choyce of them I find no end?  
But hauing thus begun, I do intend,  
To fawne on those, whose fauours I haue found;  
Amongst the which I trust you helpe will lend,  
Because the building is on such a ground:  
I know your learned skill, and iudgement sound,  
Which might deter it to approch your sight;  
But whereas loue (they say) doth once abound,  
There feare and all suspe<sup>c</sup>t is banisht quight:  
Your vertues loue, your honor force me yeeld  
To you, on whose kind fauour I do build.

*To the Right Honorable, the Lord Willougbie of Ersbie.*

Might I forget the Comforts of my prime;  
Might I neglect the matter which I wright,  
Might I not know the hopes of present time,  
Forgetting you, I might my selfe acquight:  
But parentes fauours, once my youths delight,  
Your selfe a patterne of a happie peere,  
Whose proofes of vertue publike are to sight,  
Might me vpbraid with peeuiish silence here,  
If I should hold so meane a gift too deare,  
For one (whose ancient) debter yet I rest,  
For whom my Poeme doth so fit appeare,  
Since you our age recordes among the best:  
Then thinke not, I by slight would kindnes gaine,  
But hold this due, If honest I remaine.

*To the Right Honourable, the Lord Barrowes.*

I Not intend, by present of a booke,  
Which for the title most men will allowe,  
For equall praise (with first true author looke)  
Because I newly it transformed now:  
Nor for my owne presume I it to avow,  
(Vnworthie herald of that princes says)  
Which duely to deliuier few know how,  
And I (of all) most weake by many ways:  
Yet since your high praisd bountie not denays,  
A grate acceptance of a kindly gift,  
Vpon that hope my present boldnesse stays,  
Who in my purposc haue no other drift,  
But let you see, earths vaine, heauens perfect blis,  
Which with my heart I wish you tast in this.

To

*To the Right Honorable the Lord Mountjoy.*

T Oyou the noble light of happie Ile,  
In whose most vertuous breast the holy fire  
Vnquenched liues, when all the world the while,  
Nigh drowned lyes in dreames of vaine desire;  
Whose holy zeale the godly do admire,  
Whose worthie constancie the wise command,  
For whom heauens glorie waights, as vertuous hire,  
To whom the hearts of men with honour bend,  
Who do pure vertue to your powre defend:  
Whom vaine delights of earth cannot defile,  
Whom (to protect religion) God did send,  
Vouchsafe to listen to my song a while,  
Which right true tidings to the world doth bring  
Of what obserued was, by wised king.

*To the Right Honorable, the Lord of Hunsdon.*

O F good king Davids holy and carefull bent,  
Of wise and happie Salomons desire,  
Their lively patterns, here I do present,  
To you braue Lord as kind deserts require:  
Your gifts of nature rare, I not admire,  
(Since heire you were vnto so noble a father,  
Whose wisdome to true honour did aspire)  
But gifts of grace which by your life I gather,  
And for the which you reuerenc't are the rather,  
As heire to both those kings in common care,  
Of God and realme, against which most lewd deprauer  
Is forst his poysoned tongue for shame to spare.  
As for that good to me by you hath flowne,  
Was but one frute of many vertues knowne.

*To the Right reverend father in God Toby*  
Bishop of Duresme.

I F double cumber of the publike care,  
Of Paules and Peters sword and keyes may rest,  
I would intreat you some small time to spare,  
To view the face of your inuited gest:  
Of all men you haue cause to vse him best,  
Because you more then halfe the father are,  
To you therefore, I haue him first addrest,  
To haue his grace ere he proceed too farre:  
Your count'rance may his progresse mend or marre,  
Because (as of you first his life did grow)  
So must his course be guided by your starre,  
Which him first hope of heauenly light did shew:  
Vouchsafe then to bestow, one reading more,  
To welcome him, or thrust him out of dore.

*To the graue and learned Sir Iohn Popiham Knight, Lord  
chiefe Justice of England.*

O Would I might without my hearts deepe griefe,  
(For common crosses, following men opprest)  
Record your worth, whence many find relieve,  
Which makes you iustly chiefe of all the rest:  
Your carefull thought and bodies paine addrest,  
To reconcilement of contentious mind;  
Your vniversall loue to truth profest,  
By which the desolate do fauour find,  
Doth (as me seemes) in common dutie bind  
My pen to chalenge you, truths true defence,  
Though dull my Poem be, my sight not blind,  
That sought to take his priuiledge from thence:  
You (chiefe of Judges) best of truth can treat;  
To you therefore, I truth of truths repeat.

Your

To Sir Edmond Anderson Knight, Lord chiefe  
Iustice of the Common pleas.

Y Our eares so daily exercis'd to heare  
The plaints, and the petitions lititors make;  
Make you most fit of many to appeare,  
My selfe and workes, protection both to take:  
Not for my selfe, but for the Commons sake,  
I presse it thus into your presence now,  
Whose theame may hap some drowsie heads awake,  
To chalenge, if I dare this worke auow:  
But if that you, whose wisedome best knowes how,  
That lawfull make to speake, what Scripture taught,  
I know the common sort dare but allow  
My publishing, what from wise king I brought:  
Then you the common shield to guiltlesse wight,  
Vouchsafe this worke find fauour in your sight.

To Sir William Perriam Knight, Lord chiefe Barron  
of the Exchequer.

T Hou kind accorder of the dreamt discord,  
Twixt law and conscience, Gods and mans decree,  
By whom oppression and brib'rie are abhord,  
The common poysons of lands peace that bee:  
I not vnfitly do direct to thee  
These monuments, of wisest kings experience,  
Them to allow, if you them worthy see;  
Me to reprove, if I haue made offence:  
I no man craue to stand in wrongs defence,  
I may ( as all men do ) some weaknesse shew,  
If great my fault, spare not; if small, dispence;  
Because it did not of meere malice grow:  
This will you do vncrau'd; that done, I pleaseid,  
Both God and man, submission hath appeasid.

*To the valorous Knight, Sir William Russell, Lord  
Deputie of Ireland.*

**I**F iustly Dauid did by law ordaine,  
That they an equall part of spoyle should haue,  
Who (when he fought) behind did still remaine,  
The carriage from the spoyle of foes to saue:  
Doth not your merits by more reason craue,  
To be recorded in my Kalender?  
By whose blest worke, God of his goodnesse gaue  
Part of our peace, amidst such threatned warre?  
In worthy vertues, most mens peere you are,  
In true religious zeale, by none exceld;  
Your noble house (like to a blazing starre)  
Hath showne, wherein true honour euer dweld:  
Then share with worthies all in blessed fame,  
And reade this worke, which treateth of the same.

*To the valorous Knight, Sir Walter Rawleigh, Lord Warden  
of the Stannerie, and Captaine of the Guard.*

**O**F happiness when as I hapt to write,  
Me thoughts did make a period (Sir) in you,  
Who being sworne to Mars, and Pallas knight,  
They both with equall honor did endew,  
And therefore might become a censurer trew,  
Of greatest blessings men propound or find;  
Vouchsafe you then this tract thereof to vew,  
As if that Salomon had it assignd:  
Whose interest in you expects your kind  
And grate acceptance of his graue aduise,  
From whom (though many other men were blind)  
He chalengeth a doome right godly and wise:  
But as for me his messenger, suffiseth  
The prayse, too truly speake what he deuiseith.

**Among**

*To the valorous Knight Sir John Norris, Lord Generall of  
her Maesties forces in Ireland.*

A Mong the blessed worthies of our time,  
Your flickering fame aloft I do espy,  
Whose toylesome trauell, such a pitch doth clime,  
As euery auncient worthy came not ny.  
The moderne Marses did your vertues try,  
Whilst you, the proud Iberian forces quayld  
In Britany, and in Netherland, whereby  
With equall armes they seldome haue preuayld:  
The trecherous practise, wherewith they assayld  
Th'inconstant humors of the Irish foes,  
Your policies haue stayd, when force hath fayld,  
Wherby your merits measure daily growes:  
So that I must of due, make roome for you,  
Though twise nine worthies shold be coynd anew.

*To the valorous Knight Sir Francis Vearc.*

M Y pen was stayd, but purpose chang'd anew,  
So soone as I amidst the noble traine  
Of worthy knights, did cast a thought on you,  
Who yet (vnsu'd to) did for grace remaine:  
If you I win, I shall not little gaine,  
Because both much you can, and much you will  
For wisedome, vertue, honor, sure sustaine,  
Which haue bene your supporters hereto still:  
I need not then perswasive lines to fill,  
The matter will suffise to moue your mind,  
If that my hand the beauty of it spill;  
Then let my loue of good, your fauour find,  
Whose wisedome can, whose goodnes may excuse  
The faults, which want(not malice) made me muse.

*To the worthy Knight Sir John Stanhope Treasurer of the  
Chamber to her Maiestie.*

**N**O common thing it is to find (I graunt)  
Humilitie and honour both in one:  
Who loueth vertue, of them both may vaunt,  
True honor still hath mild and vertuous showne;  
Then since this worke of vertue treats alone,  
(For sure true wisedome doth pure vertue teach)  
It shall offendise be (I trust) to none,  
Their words of fauour for truths shield to reach.  
Much lesse a shame, what mighty king did preach,  
The same to suffer passe them vncontrold;  
But now adayes, men euery worke appeach,  
As barren, borrow'd, base, or ouer bold:  
This makes me craue by you, wise, noble, good,  
My wrong deprauers malice be withstood.

*To the worthy knight Sir Edward Dyer, Chaneellor  
of the most Honorable order of the Garter.*

**N**ot last nor least, for common good desarts  
I you repute, though fortune point your place:  
Your loue to vertue winneth many harts,  
And vertues followers do your loue imbrace.  
I know my argument requires no grace;  
Because grace it doth send, it brings delight:  
For both all sue, all loue their pleasing face,  
Yet vainely world, for both of them doth fight.  
To make more plaine the way for euery wight,  
This princely moderator paines did take,  
Which (to your equals) men of learned sight,  
A full accord (if well iudg'd worke) will make:  
You then kind Courtier & sound scholler knowne,  
Accept, reade, and protec<sup>t</sup>these as your owne.

The

*To the worthy Knight Sir Henry Kedgrew.*

**T**He natvie dutie which of right I owe,  
To you good Knight (for many faours past,  
To me and mine) do will me now bestow  
Some token of my thankfull mind at last:  
Which I more fitly no way yet can shew,  
Then by presenting of this volume small,  
Which from repentant heart of king did flow,  
And may a warning be vnto vs all,  
Who daily into new temptations fall,  
And daily need assistance against the same,  
In such respect this worke you well may call,  
An Antidote a happie life to frame:  
Whereto since hitherto your vertues bende,  
You will acccpt (I trust) the gift I send.

*To the vertuous gentleman Robert Bowes Esquire, Em-  
bassador for her Maiestie in Scotland.*

**A**S Painters vse their Tables set to show  
Of euery sight, ere they perfected bee,  
By others better skill the truth to know,  
Of faults which they themselues could hardly see:  
And as best drugs on meanest shrub and tree,  
By skilfull Simplers gathred are sometime;  
As gold in sand, as pearles in shell-fish wee  
Do find, and amber in the sea shore slime:  
So vnder this ill-couched ragged rime,  
Which to your clearer sight I do present,  
It may appeare how high his thoughts did clime,  
That first to frame the same his studie bent;  
And I excusd, who only do bestow,  
What I to you, by auncient promise owe.

*To the vertuous Gentleman Fulke Grenvill Esquire.*

**V**Ho can of learning treat, and you forget?  
Who may of vertue talke, and you neglect?  
Who would true fame, from your due praises let?  
Who should not (knowing you) your loue affect?  
I therefore forced am in this respect,  
To offer publikely for you, to reed  
The thing the which vncrau'd you would protect,  
If (by malignors blame) it stood in need:  
In diuerse, diuersly this worke will breed  
I know, an humor in the censurers braine,  
The wisest, on the best contents will feed,  
The curious (for some scapes) count all but vaine:  
But of the better sort true prayse must grow,  
The prayse of some is meere dispraise I know.

*To the reverend Doctor Andrews, professor in Divinitie.*

**I**Would not flatter Court, the Church much lesse,  
But honouring both, I would them homage yeeld,  
In Courts I liu'd, in Church (I do confesse)  
I wish to die, and on that hope to build:  
Then maruell not, I also seeke to shidle  
My bold attempt, with fauour of your wing,  
Since your diuine conceit, can easliest wield  
The burden, which this waughty theame can bring.  
I meant in English dittie only sing,  
The tragikenotes, of humane well away,  
But waightie matter of so wise a king,  
Compeld me yet a greater part to play:  
Wherewith (halfe fainting) for your aide I craue,  
Well meaning mind, from feared blame to sauue.

As

*To his especiall friend Richard Carew of Anthony Esquire.*

A Sparents of their children sond appeare,  
Oft times because with trauell them they bare,  
Which makes them prise the sometimes ouer deare,  
When other see small cause for them to care.  
As such likewise are often times to spare,  
In care of children that themselues haue none,  
So is it like (with this my worke to fare)  
With many readers, when they are alone,  
Who senslesse of my trauell like a stome,  
(As never hauing yet so tride their braine)  
Will thinke I cocker this my brood, as one  
Grownne proud, that I some issue do attaine:  
But you whose painfull pen hath shoun your skill,  
Can iudge my part, and it well conster will.

*To his loving brother in law Robert Aloyle of Bake Esquire,  
and Anne his wife.*

I Flike the world a while I seeme to you,  
Forgetfull and vnkind for kindnesse showne,  
Thinke it not strange their natures I ensue,  
Where most I liue, whose proofe is dearly knowne.  
The world to me vnkind and carelesse growne,  
Conuerts my nature to her temperature;  
My youth (with loue of her puft vp and blowne)  
Is cause that I now iustly this endure:  
Yet worlds delights, nor cares nere alter'd sure,  
So farre my mind, that I ingrate did proue:  
Heauens faith, earths friendship, doth my soule inure  
To take far greater paines where once I loue:  
You then (by bloud and friendships holy vow)  
Right deare take this, and for loues seale allow.

*To the Gentlemen Courtiers in generall.*

**R**EJECT me not, (ye Peares of gentle spright)  
Because I do appeare in plaine array;  
Sometimes for change, the curious do delight  
In meane attyres, and homely food we say;  
They are not limb'd the best, that go most gay,  
Nor soundest meats that most the tast do please;  
With Shepheards russets, shield from cold ye May,  
With hungry meales, preuent oft times disease:  
Such home-wouen robes, such wholesome dyet these,  
(Euen these rude lines, of my compiled frame)  
Do offer you, your iudgements to appease,  
As may him nourish that doth vse the same:  
Not mine (but wisest Salomons) recait,  
To gaine the blessed state we all await.

*To the Right Ho. the Lady M<sup>r</sup>quesse of  
Northampton.*

**T**HE part which I haue taken now in hand,  
To represent on stage to common sight,  
With my true nature seemes at strife to stand,  
And on an actor farre vnsit to light:  
Accustom'd more on vainer theames to write  
Then with the taske which now I do pretend,  
Which being to be view'd by iudgements bright,  
Makes me to seeke your fauour it defend:  
Vouchsafe a gracious glose thereto to lend,  
I then beseech you (worthy Patronesse)  
To whose applause, full many more will bend,  
Because they know you vertue do professe:  
And vertue is this theame, and that diuine,  
With grace consent then, to my sute incline.

*To the Right Honourable the Countesse of Derby.*

When this my bold attempt to mind I call,  
VVho Phaeton like would Phebus Chariot guide;  
From doubtfull thoughts into dispaire I fall,  
How such cleare light, my weake sight may abide:  
From one presumption vnto more I slide,  
And give the raigne so much to rash desire,  
That I make publike what I ought to hide,  
And seeke my sanctuary in that heauenly fire,  
VWhose Image of perfection I admire,  
In our rare Goddesse, wisdomes clearest light,  
VWhose grate aspect, my many wants require,  
To clensethe clouds, which blind my iudgmēts sight:  
And such faire starres, as you (who influence haue  
Ofher bright Beames) to giue some light I craue.

*To the Right Honorable the Countesse of Cumberland.*

As one whose rashnesse once hath made him bold,  
To breake the bands of vsed modestie,  
If of his error he shold hap betold,  
VVill hardly yeeld that he hath gone awrye,  
So worthie Lady, I confesse that I,  
Vnworthie scribe, of such a heauenly stile,  
Now that I needs my boldnesse must espie,  
VVould couer from iust blame my selfe a while;  
VVith borrowed grace, therefore I seeke beguile  
The comon sightes, who least would spare my name;  
If worthie you therefore but kindly smile,  
I know that many more will do the same,  
For wicke fort on vertuous do depend,  
And vertuous ones will vertues cause defend.

*To the Right Honorable the Countesse of Warwick.*

**I**N Courtly life to keepe a consciende pure,  
In youngest yeares to shew a matrons stay;  
In honours type, a lowly mind t'inure,  
No doubt a haire regenerate doth bowray:  
Such you are held, of such as rightly way  
The practise of your life, to your great praise,  
Whose vertues all temptations oversway,  
And your rare gifts, vnto the heauens raiue.  
No common thing it is, in these our dayes,  
To see such starres in ou darke firmament,  
Your worth, your soueraignes influence wel bewraies,  
Which so transformes, where so her vigor went:  
Your birth, your mariage, natures gifts most rare,  
With gift of grace herein may not compare.

*To the Right Honorable the Countesse of Pembroke.*

**O**' Fall the Nymphes of fruitfull Braaines race,  
Of all the troopes in our Dianaes traine,  
You seeme not least, the Muses Trophies grace,  
In whom true honour spotlesse doth remaine:  
Your name, your match, your vertues, honour gaue,  
But not the least, that pregnancie of spright,  
Whereby you equall honour do attaine,  
To that extinguishit Lampe of heavenly light,  
Who now no doubt doth shine midst Angels bright,  
Whiles you faire starre doth cleare our darkned sky,  
He heauens; earthes comfore you are abd delight,  
Whose (more then mortall) gifts you do apply,  
To serue their gitter, and young giunders grace,  
Whose share in this my woorke, hath greatest place.

Y

These

*To the Right Honorable the Countesse of Essex.*

**T**Hese Oracles, by holy spright distild  
Into the hart of wisedome happy king,  
To you most vertuous Ladie here are wild,  
As heire to parent worthie in euerie thing:  
His carefull trauell countries peace did bring,  
His solide wisedome vertue did pursue,  
His bountie to the poore the world doth sing,  
Whose honour him suruiueth, crownd in you:  
So nobles(if to God they yeeld his due) .  
So people ought to Nobles render fame,  
So shall succeeding ages still renue  
By old records, his euer reverent name,  
Wherein your double blessed spous all bed,  
Shall wreath an Olieue garland on his head.

*To the Right Honourable Ladie, the Ladie Scroope.*

**T**He bountie which your vertues do pretend,  
The vertues which your wisedome hath imbrast,  
The wisedome which both grace and nature lend,  
The gracious nature which so well is plast,  
Doth witnesse well the heauens your beauty graft,  
With borrowedwisedome not of humane kind,  
Which so hath fostred vertues mild and chaste,  
As benigne beautie might a dwelling find,  
Fit to receiue such presents as in mind,  
Are consecrated to that sacred shrine,  
VWhereon (asvestall Virgin) you assynd,  
Do worthie waight, whose eye vouchsafe incline,  
To take in worth, reade, judge of, and defend,  
This worke, weake record of my hearts intend.

*To the Honourable Ladie, the Ladie Rich.*

THE perfect beautie, which doth most reclaime,  
The purest thoughts from base and vaine desire,  
Not seene, nor leuied is by common aime  
Of eies, whom coullers vse to set on fire:  
The rare seene beautie men on earth admire,  
Doth rather dazell then content the sight,  
For grace and wisdome soonest do retire,  
A wandring heart to feed on true delight:  
Seldome all gifts do in one subiect light,  
But all are crownd with double honour then,  
And shine the more, adornd with vertue bright,  
But (with Religion graft) adord of men:  
These gifts of nature, since they meet with grace,  
In you, haue powre more then faire Venus face,

*To the Right Honourable, the Ladie of Hunsdon*

OF soule and bodie both since men consist,  
Of diuers humors since our bodies be,  
Since sundry affects do one selfe thought resist,  
Since body, soule, thought, will, are all in me,  
Thinke you not strange these passions new to see,  
VVhich to my wonted humors different seeme,  
They both are frute of one and selfe same tree,  
The first for yonger hold, this elder deeme:  
If you of my indeuors well esteeme,  
VVhom well the world doth know can iudge the best,  
VVhose course of life a happie pitch doth cleeme,  
In vertuous proues wherein your fame is blest:  
Then shall I haue a part of my desire,  
VVho for my trauell craue but likings hire.

The

To the Honourable gentlewomen Mistresse Elizabeth and  
Anne Russells.

The double gifte of nature and of grace,  
Redoubled in you both with equall share,  
(Whilst beautie shineth in the modest face,  
And learning in your mindes with vertue rare)  
Dowell expresse, of what discent ye are,  
Of heauens immortall seed, of blessed kind,  
Of earths twise honord stock, which ye declare,  
In noble parts composd of eithers mind;  
Them both in you(rare gems)we blessed find,  
Ye both by them are honord happily:  
Then both, vouchsafe what I to both assignd  
To read, and to conceiue of graciously:  
So ye (like to your kind) the world shall know,  
And to your selues (frō hence)some fruit shal grow.

To the Honourable Gentlewoman Mistresse Elizabeth Bridges.

Since I haue growne so bold,to take in hand  
A theame so farre indeed vnfit for me,  
As by the reading you will vnderstand,  
Whereto my style in no sort doth agree;  
I cannot chuse but feare, leſt you should ſee  
Some ſigne of high presumption in my mind,  
Which cauſe of iuft reproch to me might be,  
And for my ſake the worke leſſe fauour find:  
Vnto you therfore haue I this assignd,  
To craue for me remiſſion at your hand,  
Whose vertues ſhow,you cannot be vnkind,  
If kindneſſe may with modest vertues stand:  
And of and for true vertue do I pleade,  
Which to deſired bliſſe and honour leade.

*To the Honorable Lady, the Lady Southwell.*

**T**O you the vowed seruice of my mind,  
(Faire Mistresse of the purest thoughts I bred)  
As youthis conceit could best inuention find,  
I dedicated with affection fed.  
My elder thoughts with your high honor led,  
Haue often stroue to shew continued zeale,  
But was discourag'd through mistrust and dred  
Of my defects, which did my will conceale;  
Yet now compeld my weaknesse to reueale  
Vnto a world of worthy witnessles;  
I craue to be excusd, if I appeale  
To you for grace, to whom I guilt confesse;  
And hope you will for auncient seruice sake,  
Excuse my wants, and this in worth will take.

*To the Honorable Lady the Lady Cecill.*

**I**N counter-poise of your right high desart,  
My dutie made my gratefull mind consent,  
To straine my braine to equall with my hart,  
In finding forth for you some fit present:  
Which to performe, thus will and powre (first bent)  
Was checkt by iust regard of your esteeme:  
Which me preuented of my hopes intent,  
Since for your worth, vain things not pleasing seeme:  
Yet (least a meere excuse you that might deeme,  
To cloke a thankless heart with idle hand)  
With more then natvie strength a pitch I cleeme  
To treat of blisse, which I not vnderstand:  
But Gods inspiring grace (to king once tought),  
I here as pawn of dutie, haue you brought.

Left

*To the Honourable Ladie, the Ladie Hobbye.*

**L**est that this change of style at first might breed  
A doubt in you, whose worke it were and gift:  
I thinke it fit your searching thoughts to feed,  
With truth who writ it, and therein his drift:  
When scorne of hap, did force my hope to shift,  
The place wherein felicitie I sought,  
As tyr'd on earth, to heaven my thoughts I lift,  
Which in me this strange Metamorphos wrought:  
But so vnperfect fruit, of what it ought,  
Mixt with the dregs of old imprinted phrase,  
Require a fauour in the Readers thought,  
With kind construction frailties forth to raze:  
To you my wants, to me your vertues tryde,  
Gives me good hope, this sute is not denyde.

*To the vertuous Lady the Lady Layton.*

**S**ince stranger like, to Court but newly come,  
This home-bred child, may hap for to be vsde,  
Inquired of by most, censured by some  
Which cannot judge, yet will not be refusde:  
Where wants are pride into, and soone accused,  
If shape, attire, grace, skill, be not the best;  
Where curious conceits will seeme abused,  
If eueryword, phrase, period, bide not test:  
Least that this worke too rashly be supprest,  
Vntryed, halfe vnderstood, disgraced quight,  
I needfull thinke it be to some addrest,  
VVho can and will protect from causelesse spight:  
Which that you will vouchsafe, I nothing feare,  
Since to the matter, you such zeale do beare.

*To the vertuous Lady, the Lady Woollie.*

F Arre set, deare bought, doth fit a Lady best;  
Such you deserue, such would my will bestow; A  
Good things are rare, rare things esteem'd you know;  
Rare should yours be, as you rare of the rest:  
Such hold this gift, fetcht from a forraine land,  
Which wisest King, as pretious did prouide,  
Who viewing all the earth, hath nought espide,  
Whose worth (herewith cōpar'd) may longet stand:  
The price ( I dare assure) is very deare,  
As puchasd by your merit and my care,  
Whose trauell would a better gift prepare,  
If any better worthy might appeare:  
Then this accept, as I the same intend,  
Which dutie to the dead would will me send.

*To the vertuous Lady, the Lady Carey.*

I F any thing might in this worke appeare,  
Worthy the reading, fit for to content,  
I should then hold it best bestowed here,  
Where most my time in frame thereof was spent:  
By view of your rare vertues I was bent,  
To meditate of heauen and heavenly thing  
By comfort of your counfell forward went,  
My halting muse, this heatiely note to sing.  
And now that time doth forth this haruest bring,  
Which must (till need) be layed vp in store,  
(As medicine meet to cure cares deadliest sting,  
And to restore healths comfort, weake before)  
You (Lady) who of right best int'rest haue,  
Must here receiue, and keepe, what fitlye gaue.

If

*To the vertuous Lady the Lady D:*

If kinred be the neerenesse of the blood,  
Or likenesse of the mind in kind consent;  
Or if it be like pronenesse vnto good,  
Or mutuall liking by two parties ment:  
If kindness be in truth a firme intent,  
With open heart to testifie good-will;  
If true good will be to contentment bent,  
If true contentment cannot be in ill;  
I know you will repute this token still,  
A pledge of kinsmans loue in ech degree,  
Which though it do your treasure little fill,  
Yet way to perfect wealth will let you see.  
My selfe in kindnesse wish and hope in you,  
Profit of mind and soules content t'insue.

*To the vertuous Gentlewoman Mistresse E. Bowes.*

A mong the many profits which do rise  
Vnto the faifthfull, which the truth do loue,  
A greater comfort can I not devise,  
Then is the sweet societie they proue,  
When each doth seeke for others best behoue,  
To strengthen that which flesh and bloud doth shake,  
Their weakned soules(I meane)which sorows moue,  
Through feare of sin, and guilty thoughts, to quake.  
Whereof by you since I experience make,  
Whose mild and kind accord, with neighbours woe,  
Doth cause them oft the crosse with patience take,  
And forward still in hope and courage goe:  
I were vngrate, if I should not indeuer  
To nourish that (your grace) I honord euer.

*To the Honorable Ladies and Gentlewomen, attendants  
in the Court.*

**Y**E worthy Nymphes of chaste Dyanæs traine,  
Who with our Soueraignes presence blessed bee,  
Whereby ye perfect beauty shall attaine,  
If ye affect the gifts in her you see :  
Scorne not to yeeld your mild aspects to mee,  
Who with you do attend her high behest;  
It can no whit disparage your degree,  
To looke on that is liked of the best:  
This worke for style inferiour to the rest,  
Which many worthier wits to you present,  
Craues welcome yet, as some (no common guest),  
Whom best to greet your greatest care is spent.  
For kings words these, do guide to blisse you craue,  
The fruit of fauour which you striue to haue.

*To all other his Honorable and beloved friends  
in generall.*

**W**HAT shall I do? proceed or stay my pen?  
To either side, great reason vrg'd my mind;  
Vnto most powrefull would I yeeld, but then  
Defect of powre, makes hand to stay behind:  
Of well deseruing friends I many find,  
Of worthy persons (vnsaluted) more;  
Those I neglect may hold my heart vnkind,  
And some my iudgement partiall hold therefore:  
Yet (as I find) so they must graunt the store,  
Of happy Englands well deseruing state,  
Exceeds the bounds my worke prescribd before,  
And doth restraine my mind to stricter rate:  
But if one word may shew a world of loues,  
Vse this and me, to all your best behoues.

